

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01494196 7

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation











821

1

70



*Restoration by Giovanni Stanetti*

• THE YOUNG MARCELLUS

~~1816~~  
~~1816~~  
~~1816~~

# VIRGIL

## IN ENGLISH VERSE

---

*ECLOGUES and ÆNEID I.-VI.*

---

BY THE  
RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES BOWEN  
ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S LORDS JUSTICES OF APPEAL  
ONCE FELLOW AND NOW VISITOR OF BALLIOL COLLEGE  
F.R.S., HON. D.C.L. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD  
HON. LL.D. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

*SECOND EDITION*

LONDON  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET  
1889

*All rights reserved*

PA

6807

B7B6

1889

PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
LONDON

16922  
20/10/91

b

*DEDICATED TO MY WIFE*





## P R E F A C E .

---

A TRANSLATOR of Virgil into English verse finds the road along which he has undertaken to travel strewn with the bleaching bones of unfortunate pilgrims who have preceded him. The adventures and the fate of the greater number have been briefly set forth in an essay published by the late Professor Conington in the *Quarterly Review* of July 1861, and reprinted in the first volume of his miscellaneous writings. That a translation of the *Æneid*, to be of any real and permanent value, must be in itself an English poem, is an axiom to which few will take exception. That the English poem in its turn should be a translation, and not merely a paraphrase, is a condition singularly hard to fulfil in the case of an original poet who, like Virgil, presents exceptional obstacles even to prose translators. Owing to the difficulty of satisfying these two apparently simple tests, most Virgilian versifiers have perished in the wilderness. Dryden, whose rendering is the noblest and most masculine of all—for the ill-fated Earl of Surrey has bequeathed to

modern times two books of the *Æneid* only—scarcely gives us more than a paraphrase. He has taken Virgil into his powerful grasp, crushed him into atoms, and reproduced the fragments in a form which, though not devoid of genius, is no longer Virgil's. The silver trumpet has disappeared, and a manly strain is breathed through bronze. Next to Dryden's in poetical merit, superior to Dryden's in scholarship and precision, comes, perhaps, the verse translation of the *Æneid* by Professor Conington. The substitution of the manner and metre of Sir Walter Scott for the manner and metre of the Roman poet inflicts upon the reader, it is true, at the very outset, a shock from which it is not easy to recover; yet when the first sensation of despair and novelty is past, a strong and lasting sense is borne in upon the student, as he progresses, of Conington's great literary skill, and of the finished accuracy with which Virgil's points and meaning are seized, understood, and rendered. But the sweet and solemn majesty of the ancient form is wholly gone. All that is left is what Virgil might have written if the *Æneid* had been a poem of the character of "Marmion" or the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

To the two axioms or conditions above referred to, the second of which has not been perfectly observed either by Dryden or by Conington, it is a grave question whether a third ought not to be added. An educated Englishman has in his Virgil a book upon which he has been fed from

his boyhood upwards. Hundreds of Virgil's lines are for most of us familiar quotations, which linger in our memory, and round which our literary associations cluster and hang, just as religious feeling clings to well-known texts or passages of Scripture. The charm of such associations cannot be preserved in a translation, unless upon fit occasions a corresponding English line, pointed and complete in itself, can take, however imperfectly, the place of the well-known original. To satisfy this requirement, Virgil ought to be translated more or less *lineally*, as well as literally. The heroic metre of Pope and Dryden cannot do this, nor can the ordinary blank verse of ten syllables. The Virgilian line is too long to be represented or reproduced in either. A ballad metre for Virgil is, on the other hand, out of the question. English hexameters, meanwhile—the vehicle of Longfellow's "Evangeline," of Clough's "Bothie," and, first in metrical value of the three, of Kingsley's "Andromeda"—have never become popular. The late Lord Derby condemns them as a "pestilent heresy." Less impetuous critics will probably prefer to abstain from despairing of a metre which has been so little the subject of experiment and labour. With his usual delicate perception, Mr. Matthew Arnold observed, many years ago, that the English hexameter contained in itself resources that might yet be developed fruitfully, and there can be little question but that the genius of Lord Tennyson or of Mr. Swinburne would

make of the English hexameter—even in a prolonged poem—more than has as yet been deemed possible. Still, there is one feature in its structure and formation which presents a considerable barrier—the cadence of the final foot of two syllables, which, whatever its beauties and whatever its advantages in a more melodious language, appears to require (in English use) rhyme to prevent it from becoming tedious, and yet which it would be impossible to treat in rhyme, even if the attempt were not certain to result in a mediæval jingle.

In the present volume an effort has been made to accommodate the genuine hexameter to English purposes by shortening the final dissyllabic foot into a foot of a single syllable. The pure classical hexameter may be illustrated by a verse which the poet Coleridge has left behind for an English specimen:—

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column.

I have discarded the final dissyllable, and put in place of it a single syllable only—a process which would convert the Coleridgian line into the following:—

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery spray.

The alteration gives us a verse capable, amongst other advantages, of being easily dealt with in rhyme. Although a translation in rhyme involves embarrassing necessities, it cannot be denied that habit has taught an English ear to

extract a pleasure from rhyme which is appreciable and valuable. Rhyme adds to our sense of adjustment and of nicety, and awakens in the reader an interest in the fortunes and success of each single line which reacts usefully on the industry and care of the translator.

That the metre so produced—though inferior to the classical hexameter and shorn of a syllable which in the original Latin is both an element of beauty and a source of sustained strength—is nevertheless a fine one, susceptible of varied treatment, full of flexibility, capable of rising to real grandeur, no failure of mine to manipulate it will ever make me doubt. In the hands of a great master of versification it would be a powerful instrument. That it preserves the orderly and majestic movement of the Roman hexameter it is not possible to claim; nor can the cadence and *cæsura* of the classical model be consistently imitated or observed. Latin is Latin, and not English. Pure hexameters, moreover, as Mr. Calverley points out, are beyond the reach of our more rugged language, and the “quantity” of words cannot by any amount of care be regulated with the same precision in English as in Latin. Two consonants following a single vowel are sufficient in Latin—except in certain specific cases—to make the syllable long. English poetry never has been written—could not indeed be written—on so musical a plan. We must take our tongue as it is, and all that can be done in the way of

quantitative purism is perhaps to attend with fastidious care to the cultivated pronunciation of English words, and to observe such differences as a trained sense considers of importance. In the end the ear must judge.

The present volume has been composed during such intermittent leisure from judicial work as I have been able to utilise in the last seven years. It contains the *Eclogues* and the first six Books of the *Æneid*—a fragment, which, although a half only of the entire Virgilian *Æneid*, may nevertheless be considered as possessing a certain completeness in itself. I hope that if I live I may finish my task by publishing, in the same metre, the remaining books of the *Æneid* and the *Georgics*.

*November 1887.*

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

THE YOUNG MARCELLUS . . . . . *Frontispiece*

MAP OF THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS . . . . . *to face page 182*





## ECLOGUES

## ARGUMENT

The battle of Philippi is over, and the soldiers of the victorious Triumvirate are spreading over the plains of Northern Italy, seizing upon the farms that have been allotted to them, and expropriating the occupants. Melibœus, forced like other old inhabitants to migrate from his home, is wandering towards the frontier with his goats, when he finds the happy Tityrus left in undisturbed possession of his lands, and singing love songs under a beech tree. Tityrus explains that he has been to Rome and seen the hero of the hour (Augustus), by whom he has been made a freedman and confirmed in the occupation of his old farm. Melibœus, less fortunate, is about sadly to pursue his journey, but is invited by Tityrus to rest for the night at his cottage by the way.

An English reader need hardly be reminded that Virgil does not intend in his Eclogues to imitate pastoral life. His shepherds and shepherdesses have no more claim to reality than Shakespeare's Oberon and Titania, or the priest and people of the little city in Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn." They are but the material belonging to still older art which the poet has taken to work upon. Virgil's generation saw around them on all sides the splendid products of literary and material art: exquisite mythologies, poetry unequalled even yet, architecture, statues, paintings, vases, embroideries, gems, and ornaments that were the delight of the age. To reproduce in literature the charm of this antecedent world of beauty, and to utilise the common literary and intellectual associations connected with it, was the natural function of a genius. We see the process in Catullus, in Virgil, in Milton, and in Keats, as we should doubtless see it, if we had an equal opportunity, in Homer and in Theocritus; for the origins of literature recede, like the rainbow, as we approach; and the earliest known poet has, we may be sure, already been bathing in some distant and unseen Castalia. In Virgil's Eclogues, scenery and *dramatis personæ* are alike artificial. Arcadia, Thessaly, Sicily, Lombardy, only furnish a conventional ground, on which the poet moves with paces as dainty as those of a minuet, introducing from time to time graceful allusions to himself, and to his own time.

The verse-numbering at the head of each page, both throughout the Eclogues and the *Æneid*, is in accordance with Dr. Kennedy's edition of 1881.

## ECLOGUE I.

*TITYRUS*

TITYRUS. MELIBŒUS

MELIBŒUS

Thou, my Tityrus, under a beech tree's broadening shade  
Tunest a slender reed to a song of the wild wood glade—  
We from our own dear land and her cornfields sweet must away,  
Flying from home. In the shadow reclined thou passest the day,  
Teaching the forest echoes the fair Amaryllis to praise.

TITYRUS

Ah! to a god, Melibœus, we owe these halcyon days!  
In these eyes he will ever be God; on his altar divine  
Often a tender lamb shall bleed from a sheep-cot of mine;  
'Tis of his grace my cattle are roaming yonder the plains,  
I on a reed of the meadow may pipe my favourite strains.

## MELIBŒUS

Envy I bear thee none, though I marvel much ; for unrest  
Reaches as far as the meadows around us. Feebly at best  
These she-goats I am driving, and lead one laggard behind.  
Here in the thick-grown hazels she dropped—last hope of a flock—  
Two young kidlings lately, alas, on the scour of the rock !  
This was the sorrow that often, had I been wiser inclined,  
Oaks by the lightning rent, I remember, warned me to mind.  
Oft from the holm-oak's hole on the left did a raven portend.  
Yet, my Tityrus, tell us the god thou callest a friend.

## TITYRUS

Rome, as the people name her, I fancied, fool that I am,  
Like this town, Melibœus, of ours—where many a lamb  
Goes from our shepherd folds new weaned. So used I to note  
Puppies resembled the hound, and the kids their mother the goat.  
So was I always wonted to measure the great by the small.  
Yonder imperial city her crest uplifts above all,  
As among wayside saplings the giant cypresses show.

## MELIBŒUS

What was the mighty occasion that Romeward called thee to go ?

## TITYRUS

Freedom, late as it was, looked down where slothful I lay,  
When from the scissors I found my beard fall whiter away,  
Late as it was looked down, and arrived, as the years rolled on,  
When Amaryllis ruled me, and fair Galatea was gone.  
Since, I confess, so long as I loved Galatea the fair,  
Hope I had little of freedom—of thrift had never a care.  
Many a victim went from my herd to the temple floor,  
Many a rich milk cheese to a thankless city I bore,  
Homeward ever I came with a purse unfilled as before.

## MELIBŒUS

Often I asked me the reason of sad Amaryllis's prayers,  
Wondered for whom she had left in her peartree hanging the pears ;  
Tityrus hence had departed—and, Tityrus, even the pines  
Wanted thee home, and the fountains and these thy veriest vines.

## TITYRUS

Had I a choice ? There only can slaves be released from the chain.  
Nowhere else to the presence of gods so gracious attain.  
Here I beheld, Melibœus, the youthful hero for whom  
Twice six days our altars with annual offerings fume.

Here from his lips first fell the reply : " My children, in peace  
Feed as of old your cattle, and rear your bulls to increase."

## MELIBŒUS

Blest old man ! Thy fields will be left thee then, and indeed  
Ample enough to content thee, although bare stone overlie  
Every pasture strewn with the mud and the marshland reed.  
No unaccustomed grasses will poison the ewes as they breed,  
Never contagion spread from the flock that is browsing nigh.  
Here, by the well-known streams, and the hallowed springs, it shall still  
Thine be to drink cool draughts of refreshing shade to thy fill ;  
Here, as aforetime ever, the hedge on the boundary line,  
Feeding Hyblæan bees upon willow blossoms of thine,  
Oft shall woo thee to sleep with its gentle whisper, and long  
Under his upland rock shall the dresser carol his song.  
Nor shall the hoarse wood-pigeons the while, thy pets, nor the dove  
Cease from a plaintive cooing in high elm branches above.

## TITYRUS

Yea, and the light-limbed stags shall be sooner fed upon air,  
Sooner the sea on its beaches the fish leave stranded and bare,  
Outcasts each upon alien shores, by the Araris stream  
Parthian dwell, on the Tigris the German water his team,  
Ere from remembrance of ours his benignant look is effaced.

## MELIBŒUS

Wanderers we ! some fated to see parched Africa's waste,  
Scythia's wilds, and the Cretan Oaxes in torrents whirled ;  
Some, far Britain's people, remote from the habited world.  
Ah ! shall I ever again, as the years roll onward, behold  
Home's dear fields, this cot with its turf-thatched roof as of old ?  
See what is left of my kingdom—a few poor oats in the grain ?  
Over the sods I have turned shall a lawless soldiery reign,  
Barbarous legions reap ? Is it hither that long Discord  
Leads our land ! Have we sown these fields for an alien horde !  
Go, Melibœus, engraft thy pears, thy vineyard array ;  
Hence, my goats—poor flock that was once so happy—away !  
Never again, in the hollow of some green cavern at rest,  
Shall I behold ye, clinging to yon cliff's briary breast ;  
Songs no more shall I sing ye ; with me no more shall ye rove,  
Browsing the cytisus blossoms, and bitter willows ye love.

## TITYRUS

Yet thou mightest at least for the night in my cottage rest,  
Couched upon branches green. We have apples ripe of the best,  
Chestnuts mealy, and plentiful cheese from the new milk pressed.  
See in the distance already the roof-stacks smoke to the sky,  
Lengthening shadows fall from the mountain ranges on high.

#### ARGUMENT

The shepherd Corydon has set his heart upon the friendship of Alexis, who, as the favourite slave of Lolla, his master, scorns the advances of so humble an admirer. Corydon complains.



## ECLOGUE II.

### *CORYDON*

Corydon, humble shepherd, the lovely Alexis adored ;  
Could not look to be honoured of one so dear to his lord ;  
Still to the beeches thick, and the treetops heavy with shade,  
Daily he came, and alone to the mountain and listening glade  
Poured in a fruitless longing the simple songs he had made :

Cruel Alexis ! are all of my songs passed heedlessly by ?  
Wilt thou never have pity, but drive thy lover to die ?  
Even the cattle now of the shade and the cool are in quest ;  
Emerald lizards hide in the thornwood thicket at rest.  
Thestylis now for the reapers, who flag in the furious sun,  
Bruises the thyme and the garlic, her fragrant grasses, in one.  
Only the husky cicalas and I, still tracking thy feet,  
Waken the vineyard echoes from sleep, in the noonday heat.

Better to suffer, methinks, Amaryllis in angriest air,  
Better her humours proud to endure, or Menalcas to bear,  
Dark though he be of complexion, and thou all snowily fair !  
Trust not, beautiful one, fair cheeks too blindly, for—mark !  
White hedge flowers we abandon, to gather the hyacinth dark.

Thou dost scorn me, Alexis, nor carest about me to know,  
How I am wealthy in sheep, and in milk that is white as the snow ;  
Ewe-lambs mine by the thousand the mountains of Sicily roam ;  
Neither in summer nor winter does new milk fail me at home.  
Ditties I sing, that he sang when he folded nightly his sheep,  
Dirce's great Amphion, on Aracynth's Actian steep.  
Nor am I all ill-shaped : I beheld me of late in the sea  
When wind lulled its waters were laid, and if only there be  
Truth in the mirror, and thou our judge, no Daphnis I fear.  
Would that it pleased thee in these poor haunts and in lowliness here  
Under my cottage roof to abide, now hunting the deer,  
Driving now with a mallow of green our kids to the lea !  
Thou shalt rival at song great Pan, in the forest with me.  
Pan was the first musician with wax who taught us to bind  
Reed upon reed ; great Pan to the flock and the shepherd is kind.  
Nor if the reeds have wounded thy lip, stay thou to repine ;  
What did Amyntas pay, to possess these secrets of mine ?

I have a pipe that of old Damœtas gave me, a prize  
Fashioned of hemlock stalks ; they are seven, of varying size.  
Dying he said : “ It is thine, since thou to thy master art next.  
So Damœtas spake ; and the foolish Amyntas was vexed.  
Two young roes of the mountain besides—I found them remote  
Hid in a perilous glen, with white still dappled their coat ;  
Twice each day each feeds from a ewe—I have kept them for thee ;  
Long has Thestylis asked to possess them, and hers shall they be,  
Since thou thinkest but little of all gifts offered by me.

Beautiful one, come hither ! For thee, look, nymphs of the glade  
Bring full baskets of lilies ; and one fair Naiad has made,—  
Gathering violets pale, and the poppies tall, by the way,—  
Posies of scented anethus in flower, and daffodils gay ;  
Then with casia twining the grasses sweet of the dells,  
Brightens with marigold yellow the bending hyacinth bells.  
Quinces myself will bring with a down of delicate white,  
Chestnuts in which my love Amaryllis used to delight ;  
Waxen plums shall be honoured—the fruit thou lovest—as well.  
Ye too, bays, will I pluck, and the myrtles near ye that dwell  
Planted together, for sweetly beside each other ye smell.

Corydon, thou art poor ! and to gifts indifferent he !  
Still were Iolla the winner, in gifts if challenged of thee.

Misery ! what am I after ! As lost in sorrow I sing,  
Winds break loose on my flowers, and the wild boar into the spring !  
Why dost foolishly fly me ? The gods too dwelt in the glade  
Once, with the Trojan Paris. Let Pallas, cities that made,  
Live herself in her cities. Be ours in the woods to delight !  
Lioness chases the wolf, wolf follows the goat in her flight ;  
Frolicking she-goat roves to the cytisus flower to be fed ;  
Corydon follows Alexis ; so each by his liking is led.  
Homeward, behold, inverted the share comes drawn by the steer ;  
Double the lengthening shadows become, for sunset is near ;  
Love still burns in my bosom ; can love know measure or rest ?  
Corydon, ah ! what madness thy simple soul has possessed !  
Half unpruned thy vine ! On an elm too leafy it lies ;  
Better finish betimes, for the use of the hour as it flies,  
One of thy baskets of reeds and of lissom withies entwined ;  
If one lover be cruel, another is easy to find.

ECLOGUE III.

---

*PALÆMON*

## ARGUMENT

Menalcas and Damoetas, two herdsmen, meet. After an interchange of rustic taunts and incivilities, they agree to sing for a wager against each other, Palæmon, who is passing, to be umpire. The competitors chant alternate couplets, and at the end of the match Palæmon professes himself unable to decide.

A compliment to Pollio, Virgil's friend and patron, who is a poet himself as well as a general, is found embedded among the lines, and each of the rivals closes the encounter with a conundrum in verse.

## ECLOGUE III.

*PALÆMON*

MENALCAS. DAMÆTAS. PALÆMON

MENALCAS

Whose is the flock, Damætas? Are yon Melibæus's sheep?

DAMÆTAS

Nay, they are Ægon's, and Ægon entrusts them now to my keep.

MENALCAS

Poor things, ever unlucky! The master of flock and of herd  
Courting Neëra, and trembling for fear my love be preferred.  
Twice each hour this stranger, he hires, comes milking the dams;  
Strength is drained from the mothers, and milk withdrawn from the lambs.

DAMÆTAS

Ere thou slanderest others, bethink thee longer. We know  
All that the peeping eyes of the he-goats witnessed, and, though  
Lightly the gay nymphs laughed, what chapel ye chose for the scene.

## MENALCAS

'Twas, I suppose, when they saw me through Micon's vineries go  
Hacking with knife of a villain his vine shoots tender and green.

## DAMETAS

Yea, or at those old beeches the day thou brakest in twain  
Daphnis's bow and his arrows, Menalcas peevish and vain !  
When to the boy thou sawest them given, thy spirit repined ;—  
Thou hadst died if a mischief thou hadst not done to mankind !

## MENALCAS

What will the masters do if the knaves these villanies dare !  
Did I not see thee, caitiff, in ambush laid, with a snare  
Angling for Damon's goat, and his wolf-hound baying with might ?  
And, when I shouted, " Whither away yon fellow ? A care,  
Tityrus, have to thy flock," to the reeds thou stolest from sight.

## DAMETAS

Vanquished fairly in song, was he not yon goat to resign,  
Won by my flute's sweet singing ? The goat, I can tell thee, was mine ;  
Thus much Damon allowed, but his debt was unable to meet



## MENALCAS

Thou match Damon in singing? And hadst thou ever a flute  
Jointed with wax? Was it not, poor dunce, thy sorry pursuit  
Wretched ditties to murder on grating straws through the street?

## DAMETAS

Shall we essay what in music between us each can achieve  
Singing in turn? This heifer I lay thee lest thou decline—  
Twice each day she is milked; though still at her udders we leave  
Two young calves: what stake for the coming battle is thine?

## MENALCAS

Nothing from yonder flock can I venture safely to find:  
I have a father at home and a stepdame harshly inclined—  
Twice in the day both reckon the sheep, one ever doth see  
Counted the kids. What is grander, as thou thyself wilt agree,  
Since upon folly thy spirit is bent, two cups I will stake,  
Beechen, embossed all round—the inspired Alcimedon's make.  
Wrought thereon by the skill of the graver, a flexible vine  
Droops o'er clusters of berry from ivies pale that entwine:  
Figures twain in the midst: one Conon, and,—how was he hight?—  
He, who has mapped out heaven to inform earth's nations aright,

Which be the seasons for reapers and those who stoop at the plough.  
No lip ever has touched them : I keep them hoarded till now.

## DAMETAS

Two fair cups of the same Alcimedon's making are mine ;  
Round their handles he wrought an acanthus lissom to twine :  
Orpheus placed in the midst, and the woods that dance as he plays.  
No lip ever has touched them—I keep them hoarded,—as thine.  
Seen by the side of the heifer thy cups are nothing to praise.

## MENALCAS

Nay ! Thou shalt not escape me—whate'er thou wilt, I concede—  
Choose but a Judge ! And Palæmon, who passes yonder, at need.  
So henceforth will I cure thee of challenging others to sing.

## DAMETAS

Start ! an a song thou knowest—I shall not keep thee, I fear  
No man's voice. But, Palæmon, a single word in thine ear :  
Grave the affair, to its solving a wise intelligence bring.

## PALEMEN

Sing then, since upon softest of grass we are seated, the three ;  
Now each meadow is teeming, in leafbirth every tree,

Now all forests are green, now fairest in beauty the year.  
Thine to begin, Damœtas ; Menalcas second shall be.  
Ring the alternate changes ; a change to the Muses is dear.

## DAMŒTAS

Muses ! from Jove the beginning ; the worlds are full of his power.  
He makes earth to be fruitful ; he hears my songs with delight.

## MENALCAS

Dear am I also to Phœbus's heart ; his favourites flower  
Aye in my garden—the bay and the hyacinth scented and bright.

## DAMŒTAS

Apple in hand, Galatea, she pelts me, frolicsome fair,  
Flies to the willows, and wishes, before she is hid, to be seen.

## MENALCAS

Ah ! my darling Amyntas, before I call him, is there—  
More of a friend with my puppies than Delia even has been.

## DAMŒTAS

Gifts I have found for my beauty—myself I marked from below  
Where wood-pigeons have built in the tallest trees of the glen.

## MENALCAS

Ten gold apples I sent my love from a wilding I know ;  
All I was able—to-morrow will send him as many again.

## DAMÆTAS

Oh, for the times Galatea has met me—the things she confessed !  
Waft to the ears of the gods some part, thou listening wind !

## MENALCAS

Ah ! what boots it, Amyntas, that I thy heart have possessed,  
If, when the boar thou art hunting, the nets my lot be to mind ?

## DAMÆTAS

Send me thy Phyllis, Iolla ; to-day my birthday is kept :  
Come thyself when a heifer I slay for the harvest in grain.

## MENALCAS

Phyllis I love before all. When I left her, Iolla, she wept.  
“ Beautiful boy, farewell ! ” she repeated again and again.

## DAMÆTAS

Wolves are a grief to the flock ; to the ripened harvest the showers ;  
Winds to the trees ; my grief, Amaryllis in anger to see.

## MENALCAS

Sweet is the dew to the seed ; to the weaned kid arbutus flowers ;  
Willows to ewes that are yeanning ; but only Amyntas to me.

## DAMÆTAS

Pollio loves my verse, though of rustic measure. A calf,  
Muses, fatten in honour of one who reads and approves.

## MENALCAS

Pollio makes sweet songs of his own. In a poet's behalf  
Fatten a bull, now butting, and spurning the sand with his hooves.

## DAMÆTAS

Pollio ! may thy lovers a bright world visit with thee  
Flowing with honey, the bramble for them bear spice of the uard.

## MENALCAS

Who hates Bavius not, let him lover of Mævius be ;  
Plough with a team of foxes, and milk he-goats for reward.

## DAMÆTAS

Boys, who are gathering flowers and the berries that grow on the ground,  
Run, for a cold snake lurks in the grasses yonder unseen !

## MENALCAS

Go no further, my sheep : unsafe yon bank will be found.  
Look at the ram still drying his dripping fleece on the green.

## DAMETAS

Tityrus, drive from the river the she-goats seeking to eat.  
When it is time, myself I will wash them clean in the spring.

## MENALCAS

Fold, my children, the ewes ; for the milk once touched by the heat,  
As but of late, our fingers in vain to the udders will cling.

## DAMETAS

Lean my bull, though he feeds on the richest tares that are grown !  
One and the same love wasting the flock and the master as well.

## MENALCAS

Mine no love can account for ; the skin scarce cleaves to the bone.  
Evil eye that I know not has cast on the lambkins a spell.

## DAMETAS

Tell me in what far land—and for ever be Oracle mine—  
Three ell-lengths of the sky are alone left open to see.

## MENALCAS

Tell me in what far region the names of kings are a sign  
Writ on the wild flower's petals—and thine my Phyllis shall be.

## PALÆMON

Mine no voice that can settle debate so mighty. The twain  
Equally merit the heifer and each fond lover who still  
Trusts love's sweetness, or finds by experience bitter its pain.  
Close, my children, the sluices ; the meadows have drunk their fill.

## ARGUMENT

It was a dream of the Augustan poets—based on a Sibylline prediction—that the universe had completed nine great cycles, commencing with the golden and ending with the iron age. Then, under the auspices of Phœbus Apollo—brother of Lucina (Diana)—the world's great age was to begin anew and the golden years to return. The Eclogue conceives of the new cycle as ushered in with the birth of an illustrious child, supposed by many critics to be the son of Pollio, and to have been born during his consulship; by others the young Marcellus, the nephew and adopted son of Augustus. As the boy grows to manhood the golden age progresses, passes through a second Heroic period, and closes in universal peace. The fancy of theologians in days gone by was fond of discovering in the language of the poem, compared with that of Scripture, and in the references to the virgin, the boy, the snake, &c., an unconscious anticipation of the Messiah.



## ECLOGUE IV.

*POLLIO*

Muses of Sicily's fountain, a grander song let us sing.

Pleasure to some nor vines nor the humble tamarisks bring.

Worthy a Consul's ear be the woods whose praises we ring !

Come is the last of the Ages, in song Cumæan foretold.

Now is the world's grand cycle begun once more from of old.

Justice the Virgin comes, and the Saturn kingdom again ;

Now from the skies is descending a new generation of men.

Thou to the boy in his birth,—upon whose first opening eyes

The iron age shall close, and a race that is golden arise,—

Chaste Lucina, be kindly ! He reigns—thy Phœbus—to-day !

Thine to be Consul, thine, at a bright world's ushering in,

Pollio, when the procession of nobler months shall begin ;

Under thy rule all lingering traces of Italy's sin,

Fading to nought, shall free us from fear's perpetual sway.

Life of the gods shall be his, to behold with gods in their might

Heroes immortal mingled, appear himself in their sight,  
Rule with his Father's virtues a world at peace from the sword.  
Boy, for thine infant presents the earth unlaboured shall bring  
Ivies wild with foxglove around thee wreathing, and fling  
Mixed with the laughing acanthus the lotus leaf on the sward ;  
Homeward at eve untended the goat shall come from the mead  
Swelling with milk ; flocks fearless of monster lions shall feed ;  
Even thy cradle blossom with tender flowers, and be gay.  
Every snake shall perish ; the treacherous poison weed  
Die, and Assyrian spices arise unsown by the way.

When thou art able to read of the heroes' glories, the bright  
Deeds of thy sire, and to know what is manhood's valour and might,  
Plains will be turning golden, and wave with ripening corn ;  
Purple grapes shall blush on the tangled wilderness thorn ;  
Honey from hard-grained oaks be distilling pure as the dew ;  
Though of our ancient folly as yet shall linger a few  
Traces, to bid us venture the deep, with walls to surround  
Cities, and, restless ever, to cleave with furrows the ground.  
Then shall another Tiphys, a later Argo to sea  
Sail, with her heroes chosen ; again great battles shall be ;  
Once more mighty Achilles be sent to a second Troy.

Soon when strengthening years shall have made thee man from a boy,

Trader himself shall abandon the deep ; no trafficking hull  
Barter her wares ; all regions of all things fair shall be full.  
Glebe shall be free from the harrow, the vine no pruner fear ;  
Soon will the stalwart ploughman release unneeded the steer.  
Varied hues no longer the wool shall falsely assume.  
Now to a blushing purple and now to the saffron's bloom,  
Cropping the meadow, the ram shall change his fleece at his need ;  
Crimsoning grasses colour the lambs themselves as they feed.

“ Ages blest, roll onward ! ” the Sisters of Destiny cried  
Each to her spindle, agreeing by Fate's firm will to abide.  
Come to thy godlike honours ; the time wellnigh is begun ;  
Offspring loved of immortals, of Jove great scion and son !  
Lo, how the universe totters beneath heaven's dome and its weight,  
Land and the wide waste waters, the depths of the firmament great !  
Lo, all nature rejoices to see this glorious day !

Ah, may the closing years of my life enduring be found,—  
Breath sufficient be mine thy deeds of valour to sound ;—  
Orpheus neither nor Linus shall ever surpass my lay ;  
One with mother immortal, and one with sire, at his side,  
To Orpheus Calliopeia, to Linus Apollo allied.  
Pan, were he here competing, did all Arcadia see,  
Pan, by Arcadia's voice, should allow him vanquished of me !

Baby, begin thy mother to know, and to meet with a smile ;  
Ten long moons she has waited, and borne her burthen the while.  
Smile, my babe ; to his feast no god has admitted the child,  
Goddess none to her kisses, on whom no parent has smiled.

ECLOGUE V.

---

*DAPHNIS*

#### ARGUMENT

Two shepherds, Menalcas and Mopsus, repair to a shady cavern, and sing by turns together. The subject of their songs is the dead Daphnis. Mopsus laments over him as cruelly slain. Menalcas chants his apotheosis, and describes him as raised to the heavens and newly added to the number of the gods. It is probable that under the fanciful character of Daphnis the poet intends to honour the memory of Julius Cæsar, recently assassinated, and still more recently decreed divine honours by the Triumvirs.

## ECLOGUE V.

### *DAPHNIS*

MENALCAS. MOPSUS

MENALCAS

Mopsus, since we are met peradventure, both of us strong,  
Thou in the light reed's music, and I in music of song,  
Were it not well where the hazels with elm-trees mingle to rest ?

MOPSUS

Thou art the elder, Menalcas, and I would do thy behest,  
Whether we make for the shadows that flicker in winds of the west,  
Or to the cave for a choice ; and the cave how chequered with shade,  
See, from the straggling clusters of wild vine over it laid.

MENALCAS

Only Amyntas on these our mountains is rival of thine.

MOPSUS

What, an he claim to be equal in verse to Apollo divine ?

MENALCAS

Mopsus, begin ! some song of thy making, full of the flame  
Phyllis inspires, or in Alcon's praise, or in Codrus' blame.  
Tityrus, yonder, will follow behind our kids as they eat.

MOPSUS

Words that I carved but lately on bark still green of a beech,  
Fluting, and pausing in turn to engrave its note upon each,  
I will essay. Then bid thy Amyntas seek to compete !

MENALCAS

As to the pale green olive the flexible willow yields,  
As to the blushing rose is the Celtic reed of the fields,  
So doth Amyntas beside thee in my poor judgment appear.

MOPSUS

Prithee, Menalcas, peace ! for the cave already is here.

(*Sings.*)

All of the nymphs went weeping for Daphnis cruelly slain :  
Ye were witnesses, hazels and river waves, of the pain



When to her son's sad body the mother clave with a cry,  
Calling the great gods cruel, and cruel the stars of the sky.  
None upon those dark days their pastured oxen did lead,  
Daphnis, to drink of the cold clear rivulet ; never a steed  
Tasted the flowing waters, or cropped one blade in the mead.  
Over thy grave how the lions of Carthage groaned in despair,  
Daphnis, the echoes of mountain wild and of forest declare.  
Daphnis was first who taught us to guide, with a chariot rein,  
Far Armenia's tigers, the choirs of Iacchus to train,  
Led us with foliage waving the pliant spear to entwine.  
As to the tree her vine is a glory, her grapes to the vine,  
Bull to the horned herd, and the corn to a fruitful plain,  
Thou to thine own wert beauty ; and since fate robbed us of thee,  
Pales herself, and Apollo are gone from meadow and lea.  
Where in the furrow we sowed great pearls of glistening grain,  
Lo ! the unfruitful darnel, the oatstalks barren appear.  
Tender violets once, and the bright narcissus were here ;  
Thistles now, and the spikes of the Christ thorn, sharp as a spear.  
Scatter the turf with leaves, and the fountains border with shade,  
Shepherds, for Daphnis wills to his ghost these offerings made ;  
Build him a tomb, and upon it be this the memorial laid :

*Daphnis was I, of the forest, renowned from the earth to the sky  
Fair was the flock I tended, but, ah ! still fairer was I.*

## MENALCAS

Heaven's own poet, to me thy voice and its music are sweet  
As soft sleep on the grass to the tired, as in noonday heat  
Quenching of thirst at a fountain from whence comes leaping the wave;  
Brave on the flute, as thy master, in song thou also as brave.  
Shepherd blest! thy glory shall after thy master's shine.  
This my verse in repayment, although poor measure for thine,  
Lo! I will give thee, and lift to the stars thy Daphnis anew,  
Yea to the stars raise Daphnis—he loved me tenderly too.

## MOPSUS

Can I be given a reward more noble than music from thee?  
Worthy in song our Daphnis himself to be honoured, and we  
Know from Stimichon's praises how sweet thy melodies be!

MENALCAS (*sings*)

Clad in his shining raiment, the threshold strange of the sky  
Daphnis admires, and the stars and the clouds far under him lie.  
Pleasure blithe in the glade and the realms of the greenwood now  
Reigns, over Pan and the shepherds and maiden nymphs of the bough.  
Wolves no more now menace the sheep—no meshes intend  
Harm to the doe, since Daphnis to gentle Peace is a friend.

Lo ! with joy to the heavens they lift their glorious voice,  
All the untensured mountains ! The rocks break forth and rejoice !  
Vineyards echo : " A god, O Menalcas, lo ! he is made ! "  
Be to thy people gracious and kind. Four altars are laid  
Here : twain, Daphnis, for thee ; twain, grander, Apollo, are thine !  
Two cups yearly with new milk foaming, in honour displayed,  
Here will I set : two flagons with oil of the olive that shine,  
And, above all things, gladdening the feast with gifts of the vine,  
Over the fire in the winter, at harvest-time in the shade,  
Pour thee—for newest nectar—in bowls Ariusia's wine.  
Songs Damœtas and Ægon, the Lyctian singer, shall sing,  
Alphesibœus mimic the Satyr dance in the ring.  
Honours such shall attend thee, when annual vows we address  
Unto the Nymphs, or the harvest with lustral offerings bless.  
Long as the boar to the mountain, the fish to the river is true,  
While bee sucks from the thyme, and cicadas drink of the dew,  
Ever shall last thy name, thy praise, thy glory, and now,  
As to Iacchus and Ceres, to thee each son of the plough  
Carry his prayer each year, and acknowledge duly his vow

## MOPSUS

Ah ! what boon can I give thee a song so sweet to repay ?  
Neither the whispering breath of the south wind now on its way

Brings me a joy thus deep, nor the thunder of surf on the shore—  
Nor when the rock-strewn valley resounds to the torrent's roar.

## MENALCAS

Take thou first in requital a frail reed. From it I learned :  
“ *How for the lovely Alexis the shepherd Corydon yearned* ”—  
Learned, as I blew it, the measure, “ *Are you Melibæus's sheep ?* ”

## MOPSUS

Take in return this crook, that Antigenes, oft as he sued,  
Never obtained : though worthy in those old days to be wooed—  
Knotted with brass all round it, a beauty to have and to keep.

ECLOGUE VI.

---

*VARUS*

## ARGUMENT

The Eclogue opens with a dedication to the Roman general Varus, which, like other passages in the Eclogues, contains traces of the pressure put upon Virgil by some of the great men of the day to write an epic poem on the civil wars.

Two young fauns, Chromis and Mnasyllus, find Silenus sleeping in a cave, and with the assistance of the nymph *Ægle* extract from him a song that he has often promised them. The enchanted forests and wild beasts listen as he tells of the cosmogony and mythology of the early world. Into the mythological narrative Virgil weaves one of his exquisite compliments, addressed to his friend Gallus, poet as well as soldier, whom he imagines introduced upon Parnassus to Apollo and the Muses, and presented by the ancient poet Linus with the pipe of Hesiod.

## ECLOGUE VI.

### *VARUS*

While she was young, my Muse in Sicilian measure was well  
Pleased to disport her, nor blushed in the greenwood cover to dwell.  
When I was fain to be telling of kings and battles, mine ear  
Phœbus plucked with a warning :—" The shepherd's duty is clear,  
Tityrus—ever to fatten his sheep, keep slender his song."  
So—since poets enough and to spare hereafter will long,  
Varus, to sing thy praises, and war's sad glories to chant—  
I with a meadow reed upon sylvan themes will descant.  
Songs unbidden I sing not. If any who love me there be  
This poor verse to peruse, each tamarisk, Varus, of thee,  
Every forest of thee will re-echo, and Phœbus has none  
Dearer at heart than a page with the name of Varus begun.  
  
Muses, proceed ! Young Chromis and young Mnasyllus had found,  
Laid at his length in a cavern, Silenus slumbering sound ;

Blown his veins with yesterday's wine, as is ever his way.  
Garlands tumbled of late from his forehead near to him lay,  
And by its battered handle a pitcher ponderous hung.  
On him they fall (for the old man often with hope of a song  
Both had deluded) and bind him in chains from his garlands made.  
As they are standing frightened, arrives ere long to their aid  
Ægle, fairest of Naiads, and, while he is opening his eyes,  
Forehead and brow with the juice of a blood-red mulberry dyes.  
He at the pastime laughing :—" In chains why fetter me so ?  
Boys, unbind me ; enough your power to be able to show.  
Take this song ye are seeking ; for you this song ; for the maid  
Payment in other fashion." And so he began as they prayed.  
Then did ye see to the measure the Fauns and the beasts of the glen  
Tripping in time, their foreheads the stiff oaks tossing again.  
Not so charmed Parnassus when Phœbus sings, nor rejoiced  
Rhodope's mountain ranges at Orpheus, beautiful-voiced.

For in his song he related how through void ether were driven  
Seeds primæval of earth and of sea and the airs of the heaven,  
Eke of the fire elemental ; from these first principles came  
Every beginning—the thin round crust of the firmament frame :—  
Harder and harder the dry land grew, and apart in the seas  
Prisoned the spirit of Ocean—assumed life's shapes by degrees.



Soon Earth saw with wonder a young sun shine in the sky,  
Farther the rain came falling, as clouds were lifted on high.  
Then was the time when the first woods rose, and the animals few  
Wandered over the hills that as yet no creature knew.

Next of the stones of Pyrrha, of Saturn's kingdom he told,  
Eagles of Caucasus hoar, and the theft of Prometheus bold :  
Sang of the spring where Hylas was lost, how the mariner men  
Shouted for Hylas, and every shore rang Hylas again ;  
Then of the snow-white bull, and the sad Pasiphaë's teen,  
Happy in this sad world if a horned one never had been.  
Maiden forlorn ! what madness is thine ! Like heifers that low,  
Over the meadows the daughters of Prætus roamed in their woe ;  
None was dishonoured ever by frenzied passion as thou ;  
Often as each would shrink from the fancied fear of the plough,  
Feel for a budding horn on her smooth and womanly brow.  
Maiden forlorn, thou rangest the mountain slopes in the quest !  
He, with his snow-white side upon softest hyacinths pressed,  
Under a holm-oak dark chews grasses bright, or is gone  
Seeking another bride in the herds. Close speedily, maids,  
Maids of the Dirce fountain, the forest covers and glades,  
So that our eyes may haply behold, ere evening fades,  
Track of the truant bull. And perchance this wandering one,

Tempted by some green meadow, or fain with the others to roam,  
May to Gortyna's stalls by the heifers be piloted home.

Next, how a Hesperid apple the maiden charmed, was his strain :—  
Moss of the bitter bark round Phaeton's sisters again  
Grew in his song, and to alders immense they rose on the plain ;—  
Then, how as Gallus wandered beside Permessian rills,  
One of the Nine had led him to sweet Aonia's hills ;  
How all Phœbus' choir uprose to salute him, and how—  
Flowerets and bitter parsley adorning his heavenly brow—  
These words Linus had spoken, the shepherd and poet divine :  
“ Take these reeds of the meadow, the Muses send thee for thine,  
Once on the singer of Ascera bestowed ; wherewith as he blew  
Down from the mountains often the stubborn ashes he drew.  
With them sweetly recount how the Grynian wood was begun,  
Till among all his forests Apollo be prouder of none.”

Need I relate how of Scylla, the daughter of Nisus, he told,  
Who—with her white waist girdled by howling monsters—of old  
Harried, chroniclers tell us, the Ithacan vessels, and gave  
Trembling crews to be rent of her hounds in swirl of the wave ?  
Or how he sang of the change on the body of Tereus wrought,  
What was the feast Philomela prepared, what dainties she brought.

How, swift-winged, for the desert she made, yet first had been fain—

Sad one—over her palace to flutter again and again ?

All of the songs, that of old from Apollo the listening burn,

Blest Eurotas, heard and had bidden his bay trees learn,

There did he sing. To the stars the re-echoing valleys in turn

Told it ; till Hesper signalled to fold and to number the sheep,

Rising with light unwelcome above the Olympian steep.

#### ARGUMENT

Melibæus, while fencing his myrtles from the cold winds, sees Daphnis close by and seated under a holm-oak. Corydon and Thyrsis are there also, about to engage in a singing-match. Melibæus relates how he joined the company, and listened to the rivals during their contest. Corydon shows himself the more finished performer; the verses of Thyrsis, both in taste and execution, are rougher and more common. Melibæus accordingly ends by declaring that on that day Corydon established his claim to be unsurpassed on the hillside in song.

## ECLOGUE VII.

### *MELIBŒUS*

MELIBŒUS. CORYDON. THYRSIS

MELIBŒUS

Under the whispering boughs of a holm-oak Daphnis had lain,  
Thyrsis and Corydon met, for it so had chanced, on the plain,  
One with his goats in milk, and the one with sheep in his care,  
Both in the blossom of manhood bright—an Arcadian pair—  
Equal in song, and ready for strain and for answering strain.  
I, while fencing the myrtles young from the alpine cold,  
Miss our sultan goat, who has towards them strayed; and behold  
Daphnis before me yonder. In turn when he sees me again:  
“Hasten,” he cries, “Melibœus, the goat and the kids are to hand;  
Rest with us here in the shadow, if thou canst leisure command.  
Hither will come thy kine unsought through the meadows to drink;  
Here sweet Mincius fringes with young spring rushes a brink

Grassy and green ; and from Jupiter's oak bees cluster and hum.”  
Had I a choice ? Nor Phyllis nor my Alcippe had come  
Homeward to drive to the folding the motherless lambkins yet ;  
While 'twas a battle of giants—with Thyrsis, Corydon met—  
Thus my business to their sweet sport gave finally way,  
So in alternate changes began their musical play.  
As was the Muses' pleasure, in turn their melodies rang—  
First came Corydon singing, and after him Thyrsis sang.

## CORYDON

Nymphs of Libethra, beloved of my heart, vouchsafe me a strain  
Sweet as ye grant my Codrus ;—his songs are next the divine  
Lays of Apollo ;—or if such grace all cannot attain,  
Here my pipe with her music shall hang on your holiest pine.

## THYRSIS

Fair Arcadian shepherds, a poet is born in the dale ;  
Crown him with ivy, till envy the bosom of Codrus has wrung.  
If overmuch he applaud me, my forehead with foxglove veil,  
Lest your bard of the future be hurt by an enemy's tongue.

## CORYDON

Delia, this boar's head with its bristles, and antlers that graced  
Whilom a veteran stag, young Micon bestows upon thee.

If still fortune attend him, aloft thyself shall be placed,  
Hewn from the marble, and buskined with purple as high as the knee.

## THYRSIS

One milk flagon, Priapus, is all each year, with a cake,  
Thou canst look for : a poor man's croft thou holdest in keep.  
Marble to-day we have made thee ; of gold hereafter will make,  
If our ewes that are yearning replenish the tale of the sheep.

## CORYDON

Child of the sea, Galatea, than thyme Hyblæan to me  
Sweeter, than swan more fair, more lovely than ivies white,  
Soon as the pastured oxen are homeward gone from the lea,  
Come—for thy shepherd lover if aught thou carest—to-night.

## THYRSIS

Let me to thee more bitter than Sardo's grasses appear,  
Rougher than bur, more cheap than the seaweed flung on the shore,  
If I find not to-day more long than a lingering year !  
Homeward, ye well-fed oxen, for shame's sake, tarry no more !

## CORYDON

Fountains bordered with mosses, and grass more soft than repose,  
Arbutus green, whose flickering shade roofs both from the day,

Shelter the cattle from noontide heat ! Soon summer that glows  
Comes, and the swelling buds on the vine already are gay.

## THYRSIS

Here is a hearth, rich torches that drip, here firelight flares  
Cheerily ; blackened the door with the soot that has clung to its planks ;  
Here as little we care for the north winds icy, as cares  
Wolf for the number of sheep or the river in flood for the banks.

## CORYDON

Here stand junipers tall, and the chestnuts prickly in row ;  
Fruits lie strewn and ungathered beneath each bountiful tree ;  
Now all Nature is smiling ; but if from the mountain should go  
Lovely Alexis, the rivers themselves will waterless be.

## THYRSIS

Parched is the meadow ; the grass in the sick air withers of thirst ;  
Father Bacchus the shade of his vines to the mountain denies.  
When my Phyllis approaches, the woods into blossom will burst,  
And in a gracious torrent to earth come raining the skies.

## CORYDON

Poplars are dear to Alcides ; the vine to Iacchus the bright,  
Myrtle to beautiful Venus, to Phœbus his favourite bay,



Phyllis delights in the hazels, and while they are still her delight,  
Neither shall myrtle be fairer nor bays of Phœbus than they.

## THYRSIS

Ash is the loveliest tree in the forest, in gardens the pine,  
Poplar is queen by the river, the fir upon mountains supreme ;  
Fair Lycidas, come only as guest more often of mine,  
Poor in the forest the ash and the pine in the garden well seem.

## MELIBŒUS

Thus much well I remember, and idle were Thyrsis' pains.  
Since that day on the mountain alone our Corydon reigns.

## ARGUMENT

This Eclogue is dedicated to Pollio on his return from a victorious campaign in Illyria. Virgil, often pressed, as it would seem, to write on martial themes, still continues to escape in a cloud of graceful compliment.

The subject of the Eclogue consists of two love-songs, placed in the mouths of Damon and Alphesibœus.

The first is the complaint of an unhappy shepherd of Mount Mænalus, who, after describing his ill-fated passion for the faithless Nysa, ends by flinging himself into the sea.

The second is the love-incantation of a Thessalian girl, who has called magic to her assistance in order to bring back to her cottage her truant lover Daphnis.

Each song has a recurring refrain, framed on the model of Theocritus.

## ECLOGUE VIII.

### *PHARMACEUTRIA*

DAMON. ALPHESIBŒUS

Songs of the shepherds Damon and Alphesibœus, my theme :

Hearkening to whom with rapture as each in rivalry sung,

Heifers forgot their pasture, upon whose melodies hung

Lynxes smitten with wonder, and every listening stream

Loitered with altered current along its watery way ;

Damon and Alphesibœus shall be our burden to-day.

Sailing already abreast of the great Timavus's hill,

Whether I find thee, or coasting around Illyria still,

Comes not the bright day ever when this poor tongue shall be free

Thy fair deeds to proclaim ? Shall I ne'er at liberty be

Proudly to waft thy verse o'er earth and her every clime,

Only of Athens worthy, and buskin'd tragedy's prime ?

Thou my Muse's beginning, her song shall finish with thee.

Take these strains at thy bidding essayed, and grant me to lay  
Round thy brow these ivies to twine with the conqueror's bay.

Hardly as yet from the skies had the night's chill shadow dispersed,  
Dew lay sweet on the spring-tide grass for the cattle athirst ;  
Propped on an olive staff thus sang young Damon, the first :

*(Damon sings.)*

Rise, fair star of the morning, and herald the genial day.

I, whom a passion for Nysa the false has served to betray,  
Here will lament ; and to gods—whose presence attested in vain  
Naught has availed me—in death's last hour once more will complain.  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Mænalus ever has forests that sing to him ; ever a sigh  
Speaks in his pines ; to the loves of the shepherds he listens for aye ;  
Hears Pan piping, who brooked not that reeds should idle remain.  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Nysa with Mopsus weds ; what next is a lover to see ?  
Soon will the griffin be matched with the mare, and in summers to be  
Timid fawns with the hounds come down to the pools on the plain.  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Hew fresh torches the bridal to grace ; thy bride is in sight,  
Mopsus—the bridegroom thou—go scatter the nuts to her train !

Hesper from Eta's summit for thee sails into the night.  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Worthy the lord they give thee to wed, who scornest the world,  
Holdest the pipe of the shepherd and these poor goats in disdain,  
Thinkest light of a brow untrimmed and a beard uncured,  
Deeming the gods untroubled by mortal passion and pain !  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

'Twas in our crofts I saw thee, a girl thy mother beside,  
Plucking the apples dewy, myself thy pilot and guide ;  
Years I had finished eleven, the twelfth was beginning to reign ;  
Scarce was I able to reach from the ground to the branches that snapped.  
Ah, when I saw ! how I perished ! to fatal folly was rapt !  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Now have I learned what love is. Among rocks savage and wild  
Tmaros or Rhodope bare him or far Garamantes for child,—  
Mortal his lineage is not, nor human blood in his veins.  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strains.

Fell love taught one mother her sinful hands to imbrue  
Once in her children's blood, and the mother was heartless too.

Heartless the mother most ? Or was love more cruel and fell ?  
Cruel was love ; thou also the mother heartless as well.  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Now let the wolf turn tail to the sheep ; oaks stubborn have power  
Apples golden to bear, on the alder the daffodil flower !  
Droppings of amber rich from the bark of the tamarisk rain ;  
Screech-owls vie with the swan, and to Orpheus Tityrus change ;  
Orpheus play for the woods, as Arion with dolphins range.  
Begin, my flute of the mountains, with me my Mænalus strain.

Nay, let the sea drown all. Farewell to the woods. I will leap  
Here from this mountain crest that for ever watches the deep ;  
This death-song of the dying for last sad gift let her keep.  
Cease, my flute, it is ended, the Mænalus mountain refrain.

Thus sang Damon. The answer of Alpheſibœus again,  
Muses, recount ! Frail mortals to all things cannot attain.

*(Alpheſibœus sings.)*

Fetch me the water ; with soft wreaths circle the altar divine ;  
Burn to the gods rich boughs, heap frankincense on the fire ;  
So to the passionless heart of this ice-cold lover of mine  
I may reach with my magic ; it is but a chant we require.  
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

Chants from her heavenly station can draw down even the moon !

Circe once with a chant transformed Ulysses' train.

Cold snakes split in the meadows asunder with chant and with tune !

Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

These three threads, each tinted a separate colour, I twine

Round thee first in a circle ; and thrice these altars around

Carry the image—a number uneven is dear to the shrine ;—

In three knots, Amaryllis, let each of the colours be wound.

Wind them, prithee, and cry, “ I am weaving Venus's chain.”

Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

As in a fire that is one and the same, grows harder the clay.

Softer the wax, may Daphnis be wrought by passion to-day.

Crumble the cake, let the boughs of the bay-tree crackle and blaze.

Daphnis has fired me with passion, I light over Daphnis the bays.

Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

May such love upon Daphnis be laid as the heifer's, who hies

Wearily after her mate through the forest and hills in the quest.

Down by the river bank upon greenest sedges she lies,

Lost in her grief, nor remembers at nightfall late to arise.

Such may his love be, nor I care ever to heal his unrest.

Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

These worn garments he left me, my faithless love, as he went ;  
Pledges dear of himself ;—by the door let them buried remain.  
Hold them, O Earth ! they are pledges, and owe me the Daphnis I lent.  
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

These green herbs, these poisons from Pontus gathered in bloom,  
Mœris gave me ; in plenty they grow on the Pontus plain ;  
Often the form of a wolf with these I have seen him assume,  
And in the forests plunge, or the ghosts call forth from the tomb,  
Often remove to an alien field rich harvests of grain.  
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

Carry the ashes without, Amaryllis, and into the brook  
Over thy shoulders fling them, nor venture behind thee to look !  
These are for Daphnis ; he recks nor of gods nor magical strain.  
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

Look ! As I linger to take it, the cinder itself from the grate  
Catches the altar with flickering flames. Good luck on us wait !  
Ay, there is something surely, and Hylax barks at the gate !  
Ought I to hope ? Or do lovers their own dreams fashion in vain ?  
Cease, my chants. From the city he comes, my Daphnis, again.



ECLOGUE IX.

---

*MÆRIS*

## ARGUMENT

A fresh civil war has broken out in northern Italy since the events to which allusion was made in Eclogue I. At its close a second band of military settlers are again seizing on the farms in Virgil's neighbourhood. The wrath of the conquerors falls on the unfortunate town of Cremona, and Mantua, Virgil's birthplace, near which lay the poet's property, is threatened with a fate like that of Cremona her neighbour by the army of the victorious Varus. The lands of Virgil had been confirmed to him by the favour of Augustus, but the story goes that he nearly lost his life in protecting them against this marauding soldiery.

The Eclogue opens with a picture of two Mantuan shepherds, Lycidas and Mœris, on their way together to the town. They converse upon the troubles of the times, and on the narrow escape of Mœris's master, the poet Menalcas, a rustic name under which Virgil himself is designated. The pair recite snatches of the verses of Menalcas as they go.

Of all Virgil's metrical dialogues Eclogue IX. is probably the most delicate and complete. It contains a graceful reference to two contemporary poets of the Augustan age. Nothing is left of either except their fame, and possibly a few lines of Varius, if indeed Varius be the correct reading of the earlier of the two names—which is a doubtful point.

## ECLOGUE IX.

MÆRIS

LYCIDAS. MÆRIS

LYCIDAS

Whither, Mæris, away?—to the city, as travels the road?

MÆRIS

Friend, we have lived to a day, that we thought but little to see.

Lived for an alien lord to invade our little abode,

Crying “*Begone old sons of the soil, these fields are for me!*”

Broken in spirit and sad, since chance makes havoc of all,

These young kids for a tribute we take him—and curses withal!

LYCIDAS

Surely the tale had reached us, that where yon hills from the plain

Draw to the sky, and in gentle slopes break downwards again,

Far as the pool, and the beech trees old whose crests are decayed.

All to Menalcas was left in return for the verses he made.

## MÆRIS

So ye were told ; so rumour was rife ; yet verses of ours  
Are of as little avail, old friend, when the battle bolt lowers,  
As the Chaonian doves when an eagle swoops to the stroke.  
Had not a raven, perched on the left, from a hole in her oak  
Warned me as best I might to prevent the renewal of strife,  
Neither had I—thy Mæris—escaped, nor Menalcas, with life.

## LYCIDAS

Breathes there, alas ! so guilty a soul ? And were we to be  
Robbed so nearly, Menalcas, of life's sweet solace in thee ?  
Who was to chant us stories of Nymph-land, blossom and flower  
Strew on the earth, or the fountains with boscase and shade to embower ?  
Who was to sing us the song that I stole from thy lips as I lay,  
When thou wentest a-courting my love, Amaryllis the gay ?  
“ *Tityrus, while I am gone—and it is but a step to return—  
Drive my she-goats hence to the meadow, and thence to the burn  
When they are fed ; and the while, have, Tityrus, ever a care  
How thou come to the he-goat's horns—he is wicked—beware !* ”

## MÆRIS

Ay, or the still unfinished verse that to Varus he gave :  
“ *Thy great name, O Varus—do thou our Mantua save—*

*Mantua, too near neighbour, alas, of Cremona the lost,—  
Swans in a deathless music shall waft to the heavenly host."*

## LYCIDAS

So past Corsica's yews thy bees unlingering sail ;  
Fed upon cytisus flowers thy kine grow rich for the pail,  
As thy song thou afford us. For I, through grace of the Nine,  
Poet am also, and singer as thou. By swains in the dale  
Bard am yeleft ; yet little I trust them. Nothing of mine  
Worthy of Varius yet, or of noble Cinna I deem ;  
Am but a cackling gander among sweet swans of the stream.

## MÆRIS

Yea, O friend, I endeavour—am thinking once and again—  
How to recall its burden, for not unworthy the strain.  
“ *Come, Galatea, where in the waves can a merriment be ?  
Here are the golden blooms of spring ; earth bountiful, see,  
Here by the river scatters her bright-hued flowers evermore.  
Over the cavern hangs one poplar of silvery white,  
Lissom vines have woven a roof that shades it from light ;  
Come ! Let the madcap billows in thunder break on the shore.*”

## LYCIDAS

What was the song that I heard thee on one clear starlight night  
Singing ? The air I recall, if the words I remembered aright.

## MÆRIS

*“ Why still watching the rise of the constellations of old,  
Daphnis, with eyes uplifted ? The star of Cæsar—behold—  
Star of the Venus-born, has begun its march on the sky !  
Star whose dawn should gladden the fields with harvest, and dye  
Grapes on the sunlit slopes of the hill to a purple and gold.  
Graft thy pears, O Daphnis, the fruit thy sons shall enjoy.”*  
Age from us all things takes, e’en memory : oft as a boy  
Can I remember singing the summer sun to its rest ;  
Now forgotten are all my verses. Gone at the last  
Mæris’ voice ; their glamour the wolves on Mæris have cast ;  
Often enough will Menalcas himself fulfil thy request.

## LYCIDAS

All thy many excuses increase my passion the more.  
Come, for the waters silent and listening lie. On the shore  
See, each breath of the murmuring wind has sunk to repose.

Here we are just half-way on the journey. Visible grows  
Distant Bianor's tomb. So here, where the labourer goes  
Lopping the leafage thick, let us waken, Mæris, the strain.  
Lay on the ground thy kids, and the city betimes we shall gain.  
Or, if we fear lest night overtake us with gathering rain,  
On let us journey singing—a song makes lighter the road—  
I, to assist in the music, will ease thy back of its load.

## MÆRIS

Ask me no more ; let us hasten to finish the tasks that are near ;  
Better will be our singing, when once our Master is here.

## ARGUMENT

The Eclogue is devoted to Gallus, soldier, poet, friend of Virgil, and, as it would appear, an unhappy lover. Lycoris, his love, has deserted him for a more favoured brother in arms, and Gallus is portrayed lying under a mountain rock, lost in tears and despair, while his sheep stand mournfully around him. He is visited by the shepherds, as also by Apollo, Pan, and Silvanus, rustic deities, who endeavour to console him, but in vain.

To English readers the Eclogue must always be of special interest, since, inspired itself by Theocritus, it has served in turn as an inspiration for Milton's "Lycidas." It begins with an invocation of the river or fountain Arethusa, the story of whose flight under the sea from the river Alpheus will be familiar to readers of Shelley.



## ECLOGUE X.

### *GALLUS*

One last labour in song, of thy grace, Arethusa, concede.  
Strains, though few, for my Gallus—that even Lycoris may read—  
Yet must I sing, ere parting. Who gives not Gallus a song ?  
So, when beneath the Sicilian seas thou glidest along,  
Doris from thine keep ever her brackish waters apart.  
Come ; let us tell of the passion consuming Gallus's heart,  
While each flat-nosed goat on the young bush browses at call.  
No deaf ears shall we sing to ; the woods make answer to all.

Nymphs of the stream, what glades, what forest detained ye the day  
When with a love unrequited my Gallus wasted away ?  
Never a height of Parnassus, of Pindus never a mount  
Stayed ye, nor yet Aganippe, the fair Aonian fount.  
Even the bay-trees wept him, the tamarisk gave him a tear ;  
Pine-clad Mænalus mourned as beneath his precipice drear  
Lonely he lay ; and the rocks of the frosty Lycæus repined.  
All of his sheep stand round him ;—they feel no shame of mankind :

Nor thou, heavenliest singer, do thou feel shame of thy sheep ;  
Flocks himself by the river the lovely Adonis did keep.

Thither the shepherds came, and the swineherds tardy at last ;  
Thither Menalcas, drenched from his winter storing of mast.  
“ Whence this passion ? ” they ask him. Apollo came, the divine :  
“ Gallus,” he cries, “ what madness ! The lovely Lycoris of thine  
Follows another love through a wild camp-life and the snows.”  
Thither arrived Silvanus, his brows with greenery fine,  
Nodding his giant lilies and fennel flowers as he goes.

Pan of Arcadia next—ourselves we beheld him—he came—  
Blood-red berries of elder, and all vermilion flame,—  
“ Grieving for ever ! ” he saith. “ Wild grief Love little esteems ;  
Neither is fierce Love sated with tears, nor the meadow with streams,  
Nor with the cytisus blossom the bee, nor the goat with the leaf.”

Sadly he answers : “ At least some day ye will sing of my grief  
Unto your hills, Arcadians ;—alone, Arcadians, chief  
Masters of song. How gently, methinks, my bones would repose  
Should your pipes hereafter relate my love and its woes !  
Would of a truth I among you were one ! your sheep were it mine  
Daily to tend, or be dresser in vintage-time of the vine !

Then at the least whether Phyllis it were, or Amyntas, my spark,  
Or some other, that kindled—and what if Amyntas be dark,  
Dark is the violet's beauty, and dark is the hyacinth's pride—  
Here they would lie among willows beneath long vines at my side ;  
Phyllis gather me flowers, and Amyntas sing me his lay.  
Here are the cold, clear fountains, the waving meadow is gay ;  
Here are the forest shadows ; and here life ever should glide,  
Glide of itself, O Lycoris, beside thee gently away.

Now by insensate passion of savage war I am here  
Stayed—my face to the foeman, encompassed around by the spear.  
Thou—yet far be the fancy—remote from the land that is thine,  
Lookest on Alpine snows—cold heart—and the winters of Rhine,  
Lonely, without my love. May frosts thy feebleness spare !  
Ah, may the splinters icy thy delicate feet forbear !  
I will away ; and the verses I wrought in the Chalcis mould  
Set to the pipe and the music of Sicily's shepherd of old.  
Rather had I in the forest, the wild beasts' caverns among,  
Bear what awaits me, carving my love on the trees that are young,  
So, as the trees grow upward, my love shall grow with them too.  
There meanwhile with the nymphs I will roam great Mænalus through  
Hunting the savage boar. No frosts of the winter shall make  
Me and my hounds cease ranging the high Parthenian brake.

Over the rocks, methinks, and the ringing covers I go,  
Sweeping already in chase ; with joy from the Parthian bow  
Winging the Cretan arrow ;—as though this medicine healed  
Love like mine ! or the Love-god to human sorrow would yield !  
Vain is the dream—Hamadryads no more, nor pastoral strain  
Bring me delight. Farewell, farewell to the forests again !  
Love is a god no toils can appease, no misery melt.  
No, not in iciest frosts by the Hebrus' waves if we dwelt,  
Nor if Sithonian snows we endured, and winters of sleet ;  
Or, when the dying bark on the tall elm withered with heat,  
Sheep for an Æthiop master beneath fierce Cancer we drove.—  
All things else Love conquers ; let us too yield unto Love."

Muses, enough ye will deem your poet already has sung,  
Sitting and weaving a basket of slender mallows and young.  
Ye of your grace will make it of worth in Gallus's eyes—  
Gallus, for whom my love grows hour by hour, as arise  
Hourly the alders green in the new-born spring to the skies.  
Let us be going ; the shade for a singer is deadly and chill ;  
Chill is the juniper's shade ; for the corn all shade is an ill.  
Homeward, Hesperus comes—ye have fed, my goats, to your fill.

## ÆNEID I.

## ARGUMENT

Æneas and his fugitive Trojans are sailing over the seas in search of the promised land of Latium. The *Æneid* opens with a storm, due to Juno's intervention, which assails their fleet after they have left the shores of Sicily, where they had for a while been harboured by the King Acestes. The Trojan exiles are blown upon the coast of Africa in the neighbourhood of Carthage, and make their way to the palace of Dido, who entertains them hospitably. At a banquet given in their honour, she invites Æneas to relate the history of his adventures.

To a Roman, the history of whose country was inwoven with the memory of deadly wars against her ancient enemy, Carthage, the portion of the *Æneid* which is devoted to the meeting of Æneas and Dido was of the deepest national interest. Verses which to us have lost their point, mythological rivalries between goddesses that are tiresome to modern taste, all were full of meaning to a Roman audience. To appreciate the *Æneid* truly, it is necessary to think of it always as written for the ears of a people that had risen to be masters of the world, after an internecine struggle, out of which Carthage, long mistress of the seas and redoubtable to Rome even upon land, had at one time nearly emerged triumphant, and in which Rome had nearly perished.

## BOOK I.

War I sing, and the hero who first from the Trojan land  
Came to Italian shores and to this Lavinian strand—  
Exile guided of Fate. Long time on the land and the sea  
Driven by the powerful malice of great Immortals was he,  
Through fierce Juno's anger. And much in battles he bore,  
Building his town, and planting his gods on Latium's shore.  
Hence is the Latin race with its glories ; the Senate halls  
Hence of the Alban Fathers, and Rome's imperial walls !

Was it for godhead slighted or spirit wounded with grief,  
Muse, that the Queen of Immortals condemned so loyal a chief  
Countless troubles to brave, and adventure perilous quests ?  
Dwell such furious angers within those heavenly breasts ?

Facing the distant Tiber's mouth, and Italian shore,  
Lay a primæval city, a Tyrian people of yore ;  
Carthage, best with abundance, in battle cruelly bred ;

Ever the chosen dwelling that Juno sought, it is said,  
Even beyond her Samos. Her armour here evermore  
Hung, and her chariot stood. And a world-wide throne she had planned  
Here, if the Fates permitted, to reign o'er every land.

Tidings now she had heard of a nation, rising from Troy,  
Doomed in the future ages her Tyrian towers to destroy ;  
Flushed with conquest comes an imperial people to be  
Libya's ruin—the looms of the Fates so weave the decree.  
Filled with fear she remembered the war of an earlier day,  
When with her Argives loved she had met Troy's hosts in array.  
Still in her memory dwelt—time left unsoftened the smart—  
Griefs that had roused her in ancient days ; fierce anguish of heart :  
All the award of Paris, the wrong of a beauty disdained,  
Hateful children, and honours on ravished Ganymed rained.  
Fired at the thought to a further flame—o'er many a wave  
Now from Latium's shores Troy's exiled army she drave,  
Remnant left by the Greeks, and Achilles cruel in war.  
Many a summer and winter on many a water far,  
Led by the Fates they wandered with never a resting-place.  
So supreme was the labour of founding the Roman race.

Scarce had Sicily's shores in the distance faded away,



Sails been merrily set, bows dipped in the salt sea spray,  
When, still nursing within her a pain that never had died,  
Thus with herself mused Juno: "And must I tamely," she cried,  
"Leave unfinished a purpose, recede from a labour begun,  
Powerless to keep from the borders of Italy Troy's great son,  
Stayed by the frown, forsooth, of the Fates? Yet Pallas was free  
Argive navies to fire, and to whelm their crews in the sea,  
One wild wrong to avenge by Oilean Ajax done!  
Hurled from the clouds with her own right hand Jove's lightning; and drave  
Scattered their vessels; whirled from its deep foundations the wave;  
And as the hero breathed from his cloven bosom the fire,  
Caught in a tempest, and flung him on jagg'd sea-rocks to expire!  
I, who in high heaven move as a queen, the Omnipotent's own  
Sister and consort, battle against one nation alone  
These long years. What mortal to Juno's presence will bow  
Still in devotion, or lay on her altar a suppliant's vow?"

So, with a flaming soul, to the far Æolia's shore—  
Land of the rain-clouds, teeming with wild south winds evermore—  
Hastened the Queen. Here Æolus, King, in a cavern vast  
Over reluctant storm and resounding hurricane blast  
Holds dominion, and curbs them with fetter and dungeon-chain.  
They in rebellious passion—the huge hill groaning again—

Rave at the barrier doors. By his keep sits, sceptre in hand,  
Æolus ; calms their fury, and holds their wrath in command ;  
Else would rushing winds, in the swift impetuous race,  
Sweep great earth and the sea and the heavens through luminous space.  
Wherefore Jove has confined them in caverns deep as the night ;  
Over them piled earth-mountains, a mass of measureless height ;  
Set them a king, moreover, who knows by certain decree  
Wisely to loose or to tighten the reins, as his mission may be.

Lowly petition she makes to the God : “ Great sire, who art given  
Power on the deep by the Monarch of men and Father of Heaven,  
With thy breezes to smooth, or to raise its waves in the gale,  
Over the Tuscan waters to-day mine enemies sail,  
Bearing to Italy Troy and the vanquished Ilian gods.  
Arm with fury the winds ; overwhelm their ships in the floods ;  
Or in disorder drive them, and strew their hosts on the sea !  
Twice seven maidens of loveliness rare in my palace are mine ;  
Thine shall Deiopeia, the fairest and loveliest, be ;  
Wedded wife shall remain, as the years roll over her, thine,  
Bearing thee beauteous children, for this thy service to me.”

“ Thine, O Queen,” he replies, “ be the task thy wish to explore ;  
Æolus owns one mission—to do thy will evermore.

This poor kingdom he holds is of thee ; this sceptre and crown  
Thine ; thou smoothest for him the Olympian Thunderer's frown.  
Thou hast raised him to sit with gods at the banqueting board ;  
Made him the storm-clouds' king and the tempests' sovereign lord."

When he had spoken, he smote on the mountain side with his lance  
Turned to the cave ; and the winds, through the outlet opened, advance,  
Rush in battalions forth, o'er earth in a whirlwind sweep,  
Swoop to the sea and convulse to its inmost hollows the deep ;  
East wind joining the West, and the South wind thick with its squalls.  
Huge waves under them roll to the shoreward. Mariner calls  
Follow, and rattle of sheets. Clouds snatch from the Teucrians' sight  
Sunlight and sky ; on the waters in darkness settles the night.  
Lightnings rapidly flash ; loud thunder is pealed from the skies  
Death upon all sides gathers before each mariner's eyes.

Now are the limbs of the great Æneas with fear unbound.  
Groaning and lifting to heaven clasped hands : "Thrice happy," he saith,  
"Yea, and a fourth time happy, the glorious souls who found,  
Under their fathers' eyes and beneath Troy's ramparts, death !  
Ah ! thou noblest of Danaan foes, Tydides, that I  
Never on Troy's far plains was allowed as a soldier to die,  
Breathing on thy bright weapon my life's last breath to the air ;

Where by the sword of Achilles is laid fierce Hector, and where  
Giant Sarpedon lies ; where Simois under his wave  
Hurries buckler and helmet and many a warrior brave ! ”

Wild, proud words ! and a whistling storm from the North drew nigh,  
Took all canvas aback, and uprolled great floods to the sky.  
Oars are shattered ; the bows fall off ; and the sides to the deep  
Heel ; great mountains behind them of water crested and steep.  
High on the seething flood some hang ; from the jaws of the wave  
Others behold earth open ; the sand comes churned with the surge.  
Three of the ships on invisible ledges the South winds drive ;—  
“ Altars ” Italy calls them, the reefs which billows submerge,  
Monstrous spines in the watery waste.—Three more of the band  
East winds forced from the deep to the quicks and the shallows of land,  
Broke upon banks, and around them in ridges gathered the sand.  
One, with faithful Orontes and all his Lycian troop,  
Even in sight of the hero, a huge sea smote on the poop ;  
Headlong dashed to the billows, her helmsman sweeps from his post,  
Hands outstretched : and his vessel is thrice spun round on the wave.  
Then goes down in the rush of the swirling floods and is lost.  
Scattered swimmers are seen on the waters. Arms of the brave,  
Planking of ships, and the treasures of Ilium float on the brine.  
Now is the gallant vessel of Ilioneus, and thine,

Noble Achates, worsted. The bark that with Abas sails ;  
Thine too, hoary Aletes, at last in the hurricane fails.  
Each through the loosened seams of her timbers opening wide,  
Drinks in dangerous water, and gapes with wounds in her side.

Sounds of the sea's confusion and thunder, the arrowy blast  
Shot from the cavern, the calm deep pools to the surface cast,  
Neptune felt, and his soul was disquieted. Over the scene  
Gazing, he rose from a billow with brow composed and serene.  
Far on the watery waste he beheld Troy's company driven,  
Trojans crushed by the waves, and the wreck and the ruin of Heaven.  
Juno's brother, her wiles and her angered heart he divined ;  
East wind summoned and Zephyr, and thus poured forth of his mind :  
" Hath an immortal birth thus made ye, O Tempests, bold ?  
Dare ye in wild confusion to mix—my pleasure untold —  
Earth with sky, and uplift in enormous mountains the main ?  
Verily I——Yet better methinks these floods to restrain ;  
Not so lightly ye fare, if ye sin thus deeply again !  
Fly my presence and make this message to Æolus known :—  
His not the trident dread, nor the sea's imperial throne ;  
Mine by allotment only. On mountains wild he has sway.  
Home, East wind, of thy fellows. In yon vast halls let him play  
King at his pleasure, and teach his imprisoned winds to obey."

Peace to the billows he gives, more swift than speech upon lips ;  
Scatters the clouds that have gathered, the sun brings back from eclipse.  
Triton and sea nymph lift with a strain each vessel that lies  
Speared on the sea-rock splinters. His trident Neptune plies ;  
Opens a channel in quicksands wild. Each billow subsides,  
And on the face of the waters his light-wheeled chariot glides.  
As in a great assembly, when Discord leaps at a word  
Suddenly forth, and ignoble crowds with fury are stirred,  
Firebrands fly, stones volley, the weapons furnished of wrath,—  
If peradventure among them a Man stand forth in the path  
Loyal and grave, long honoured for faithful service of years,  
Seeing his face they are silent, and wait with listening ears :  
He with his counsel calms their souls, assuages their ire.  
So sank Ocean's <sup>1</sup> thunders, as soon as the Ocean's sire  
Looked on the deep, and riding at speed through a cloudless blue  
Guided his horses, and loosened the reins as his chariot flew.

Tired of toil, Troy's mariner sons for the neighbouring land  
Eagerly make on the wind, and turn towards Africa's strand.  
Down a secluded inlet a spot lies, fashioned to be  
Haven of rest, by an island that spreads her sides to the sea.  
Every wave that arrives from the seaward breaks and divides

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 106.

Into a curving current that round in a channel glides.  
Huge cliffs flank it on either extreme ; twin peaks to the skies  
Point in defiance ; beneath them a slumbering water lies,  
Silent and safe. On the height, for a background, glimmering glade.  
O'er it the sombre gloom of a forest tossing in shade.  
Facing the deep is a cave inlaid in a precipice ; sweet  
Fountain freshets within it, and stone unhewn for a seat ;  
Home of the nymphs. Here weariest barks ride ever unmoored,  
Never to shore by the bite of an anchor's hook are secured.

Yonder with seven of his vessels, survivors sole of his band,  
Enters the sire Æneas. His Trojans, longing for land,  
Leap from the ships on the coveted earth, then wearily cast  
Down on the welcome beach their enfeebled bodies at last.  
Sparks from a pebble Achates strikes ; on a cradle of leaves  
Nurses the flame ; dry fuel around it feeds ; and receives  
Swiftly a blaze for his torch. Then forth from the vessels are borne  
Sea-spoiled grain, and the weapons of Ceres, goddess of corn.  
Tired of the world's long trouble, anon each mariner brave  
Bakes in the fire, then crushes, his barley snatched from the wave.

Climbing a rock, Æneas explores meanwhile with his glance  
All the horizon of waters, in search of an Antheus here

Tempest-tossed with his Phrygian vessels,—or yonder, perchance,  
Capys,—or high on the sterns a Caicus' shield and spear.  
Not one ship is in sight on the deep. Three stags on the beach  
Straying he notes, and behind them, the great herd, following each,  
Browses in long line over the vale. Troy's warrior stands ;  
Seizes the bow and the swift-winged bolts from Achates' hands,  
Borne by the henchman trusty. The leaders first, as they go  
Tossing their antlered foreheads, he lays with his arrows low ;  
Smites the inglorious commoners next ; ere long they are seen  
Flying in wild confusion apace through covers of green.  
Hot pursuit he withholds not, until he has laid on the plain  
Seven huge beasts, and the number of vessels matched with the slain.  
Thence to the harbour retracing his way, shares all with his band ;  
Portions among them wines that Acestes on Sicily's strand  
Gave them, in casks, of his bounty, the farewell gift of a chief ;  
Gently with words of counsel assuaging his Trojans' grief.

“ Comrades ! in other days we have known Misfortune well,  
Ills more dire ye have suffered ; and these too Heaven will dispel.  
Scylla's monsters—her caverns that rang to the wild sea's shocks—  
Bravely ye faced ere now ; and the terrible Cyclops rocks.  
Summon your ancient courage ; away with sorrowful fears ;  
Memory even of this may be joy in the distant years.



Still towards Latium's shore we advance, through dangers and woes,  
Where our Destiny points to a promised land of repose.

Troy once more shall yonder a glorious kingdom raise.  
Steel your souls to endure, and await those happier days."

So Troy's hero spake, and with mightiest trouble oppressed  
Feigns bright hope in his eye ; grief dwells unseen in his breast.

Then to the hunter's spoil they betake them, banquet prepare,  
Strip from the ribs the enveloping hides, till the flesh lies bare.  
Some cut morsels and spit them, as yet they quiver in death ;  
Caldrons place on the shore ; set fire to the fuel beneath.  
Generous food their vigour revives ; they rest on the sward,  
Mellow wine in the flagon, and venison fat on the board.  
Hunger appeased at the end, when the festal tables are clear,  
Long they dwell on the friends they have lost, hope balancing fear,  
Doubtful whether to deem that the loved ones live, or if all  
Suffer the final sorrow and hear no voices that call.  
Foremost among Troy's mourners the good Æneas, behold,  
Wails in despair by turns his Orontes faithful and bold,  
Amycus fallen in death, and before his time, by the wave,  
Lycus cruelly taken,—Cloanthus, Gyas the brave.

Now was lament already at end, when Jove from the skies

Looking on sail-white Ocean, and sleeping Earth where she lies  
Belted with shores and peoples, on heaven's high summit at last  
Paused, and his godlike glance to the kingdoms of Libya cast.  
There as the Sire Almighty on cares terrestrial mused,  
More than her wont cast down, bright eyes with her tears suffused,  
Thus saith Venus the fair : " Great King, whose thunderings strike  
Terror in all, whose laws everlasting govern alike  
Earthly and heavenly worlds, what sin so dire hath he sinned,  
This my beloved, or his Trojans, that, though by death they are thinned,  
All inhabited Earth still closes against them, to bar  
Italy's land? Yet thence were to rise in the ages afar  
Romans, rulers of men, great lords of the land and the main.  
Thou didst promise it, Sire. What purpose turns thee again?  
'Twas herewith I consoled me in all Troy's ruin ; I cast  
Into the balance her future against her fate in the past.  
Still one fortune tracks their path through myriad woes ;  
When, great King, will the end be, and toil give place to repose?  
Safe from the midst of the Danaan hosts, Antenor his way  
Wound through Illyria's waters, to where, inlaid in her bay,  
Lie the Liburnian kingdoms. He plied unhindered his oars,  
Doubled the cape and the sources from whence Timavus pours,  
Where, through nine huge clefts in a groaning mountain, the sea  
Bursts as a torrent, and drowns with a thundering water the lea ;

Natheless built for his Trojans a Padua here on the shores,  
Gave to a new-born nation his name, and, his wanderings past,  
Hung at the shrine his shield, sleeps peacefully there at the last.  
We, thy race, long promised the skies, lie yonder, bereft—  
Shame untold—of our ships, and a prey to the enemy left,  
Parted, for one fierce goddess's wrath, from Italian shore.  
Are these loyalty's honours? Is this Troy's throne to restore?"

Smiling upon her with that calm smile that illumines again  
Tempest and sky, the Immortal Father of Gods and of men  
Touched with a gentle kiss his beloved one's lips, and replied:  
"Cease thy fear, Cytherea. The Fates thy race that abide  
Ever remain unchanged. Thou yet shalt look on the fair  
City and promised walls of Lavinium; proudly upbear  
Yet to the heaven's bright stars thy son with the hero-soul.  
Nor is my purpose changed. Since care thus racks thee, the scroll  
Further I read thee, Fate's dark page still further unroll.  
War's great flame he shall kindle in Italy, vanquish the land's  
Fierce wild tribes, found cities and peaceful ways for his bands.  
Till three summers have seen him enthroned in Latium reign,  
Armies encamped three winters on conquered Ardea's plain.  
After him, youthful Ascan, Iulus named but of late—  
Thus he was while Ilion ruled—in imperial state

Thrice ten glorious years of revolving months shall complete,  
Then transfer the abode of his sires from Lavinium's seat,  
Walling in strength Long Alba. And there in unbroken chain  
Full three hundred years shall the children of Hector reign ;  
Till to her war-god lover a priestess, queen upon earth,  
Ilia fair, conceiving, has brought two sons at a birth.  
Proud of the yellow skin of his wolf-nurse, Romulus then  
Charge shall assume of the people, the War-god's walls among men  
Found, and bequeath to his Romans his own illustrious name.  
Boundaries neither of space nor of time for these I proclaim.  
Endless power I have given them ; and angered Juno, who now  
Tires with her idle fears heaven, earth, and the waters below,  
Turning to better counsels, with me shall cherish and crown  
Lords of the world, thy Romans, the race of the glorious gown.  
So have I willed ! There comes in the rolling ages a day  
When an Assaracan people their yoke on Phthia shall lay,  
Yea, and Mycenæ mighty, and rule with a conqueror's scorn  
Argos the proud. Then Cæsar of Troy's bright blood shall be born,  
Bounding his throne by Ocean, his fame by the firmament floor,  
Julius hight, from Iulus, his great forefather of yore.  
Thine ere long to receive him in heaven, thy fears at an end,  
Laden with Eastern trophies. To him, too, vows shall ascend.  
Rude Time, waxing mellow, shall lay fierce battles aside :

White-haired Faith with Vesta, Quirinus and Remus allied,  
Rule with justice the nations, and speedily War's grim gates  
Close with their iron bolts and their iron-riveted plates.  
Sinful Rebellion within, an imprisoned Fury, the while  
Piling her fiendish weapons, shall sit firm bound on the pile,  
Hands in a thousand fetters behind her manacled fast,  
Blood-red lips still yelling her thunder-yells to the blast."

Jupiter spake ; then sent from the skies his Mercury down,  
Bidding the lands and the towers of the new-built Tyrian town  
Welcome gently the Trojans, for fear from her frontier gates  
Dido in blindness drive them forth, not knowing the Fates.  
Over the vast expanse the immortal messenger soars.  
Plying his wings, and alights ere long upon Libya's shores ;  
There fulfils his commission. The Punic warriors lay  
Every ungentle thought, as the God inspires them, away ;  
Dido, first among all, towards Troy is softly inclined,  
Opens her bosom to mercy, and grows at his bidding kind.

Night amid many a musing spent, Æneas, when day  
Dawns on the world with its genial light, sets forth on the way  
This strange scene to explore ; to discover on what far strand  
Tempests have cast his vessels, and bring back news to his band.

Fain would he learn who rule yon plains,—mankind or the lone  
Beasts of the forest—for round him he sees but a desert unknown.  
Buried in sloping woods, with a hollow rock overlaid,  
Compass'd with trees of the forest and depths of shuddering shade,  
Vessels he leaves ; then strides with Achates only to land,  
Brandishing two bright spears, each iron-belted, in hand.  
When his immortal mother before him, lo ! in the glade  
Stands, in the features fair and the raiment and arms of a maid,  
Spartan seems, or the swift Harpalyce, virgin of Thrace,  
Tiring her horses, and passing the Hebrus rapids in race.  
See ! from her shoulder slung in a huntress fashion the bow  
Ready to hand. On the winds she has loosed her tresses to flow,  
Bare at the knee, and her fluttering folds uplooped for the chase.  
“ Tell me,” she cries, “ fair sirs, if among these forests astray  
One of my sister nymphs ye have seen, perchance, by the way ;  
Armed with quiver, and mantle of spotted lynx, to his home  
Pressing with hounds, full cry, some wild boar covered with foam.”

Thus spake Venus the mother, and thus Æneas again :  
“ None of thy sister maids have I heard, nor seen in the glen,  
Thou—yet whom shall I call thee ? For neither mortal thy face,  
Nor of the earth thine accents. A goddess surely of race !  
Art thou sister to Phœbus, or one of the nymphs by birth ?

Gracious be, and relieve us, howe'er men call thee on earth.  
Tell us beneath what skies and on what far shores we are blown  
Wanderers here among tribes that we know not and wilds unknown.  
Storms have scattered us hither, the great sea driven us astray.  
Speak, and many a victim before thy shrine I will slay."

"No such godlike honours I deem me worthy to wear,"  
Venus replies; "Tyre's maidens are wonted quivers to bear,  
Thus with a purple buskin they boot them high as the knee.  
Tyrians; Punic soil; an Agenor colony we.  
Libyans hold on the marches, a race untamed by the spear.  
Dido reigns in the land, Tyre's daughter;—a fugitive here  
Fled from a brother. The grief is a winding story and long,  
Swiftly my tale shall travel, and touch but lightly her wrong.  
Wife to Sychæus once—of the landed nobles in Tyre  
Wealthiest lord—she had loved him with passion deep as his own;  
Maid to his arms was given amid omens fair by her sire,  
Omens that bless first love. Ere long on the Tyrian throne  
Reigned Pygmalion, monster unrivalled in hellish deed.  
Anger between them arose; and the godless king in his greed,  
While Sychæus prayed at the altar fires, with the sword  
Slew him unarmed, nor regarded his sister's love for her lord.  
Long he concealed his crime from the day: long time her bereaved

Bosom with evil wiles and with fruitless hopes he deceived :  
Till in her visions the ghost of her lord unburied appeared,  
Pale apparition, arising in wondrous manner and weird ;  
Showed her the pitiless shrine, and his breast transfix'd with the knife.  
So was the secret guilt of the brother told to the wife.  
Then from the home of her fathers the phantom bade her away,  
Bringing to view once more a forgotten treasure that lay  
Long from the daylight buried, to aid her in flight unseen.  
Dido, alarmed, makes ready, her comrades summoned, to flee.  
All whose hate of the tyrant is fierce, whose terrors are keen,  
Meet and conspire. They seize upon vessels waiting for sea,  
Load their treasure, and sail ; and the gold, Pygmalion's greed,  
Fades on the distant waters—a woman prompting the deed.  
Safely the Libyan shores they reached, where yonder arise  
Frowning walls and the towers of a newborn town to the skies,  
Bought such measure of land as an oxhide measures, and won  
Byrsa's name for the region by what that day they had done.  
Tell me in turn thy nation ; from what shores hither ye hie,  
Whither away."—He rejoins with a broken voice and a sigh :

“ If from the outset, goddess, I sought my grief to unfold,  
Hadst thou leisure to listen to all our tragedy told,  
Evening before I ended would close heaven's gates on the day.



Sailing from ancient Troy—if the name of the Trojan land  
Haply have reached these ears—o'er many a watery way  
Chance of the storm hath cast us on distant Libya's strand.  
I am the king Æneas, by men called faithful—I fly  
Bearing on board Troy's rescued gods; and the stars of the sky  
Know my story! I seek upon Italy's shores for a home,—  
Look for a Jove-born race. Twice ten ships breasted the foam  
With me, when Phrygia's seas I climbed, by a mother divine  
Led on the course, and obeying the fates Heaven gives me for mine.  
Shattered by winds and waves scarce seven are left me; and lo!  
Over the Libyan wilds as a friendless stranger I go,  
Banished from Europe's borders and Asia." Venus his pain  
Bore no longer, but, ere he had ceased, made answer again.

"Not unloved of Immortals, methinks thou breathest the live  
Air of the sun; whose feet at a Tyrian city arrive.  
Go! To the gates of the Queen thy path unwavering keep.  
News I bring thee of vessels regained, crews saved from the deep,  
Sped to a sheltering haven by winds that have northwards turned;  
Else in vain of my parents the omens of air I have learned.  
See twelve swans in a column, exultant, latterly driven  
Down an unclouded sky by an eagle swooping from heaven,  
Jove's own bird: some lighting in long array on the ground,

Some from above surveying the resting-place they have found.  
Rallied from flight they play on the whirr of the wing, or in throngs  
Circle the shining zenith, and chant their victory songs,  
So thy vessels and brothers the haven have entered, or bend  
Now full sail for its mouth. Go! follow the path to the end."

Then as she turned to depart, in the sunlight suddenly gleamed  
All her roseate throat. From her locks ambrosial blew  
Heavenly fragrance. Down to her feet her raiment streamed,  
And in her step Heaven's goddess was seen. When his mother he knew,  
Loudly he lifted his voice in pursuit: "Why, mother unkind,  
Cheat thy son so often with phantoms false as the wind,  
Heartless as others thou? Shall I never lay within thine  
This right hand, hear thy true voice, make answer with mine?"  
Fondly reproaching her thus, to the ramparts forward he fares.  
Venus clothes them about, as they go, with murkiest airs;  
Veils them in mist, lest any desery them coming, or lay  
Hand upon theirs, or detain them, or ask them whither away.  
She herself to her Paphos her voyage wings through the skies.  
Visits with joy once more the abode where her temple lies,  
Where on a hundred altars Sabæan censers fume,  
Where sweet scents are wafted from garlands ever in bloom.

They meanwhile march onward, the pathway's showing obey,  
Climb ere long to the ranges that hang round Carthage, and frown  
Over her citadel's front. Æneas in awe looks down,  
Marvels at giant walls where lately a hamlet lay,  
Noise of a peopled city, the gate, and the levelled way.  
Busily toil yon Tyrian crowds, trace bastions planned,  
Build their fortress towers, uproll their boulders by hand ;  
Some choose sites, and the dwelling entrench with furrows around,  
Judges, and laws, and a Senate in sacred majesty found ;  
Delve foundations for haven or theatre yet to be born,  
Quarry from rocks huge pillars, the future stage to adorn.  
So, in the earliest summer, the flowery meadows among,  
Under the sunlight labour the bees, while guiding their young  
Now full grown, or when heaping the clear bright honey, or when  
Filling with nectar sweet their cells to the bursting again ;  
Lighten the newly arrived of the load, or in companies drive  
Drones, an inglorious army of idlers, far from the hive.  
Such is the bees' sweet fever in summer's earliest prime ;  
So is the fragrant honey for ever scented with thyme.  
" Nation blest of the Gods ! thy walls already arise ! "  
Saith Troy's chief, as he bends on a glorious city his eyes.  
Clothed all round with a cloud, then, marvel to tell, draws nigh ;  
Enters, and mingles among them, is seen by never an eye.

Deep in the heart of the city, a grove lay stretching in shade,  
Where long tossed on the waves, and a sport by the hurricanes made,  
Punic hosts had exhumed on arrival a war-steed's head,  
Sign foretold by Juno—for so in the battle, she said,  
Should they ever be famous, and Heaven on their harvests shine.  
Here was a temple building by Dido, vast of design,  
Offerings princely enriched it, and Juno's presence divine.  
Stairs lead up to a threshold of brass, brass-riveted plates  
Clamp each post, and the hinge upon brazen panelling grates.  
Lo ! in the sacred shadow of this great thicket, a thing  
Passing strange first lightened from fear Æneas the King,  
Taught him his fortune's ruin to bear with a hopeful heart.  
While in the temple vast he explores each marvel of art,  
Waiting the Punic Queen : at the favoured lot of the land  
Marvelling,—artist's cunning, and workman's diligent hand ;—  
Ranged on the walls Troy's battles he sees, Troy's glorious wars  
Famed already through heaven's great sphere to the firmament stars ;  
Priam,—the Atreus brethren,—Achilles foe to the twain.  
Pausing he weeps : “ What region,” he cries, “ upon earth's wide plain,  
What far land but is full, O Achates, of Trojan pain ?  
Priam is here, here meed to heroic worth is assigned,  
Tears are to human sorrows given, hearts feel for mankind.  
Fear not,” he cries ; “ Troy's glory will save thee in danger still.”

Then on the lifeless painting he feeds his heart to his fill.  
Tears streamed over his cheek as he gazed; groans broke from his breast.  
Lo! round Pergama's towers once more was the fury of war;  
Here fled Greeks, and behind them the Trojan chivalry pressed!  
Phrygians there, with Achilles upon them, helmet and car!  
Near them he sees and remembers with tears where Rhesus was laid,  
Snow-white tents to the Greek in the night's first slumber betrayed,  
Stormed by Diomed cruel, and drowned in a torrent of gore!  
See! he has driven to his trenches the fiery coursers, before  
Ever they cropped Troy's meadows, or drank on the Xanthus shore!  
Troilus yonder flies, or is swept by his horses in flight,  
Ill-starred youth, for Achilles unequal match in the fight;  
Hangs from his chariot empty, his buckler gone, and the reins  
Still in his hand; but his neck and his flowing hair on the plains  
Trail; and his spear inverted is printing idly the dust.  
There meanwhile to the temple of Pallas ever unjust,  
Bearing the Veil, with locks unbound, and in suppliant woe,  
Ilian mothers march, and their bosoms beat as they go.  
From them the goddess turning has fixed her gaze on the ground.  
Thrice has Achilles drawn great Hector's body around  
Ilion's walls, and his lifeless form now barters for gold.  
Heavily groans Æneas with all his soul, to behold  
Trophies, and chariot, and corpse of his friend; while over it stands

Priam unarmed, to the foeman extending impotent hands.  
Charging the foremost Greeks himself in the front he can mark,  
Hosts from the Morning land, and the armour of Memnon the dark.  
Leading her Amazon squadron, with shields that are moonshaped, there  
Furious Penthesilea is cleaving a myriad foes;  
Binds with a golden belt one breast that her robe leaves bare,  
Ventures, warrior virgin, with men in the battle to close.

While with astonished soul Troy's son each marvel surveys,  
While yet silent he stands in a long and unbroken gaze,  
Lo ! to the temple the Queen, in her shining beauty and grace,  
Marches, and round their monarch the Tyrian chivalry pace.  
As on the far Eurotas banks or the Cynthian height  
Dances the maiden Diana, a thousand Oreads bright  
Troop in her train, on her shoulders she bears her quiver, and high  
Carries her glorious beauty above all queens of the sky,  
While Latona her mother is thrilled with silent delight,—  
So seemed Dido, as joyous she moved among all men's eyes,  
Rapt on her rising walls and her kingdom yet to arise.  
Under the sloping roof, at the sacred goddess's gate,  
Girt with her warrior hosts on a throne uplifted she sate ;  
Justice dealt to her people ; the workmen's labour in plots  
Parcelled by equal portion, or gave by drawing of lots.

When in the midst of a concourse vast, on a sudden, behold,  
Antheus yonder arrives, Sergestus, Cloanthus the bold ;  
Others besides of his Trojans by tempests black as the night  
Scattered and driven to a distant shore. Troy's chief at the sight  
Stands, with Achates, silent and wondering ; terror and joy  
Sway them in turn ; they fain would greet their fellows of Troy,  
Did not the mystery daunt them. And best they deem it to wait,  
Hid in surrounding darkness, to learn their followers' fate ;  
Where their ships may be lying, and what their errand ; for, lo !  
Chosen from every vessel the fleet's ambassadors go,  
Praying a grace, and advancing with shouts to the temple gate.

Entrance given, and permission to break their tale to her ears,  
Thus with a grave composure began their eldest in years :  
“ Queen whom Jupiter's favour permits thy city to found  
Here in the land, and to bridle with law wild nations around,  
We Troy's ill-starred sons, long tossed by the winds on the deep,  
Pray thee the firebrand fell from the Trojan vessels to keep.  
Spare us, a loyal people. Thyself of our story inquire.  
Not upon Libya's hearths to descend with sword and with fire  
Hither we come, nor to drive to the shore thy flocks. No unmeet  
Insolence ours ; pride fits not a people bowed by defeat.  
There is a spot, in the tongue of the Greek Hesperia hight,

Ancient, puissant in arms, and the fruits of a bountiful earth.  
'Twas Ænотria's colony once ; men later of birth  
'Italy' call it, the legend saith, from a chieftain of might.  
Thither we sailed, when Orion, in storm-clouds hiding the heaven,  
Raised on a sudden the waves, and on shoals concealed we were driven.  
Boisterous hurricanes smote our ships ; seas over the bark  
Broke ; we were swept amid rocks that are pathless, floods that are dark.  
Few our number that hither have floated safe from the deep.  
What strange nation is here ? what fierce barbarians keep  
These wild ways ? They deny us the shelter poor of the strand,  
Trumpets sound, and forbid us to rest on the bare sea-sand.  
If mankind ye regard not, nor mortal weapons ye heed,  
Think on the Gods hereafter, who judge men's every deed.  
Great Æneas of late our king ; earth never shall see  
Soul more just, more faithful, or greater in battle than he.  
If Fate still our hero has left, and on heavenly light  
Still he be fed, nor be sleeping as yet in the merciless night,  
Nothing we fear. Nor repent that in friendship's race it is thine  
First to begin. There are cities in Sicily, warriors bright,  
Royal Acestes, born of a glorious Teucrian line.  
Grant us to hale, I beseech thee, our shattered vessels on shore,  
In thy woods to refit them and strip them boughs for the oar.  
So, to Italian shores if yet by fate we be sent,



King and companions found, we may go on our way content.  
If all fortune fail us, and thou, dear father and lord,  
Sleep in the Libyan seas with Iulus, hope of our band,  
Sicily's coasts at the least we may seek, kind homes that afford  
Welcome, whence we were driven, and Acestes, king of the land."  
So Troy's eldest spake, and a shout broke forth from his band.

Briefly the Queen makes answer, to earth her countenance cast :

"Teucrians, fear no more, and forget your cares in the past.  
Danger of these rude times and a kingdom youthful as mine  
Drive me to these stern ways and to guard my frontier line.  
Great Æneas' race who knows not? Troy and her high  
Deeds and her hero sons and her war-flames lighting the sky?  
Not so dull our Tyrian souls, nor thus does the far  
Sun, when he yokes his coursers, avert from Carthage his car.  
If to Hesperia Magna and Saturn's borders ye cling,  
If your choice be for Eryx's realm and Acestes the king,  
Safe hence forth ye shall go, with an escort fitting supplied.  
Wish ye as freemen and equals within my land to abide,  
This young city is yours; hale high your ships from the sea:  
Trojan and Tyrian ever shall find like favour from me.  
Would to the gods Æneas himself, your monarch, were tossed  
Hither by one and the selfsame storm! O'er Libya's coast

Envoys trusty shall lie, and her utmost borders explore,  
Lest in her cities or forests he wander wrecked on the shore."

Gladness fell on the twain as they listened. Even from the first,  
Long their hearts had desired, yea burned, from darkness to burst.  
Silence Achates the bold first breaks: "What purpose is thine,  
Goddess-born? for in safety behold thy people and mine,  
Ships and companions found. One missing alone of our braves;  
Drowned ourselves we beheld him of late in the midst of the waves.  
All else answers truly the word of thy mother divine.'

Even ere yet he has spoken, the mist enfolding the place  
Parts unbidden and clears into cloudless splendour of heaven.  
Forth Æneas stood, in the sunlight gleaming, his face  
Fair as a god's, and his shoulders; for lo! his mother had given  
Shining locks to her child, and herself had breathed from the skies  
Manhood's glorious lustre and noble joy in his eyes;  
As when an artist's hand adds beauty to ivory cold,  
Or when silver or marble is set in the yellow of gold.

First to the Queen, then loudly to all, and on all men's eyes  
Suddenly flashing: "Behold, it is I, Æneas," he cries,  
"Troy's Æneas, saved from the floods of the Libyan main!

Thou, O Queen, that alone hadst pity on Teucrian pain,  
Who with the remnant the Greeks have left, long since with the sore  
Troubles of land and of sea outworn, and in all things poor,  
Sharest kingdom and city—I have not, Queen, of my store  
Thanks sufficient to pay thee. Not all Dardania's race  
Over the great world scattered can duly requite thy grace.  
If gods look from the skies on the righteous, if upon earth  
Just deeds done, and a soul that is stainless, still be of worth,  
May the Immortals rightly reward thee! Happy the days,  
Kingly the sires that begat thee, a child so noble in ways!  
While streams downward run to the sea, while shadows on high  
Travel the mountain-slopes, and the stars are fed from the sky,  
Dido's glory and fame shall be nigh me in every land  
Whither I go." So saying, he reaches his brave right hand  
First to the aged chieftain, his left to Serestus gave,  
Then to the others in turn, brave Gyas, Cloanthus brave.

Silent the Queen at his first approach, then silent the more,  
Pondering the hero's story. The stillness broken at last:  
"What fate still pursues thee for ever through dangers sore?  
What fell power upon these wild coasts thy vessels has cast?  
Art thou indeed Æneas," she saith, "whom Venus the fair  
Once to Anchises of Troy on the banks of the Simois bare?

Yea, I remember to Sidon how Teucer, driven from his land,  
Wandered, seeking a throne and to Belus stretching his hand.  
'Twas in the years when Belus my sire, with a ravaging horde,  
Swept over fruitful Cyprus and reigned by right of his sword.  
Even in those old days I knew Troy's sorrow sublime,  
Knew thy name and the princes of old Pelasgia's prime.  
Come then, warriors brave, in my palace rest ye at last ;  
I by a destiny like your own, long wanderings past,  
Here upon quiet shores was allotted peace at the end ;  
Not unacquainted with sorrow, the sad I learn to befriend."  
Then to her palace she leads Æneas, bidding the shrine  
Blaze with festival honours in every temple divine ;  
Not unmindful to send to the far sea-shore for the crews  
Twice ten bulls and a hundred of bristling shoulders of swine,  
Fatted lambkins a hundred, beside them the mother ewes,  
Adding the joyous gifts of Iacchus, lord of the vine.

Now in imperial splendour the inner palace arrayed  
Decks for the feast ; in the heart of the halls high banquet is laid.  
Coverlets cunningly wrought in their purple pride are unrolled,  
Silver massed on the tables, and chased upon goblets of gold  
Glorious feats of her fathers, a tale of valour that ran  
Through generations of heroes brave since memory began.

Then, since love of his son still moves him, the Teucrian king  
Bids his Achates haste to the ships, these tidings of joy  
Carry to Ascan swiftly, and Ascan hither to bring ;  
All of the father's thought still set on Iulus the boy.  
Treasures snatched from the ruins of Ilion bids him for dower  
Bear to the palace—the mantle with stiff gold figured, the veil  
Woven with a border round it of yellow acanthus in flower,  
Raiment of Helen the Greek, from Mycenæ brought in the hour  
When with her sinful lover she set for Pergama sail—  
Leda's marvellous gift ; and the sceptre Ilione wore,  
Eldest of Priam's daughters ; her necklace threaded with beads ;  
Crowns with jewels and gold twice twined. Forthwith to the shore,  
Armed with his royal mission the chief unlingering speeds.

Venus, weaving in heart evermore fresh webs of deceit,  
Plans that, in face and form disguised as Ascanius sweet,  
Love in his stead shall enter, and light in the sovereign's breast  
Passion's fires, disturbing with gifts her soul from its rest.  
Treason she dreads in the palace, for Tyre is double of tongue ;  
Juno haunts her ; with fears as the night draws nigh she is wrung.  
Therefore thus she addresses the Love-god plumed for the flight :  
“ Son, my strength, sole source of thy mother's heavenly might,  
Thou who scornest the thunder that slew Earth's giants, to thee,

Lo ! I betake me, implore thy power upon suppliant knee.  
How Æneas thy brother has roamed round every coast,  
By the malignant Juno's hate unceasingly tossed,  
Thou hast beheld ; full often with mine hast mingled a tear.  
Now with her flattering voice this Tyrian, charming his ear,  
Holds him in thrall. I tremble when Juno welcomes the guest ;  
Ne'er, at the hinge of an hour so great, will she slumber or rest.  
Wherefore mean I betimes to surprise her, compass the Queen  
With Love's fires, and around her to draw Love's circle unseen,  
So that at no god's pleasure she change, but for ever remain  
Bound to mine own Æneas by Love's immutable chain.  
Learn how best to achieve the design. First care of my heart,  
Now at his father's summons, the prince has planned to depart,  
Bearing the gifts that remain from the sea and the ashes of Troy.  
High in Cythera's range or Idalia's mountain steep,  
Lulled on my breast, I will lay him in some far temple asleep,  
Lest my purpose he learn, or arrive ill-timed at the scene.  
Mask for a single night in the child's thy heavenly mien ;  
Boy thyself, take on thee the well-known face of the boy.  
When to her bosom she clasps thee, the Queen, in joy of her soul.  
When at the royal board wine flows in stream from the bowl,  
When her embrace is about thee, her sweet kiss set on thy lip,  
Fire her with fires that are hidden and give her poison to sip."

Love performs the command of the mother he cherishes, shakes  
From him his plumes, and proudly the tread of Iulus takes.  
Over the limbs of her Ascan the tranquil waters of sleep  
Venus bestows, then bears him to groves on Idalia's steep,  
Lulled on her bosom. Beneath him a yielding amaracus laid  
Folds him in bright-hued flowers and in fragrant bowery shade.

So fulfilling his mother's behest, Love goes on his way  
Led by Achates, armed with his Trojan presents, and gay ;  
Under her royal curtains, her raiment round her composed,  
Throned on a golden dais, the Queen already reposed,  
Centre of all, as he came. Æneas and Troy's bright train  
There upon purple couches to right and to left have lain.  
Slaves on their hands pour water from fountains sparkling and cool,  
Serve in baskets the bread, bring napkins of delicate wool.

Maidens fifty in number within are appointed to keep  
Stored the provision, and fire on the household altars to heap.  
Maidens a hundred, pages a hundred, as fair and as young,  
Load on the banqueting table the feast, lay goblets along.  
Tyrians too this festival night to the palace repair—  
Ranged as they enter on couches embroidered with colours fair—  
Gaze on the Trojan gifts, on the youthful Teucrian's eyes

Glowing with Love's bright godhead, admire his subtle replies,  
Mantle and veil and acanthus in all its yellowing bloom.  
Foremost among them, victim of future love and of doom,  
Gazes the Tyrian Queen, nor her longing heart can control ;  
Glow as she looks, by the boy and his presents troubled in soul.

Love in the arms of the chief long hangs, clings fast to him still,  
Feasting with tender caresses the father's heart to its fill ;  
Then to the Queen moves on. With her soul, with her riveted eyes,  
Towards him she leans, to her bosom enfolds him, little doth know  
How almighty a God has enthroned him there to her woe.  
True to his mother, who rules Acidalia's fountain of grace,  
Slowly her dead lord's image the Love-god seeks to efface,  
Fain with a living passion her lifeless heart would surprise,  
Strives once more to awaken a fire that slumbering lies.

After a hush on the banquet has fallen, fresh tables are placed,  
Massive flagons are set and with garlands the wine-cup graced.  
Din to the rafters sounds, and the roar of the voices is rolled  
Over the spacious halls. From the golden ceilings of light  
Lamps hang blazing, and torches with red flames conquer the night.  
Soon for the goblet she asks, all heavy with jewels and gold,  
Then with the vintage fills it, as used great Belus and all



Since of his race, and silence proclaimed in the banqueting-hall :  
“ Jupiter, thou who gavest the laws that welcome the guest,  
Grant,” she cries, “ that to Troy and to Tyre this day may be blest ;  
May our children for ever preserve its memory bright !  
Juno kindly, be with us, and Bacchus, lord of delight ;  
People of Tyre, flock hither and keep this festival night ! ”

Then on the banqueting table libation royal she made.  
After libation, her lip on the goblet daintily laid ;  
Gave it to Bitias next with a challenge. The warrior bold  
Drinks from the foaming vessel, and dives deep into the gold.  
After him others. Iopas, his long hair loose to his throat,  
Pupil of Atlas great, on his gilded cithara smote,—  
Sang of the moons that wander, of suns eclipsed and in pain,  
Whence the beginning of man and of beast, of the fire and the rain ;  
Bright Arcturus, the showery Hyads, the Bear, and the Wain ;  
Why so eager the winter suns in the Ocean to lie,  
What be the forces that hinder the lagging nights in the sky.

Tyrians thunder applause. In the thunder the Trojans unite.  
Dido the while with many discourses lengthens the night.  
Queen ill-starred, of her passion she drinks long draughts, and would fain  
Ask of the doings of Priam and Hector again and again :

Memnon, son of the Morning, in what arms came he to fight ?  
Diomed's steeds, what fashion ? and how was Achilles of height ?  
“ Come, O stranger,” she saith, “ from its early beginning relate  
All of the Danaans' cunning, and all thy followers' fate ;  
Yea, and thy journeyings many, for over the sea and the land  
This is the seventh summer that bears thy wandering band.”

## NOTE

Ocean, as the term is used by Virgil and the Romans, denotes the waters outside the Pillars of Hercules, and not the seas in which Æneas was voyaging. Owing to our own different geographical position, the word is, however, connected necessarily with many of our strongest impressions of sea scenery, and with many of our literary associations that refer to the sea. I have, upon reflection, thought it unnecessary to exclude the term from use in the present translation, wherever its employment, though not strictly accurate, does no disagreeable violence to the context.

ÆNEID II.

## ARGUMENT

Æneas, yielding to Dido's invitation, begins the story of the final fall of Troy. The wooden horse, laden with armed men, finds, by the stratagem of Sinon, admittance within the walls. As soon as darkness arrives, a signal flashes from the Greek fleet, the horse disgorges its concealed crew, the gates are opened to the enemy, and the invaders storm the town. Æneas describes his adventures during the fatal night—and how at the end, when morning dawns, he escapes with his father upon his shoulders to the neighbouring hills.

## BOOK II.

All were silent around him, and fixed their eyes on the man.

Then from his throne exalted the Sire Æneas began :

“ 'Tis an ineffable anguish again thou bidd'st me renew,  
Queen, at thy high command ;—how the Danaan hosts overthrew  
Troy, and her wailful kingdom ;—to paint each piteous scene  
I myself have witnessed, and those whereof I have been  
Portion and part. Could Myrmidon fierce, could Dolop, or bold  
Soldier of stern Ulysses, the cruel tale if he told,  
Hinder a tear ? And in dews already from heaven's high steep  
Night comes rushing, and sinking stars woo softly to sleep.  
Still, if thus thou desire of a Trojan's sorrow to know,  
And hear briefly the story of Troy's last agony,—lo !  
Even though memory shudders, and fain would fly from the woe,—  
I will obey.

The Achæan chieftains, broken in force,

Baffled by fate, as the years roll by, and their hopes decline,

Guided by heavenly wisdom of Pallas, build them a horse,  
Vast as a mountain, and rib it with timbers sawn from the pine ;  
Feigned oblation for fair winds home,—so travels the tale.  
Chosen warriors then in its secret hollows they hide ;  
Soldiers drawn for the venture, encased in martial mail,  
Line the tremendous caverns and darksome folds of its side.

Facing the mainland shore lies Tenedos, ever renowned,  
Ever a power, while Priam reigned ; now only a reach  
Washed by the sea, and to vessels a treacherous anchoring ground.  
Thither crossed the Achæans and hid on its desolate beach  
Lay. We believed them gone to Mycenæ over the sea ;  
So all Tenciria's land from a lasting sorrow is free.  
Gates on their hinges roll ; to the Dorian trenches we pour ;  
Visit the silent scenes with joy, the abandoned shore.  
Thessaly here was camped ; there cruel Achilles had lain ;  
Yonder the vessels moored ; here spear met spear on the plain.  
Some stand eyeing the horse, the oblation dire and accurst  
Given to the virgin Goddess ; admire with a wondering gaze  
All its prodigious frame. Thymœtes' voice is the first  
Bidding them breach Troy's wall, and the steed to the citadel raise.  
Traitor perchance, or so Troy's fates already inclined.  
Capys and wiser spirits a Danaan treason divined ;

Deep would drown the suspicious and doubtful gift in the waves,  
Fire it, or search with the steel the unbroken gloom of its caves.  
Hither and thither the great crowd sways, uncertain of mind.

When, to the front of the Trojan host, from the citadel brow  
Rushes Laocoön—thousands around him—breathless and swift;  
Shouts from afar: ‘What madness, ye ill-starred citizens, now?  
Think ye the enemy gone? Or was ever a Danaan’s gift  
Free from a snare? Of Ulysses is this what little ye know?  
Either within yon timbers in ambush crouches a foe,  
Or ’tis an engine of war to command our homes and surprise  
Troy at a vantage. Under it hidden some treachery lies.  
Trust not the horse, O Trojans! Whate’er its errand, I fear  
Ever a Danaan foeman, although with gifts he appear.’

Then with the strength of a giant he hurled his ponderous lance  
Into the monster’s flank and the rounded belly’s expanse.  
In it the spear stood rooted and trembling. The echoing womb  
Shook, and a thundering groan came back from the hollows of gloom.  
Had not the Fates been froward, and blind our eyes to the light,  
Home we had driven our spears to the foemen’s lair, and to-night  
Troy would yet be a city, and Priam’s Pergama stand!

Now to the royal presence the shepherds, lo! of the land

Hale, amid shouts and with mighty rejoicings, a youth unknown,  
Hands fast bound. In the path he had met them, of purpose planned,  
There to be captive made, and betray to Achæans the town ;  
Calm in his valiant heart, all ventures ready to hail,  
Either to work his cunning, or die sure death if he fail.  
Crowds to the sight come thronging on all sides ; eagerly round  
Gather the Trojan youths, mock gaily the prisoner bound.  
Hark to the tale of a Danaan's craft, and from one man's crime  
Judge, O Queen ! of the nation.

Unarmed, confused, as he stands,

Casting his eyes on the armies of Phrygia : ' What far lands,  
What far seas will receive me ? ' he cries. ' What hope is in time  
Left for a soul so sad,—amid Argives homeless,—and lo !  
Trojans eye me in wrath, and demand my life as a foe ! '  
Anger is changed to compassion ; the hands uplifted to slay  
Hold their fury. We bid him his name and lineage say,  
What can he bring, how hopes he, a captive, death to delay.

' Bitter or sweet, O King, be my future lot, I will speak  
Only the truth,' he replies : ' to begin with, own me a Greek ;  
Nor, though Fortune makes me the ill-starred Sinon ye see,  
Shall she, with all her malice, a liar make me to thee.  
If of the glorious chief Palamedes ever ye heard,—



By an accuser's unhallowed lips, since peace he preferred,  
Falsely denounced, and to death unjust by the Danaans done ;  
Guiltless they slew him, lament him, his eyes now closed to the sun ;—  
I was his comrade near and companion ; hither as boy  
Sent by a father needy, beneath his banner, to Troy.  
Ere he was shorn of his kingly degree, while honoured he sate  
Still in the council-chamber of monarchs, name and estate  
I, too, held at his side. When Ulysses, hating his worth,  
Drove him—alas ! 'tis a well-known tale—from the sunlight and earth,  
Stricken, I still survived him, in tears and in gloom lived on,  
Mused with indignant heart on the blameless friend that was gone.  
Madman, I kept not silence, but sware, if a happier chance  
Ever to Argos again should bring my conquering lance,  
I would avenge him. Upon me resentment bitter I drew.  
Thence my misery dates. Each hour from Ulysses anew  
Came some slander to crush me ; his dark hints over the land  
Broadcast ever he sowed ; conspirator, gathered his band.  
Nor did his hatred sleep, till finding in Calchas the seer—  
Yet why vainly relate an unwelcome tale to thine ear ?  
Why still plead, if Achæans are all one brood in your eyes,  
And 'tis enough that I call me a Greek ? Time tarries !' he cries ;  
' Strike and avenge ye ! The Ithacan asks no deeper delight ;  
Price untold will the brethren Atridæ pay for the sight.'

All unversed in a crime so dark—in a Danaan's art  
All untutored—we burn but the more to inquire what is hid.  
Feigning alarm he pursues, still playing his treacherous part :

‘ Often on flight the Achæans resolved, longed often to bid  
Troy and the lingering war farewell. Tempestuous gale,  
Oft from the seaward rising, delayed them ready to sail ;  
Often the south winds scared them. The loudest thunders of all  
Pealed through the heaven's expanse when the horse stood forth with its tall  
Timbers of maple. We send, perplexed, to the Delphian fane,  
Counsel to ask of the god, and receive sad answer of bale :  
“ *Blood these wild winds sated—the blood of a maiden slain—  
When your ships, O Achæans, for Ilion's shores set sail ;  
Blood must buy your return, and an Argive soul at the shrine  
Die once more.*” When the people had heard this message divine,  
Awe overwhelmed each heart, chill terror possessed each frame :  
*Whose is the fate foretokened, and whom doth the oracle claim ?*  
Then to the midst of the troubled host, with furious cries  
Ithaca's chief hales Calchas the seer, and the will of the skies  
Bids him expound. Even then the conspirator's pitiless crime  
Many predicted, or silently saw things hidden in time.  
Twice five days heaven's prophet is mute, lies hid in his tent,  
None will name for the knife, lets none to the altar be sent ;

Slowly at last by the Ithacan's thunders driven to divine,  
Breaks into speech concerted, and dooms my life to the shrine.  
All gave common assent, and the fate each feared for his own,  
Lightly they bore, when the sorrow befell one victim alone.

Dark with its horrors the morning came ; my rites they prepare,  
Salted cakes for the altar, the garlands crowning my hair.  
Safety in flight I sought, from the chains that bound me I brake ;  
All night long concealed in the rushes fringing the lake  
Lay, to await their sailing, if by good chance they had sailed.  
All hope now of beholding mine ancient country has failed ;  
Never again shall I see sweet children, or wished-for sire.  
Haply the foeman on these will revenge ere long in his ire  
Sinon's flight ; and the helpless for my transgression be slain.  
By the immortal gods ; by the powers whose conscious eyes  
Look upon truth ; by faith unspotted—if any remain  
Still among mortal men—have pity on sorrow,' he cries,  
' Grievous as mine, and a spirit that bears unmerited pain ! '

Life we accord to his tears, and compassion. Priam the King  
Bids them his hands set loose, and aside his manacles fling :  
' Bury, whoever thou art, in oblivion Greece from to-day.

Soldier of Troy's henceforth I enlist thee, and bid thee say :  
Why was the horse contrived with its giant frame ? The design  
Whose ? is it engine of war, or oblation brought to the shrine ? '

Schooled in his lesson of Danaan guilt, to the stars of the skies  
Lifting his hands now loosened from chains : ' Bear witness,' he cries,  
' Fires everlasting, powers august, whose majesty none  
Dares to profane, dire altars, and swords unloved of the sun  
Whence I have fled, death's crown that as victim late I have worn !  
Free henceforth I hold me from oaths to the Danaans sworn,  
Free to abhor their nation, and free their plots to disclose.  
Home I have now no longer, or land whose laws I obey.  
Faith with thy saviour keep, if I keep thee, Troy, from the foes,  
Tidings true if I bring thee, a noble price if I pay.

' All our faith from the first, our hope since war was begun,  
Rested on aid from Pallas. When Tydeus' impious son,  
Joining the sinful schemer of Ithaca, dragged from the fane  
Hallowed to mighty Minerva, its guardian sentinels slain,  
Even her statue dread, the Palladium—daring to lay  
Bloodstained hands on her virginal garland,—from that fell day  
All hope ebb'd to despair ; our vigour and strength in the fight

Failed ; and the goddess coldly averted from us her sight.  
Manifest portents showed the divine Tritonia's wrath.  
Scarcely in the Danaan camp was her image set, when behold !  
Fire from her angry and wide-set eyes blazed suddenly forth,  
Salt sweat over the limbs of the heavenly statue rolled.  
Thrice, in her hands uplifting her buckler and quivering spear,—  
Marvel to tell—she sprang from the pavement. Calchas the seer  
Speedily bids them to sea—once more set sail on the deep.  
Never will Argive lances, he saith, storm Ilion's keep  
Till they renew their omens at Argos, and bring once more  
Hither the auspices bright that arrived in her vessels before.  
If to the land of their fathers the fleet on the far wind flies,  
'Tis to enlist fresh troops, and immortal gods as allies.  
Seas ere long will be crossed, and the foe once more unawares  
Break upon Troy. Thus Calchas the course of the omens declares.  
'Tis at his bidding now they build this steed, to invoke  
Pardon for great transgression—her image, her outraged fane.  
Calchas warned them to make it immense, huge timbers of oak  
Knitted to timbers, a fabric that reaches to heaven from the plain ;  
Lest your portals receive it, or in Troy's city it stand,  
Guarding again Troy's people with rites of their ancient land.  
Had your swords wrought harm to Minerva's offering dread—  
Gods ! may the omen sooner be hurled on the seer's own head !—

Ruin on Priam's throne should fall, and on Phrygia's race.  
If your hands had given it in Ilion's citadel place,  
Asia's self in return should roll to the Danaan gates  
War's great wave. Such destiny dire our children awaits.'

Thus by the lips forsworn of a cunning liar, the tale  
Credence finds; feigned tears and designing sorrow prevail  
Over the souls no Diomed awed, nor Achilles from far  
Thessaly, ten long years, nor a thousand vessels of war.

Portents mightier still, sights yet more awful, confound  
Now an ill-fated people, whose eyes are in darkness bound.  
While at the hallowed altar the priest Laocoon stands,  
Chosen by lot for the service of Neptune, knife in his hands,  
Slaying a royal bull;—from Tenedos, over a bright  
Slumbering sea,—I shudder to tell even now of the sight—  
Two great snakes with enormous coils come swimming abreast,  
Making together for shore. Their bosom and blood-red crest  
Over the billows ride; on the surface skimming, the rest  
Follows in writhing circles. The waters, lashed to a surge,  
Ring as they come. Ere long on the Trojan plains they emerge,  
Burning eyes suffused with fire and with blood; and between  
Jaws that for ever hiss, forked tongues are flickering seen.

Pale with terror we fly disbanding. In battle array  
They for Laocoon march, on the two slight forms of his sons  
Fastening first. In folds each serpent envelops his prey,  
Crushes with cruel pleasure the children's innocent bones ;  
Then on the sire, as he hastes to the rescue poising his spear,  
Both bear down, and in coils overwhelm him, circle his breast,  
Twine their scale-clad bodies around and around him, and rear  
O'er him in triumph with fangs uplifted and towering crest.  
Vainly the knotted coils he essays in sunder to tear,  
Poison and clotted gore on his garlands. Loud to the air  
Echo his awful shrieks ; as the wounded bull's, when he breaks  
Loose from the shrine, and the ill-aimed axe from his shoulder shakes.  
Then to the temple lofty the pair are presently seen  
Gliding, in quest of the hill of the fierce Tritonian queen ;  
Under her feet and beneath her shield find shelter at last.  
Over us horror steals. Due meed for impiety past,  
Lo ! Laocoon reaps—is the cry—who pierced with his dart  
Timber of Pallas, and drave his unhallowed spear to its heart.  
All shout loud in accord, to the sacred temple to bear  
Upward the image, and seek for the grace of the goddess in prayer,  
Ilion opens ; and now unveiled lie city and street.  
Each in the labour joins ; smooth wheels are set to its feet,  
Hempen cords cast over its neck, and the engine of doom

Climbs our wall from the plain, armed warriors lining its womb.  
Round it advance in procession unwedded maiden and boy  
Chanting Minerva's hymns, and the traces handling in joy.  
Nearer it comes, rides gloomily onward, and rolls through Troy !  
Land of my sires ! Thou home of celestials ! Ilion great !  
Glorious walls of her warrior sons ! Four times in the gate  
Halted the monster, and armour clanged four times from its gloom.  
Still to the work unthinking we hasten, blinded by fate ;  
Plant in Pergama's temple the portent laden with doom.  
Yea, even then Cassandra of coming sorrow divined,  
Opening the lips which Heaven had appointed never to find  
Faith among Ilion's children ; and we, sad souls, upon whom  
Troy's last day was dawning, about her city are seen  
Crowning the great gods' temples with festal garlands of green.

Now heaven rolls on its axis, the night from the ocean speeds,  
Cloaking, in shadow vast, earth, heaven, and the Danaans' deeds.  
Through Troy's slumbering city her armies stretch them to rest ;  
Silence reigns ; and the limbs of the tired Sleep takes to her breast.  
Now on the way already from Tenedos over the main,  
Every vessel in place, the Achæan squadron again  
Moves through the silent light of a moon that befriends their path,—  
Towards the familiar shore ; when a flame from the sovereign's poop



Flashes, and Sinon, saved by the heavenly Destinies' wrath,  
 Lets thereon from the monster the prisoned Danaan troop,  
 Silently drawing the pine-wrought bolts; and the steed to the night  
 Renders its cargo. Gladly the chiefs from its hollows alight;  
 Sthenelus, bold Thessander, in front, with Ulysses accursed,  
 Slide to the earth by a rope. Then Thoas and Acamas join;  
 Grandson of Peleus, Pyrrhus; Machaon, ever the first;  
 Then Menelaus; Epens the last, who wrought the design;—  
 Fall on a silent city, in slumber buried and wine;—  
 Slaughter the guards, unbolt Troy's gates, to the hosts of the fleet  
 Entrance give, and together in bands confederate meet.

'Twas when the earliest sleep upon weary humanity's eyes  
 Downward steals from the heaven, sweet gift to the earth of the skies  
 Lo! in a vision before my sight great Hector appears;  
 Saddest of mien I thought him, and shedding a river of tears.  
 Torn by the chariot wheels as of old, with gore and with dust  
 Blackened, the cruel thong through his festering ankles thrust.  
 Ah! how he seemed! how changed from the glorious Hector who rode  
 Clothed in the spoils of Achilles from battle, or homeward strode  
 Fresh from launching his Phrygian fires on the Danaan ships!  
 Matted his beard, still clotted his tresses with blood, and he bore  
 Yet on his body the countless wounds he had gotten of yore

Under the walls of his sires ! Methought my sorrowful lips  
First brake silence, and weeping addressed him thus to his face :  
‘ Light of the Dardan land, sure hope of the Teucrian race,  
What so late has delayed thee ? and whence, long looked for in vain,  
Comes our Hector ? A many of those thou lovest are slain.  
O’er thy people and city, alas ! what sorrows have passed,  
Ere, well weary of waiting, we see thy face at the last !  
What indignity wrought thee has thus thy countenance marred,  
Once so fair ? What mean these wounds that sadden mine eyes ? ’  
Nothing he answers ; nothing my idle speech doth regard ;  
Heaving a deep-drawn groan : ‘ Fly, son of the Goddess ! ’ he cries,  
‘ Flames are upon us, the enemy hold these walls, from her throne  
Troy this night is a ruin. Enough of service is done  
Towards thy country and Priam. If Ilion’s capitol hill  
Could by an arm be defended, this hand had shielded her still.  
Troy confides her Penates, her sacred treasure to thee.  
Take them to share thy fortunes, and crossing many a sea  
Seek them the royal city, that Heaven has destined to be.’  
Forth at the word from the inmost temple he carries the green  
Garlands, the fire everlasting, the image of Vesta the Queen.

Wails of despair broke over the town already, and though  
Far withdrawn the abode of my sire Anchises, below

Thick trees buried ; the sounds grew nevertheless more clear,  
Louder and louder rang the alarm of the terrible spear.  
Waking from sleep I climb to the palace roof by the stair,  
Stand on the summit and lean mine ear to the sounds of the air.  
As when a spark in a south-west gale on the barley alights,  
Or when a rushing torrent in furious flood from the heights  
Levels the gladsome corn and the labour of steer and swain,  
Trailing in headlong ruin the woods ; while, stricken with fears,  
High on his rock the bewildered shepherd the uproar hears.  
So does the dream come true, and the Danaan's cunning is plain.  
Thundering down thy spacious abode, Deiphobus, falls  
Mastered by flame. Already Ucalegon's neighbouring halls  
Blaze. Sigeum's seas are illumined with fire, and afar  
Rises the soldiers' shout and the braying trumpet of war.  
Wildly to arms I betake me—with no wise purpose, but still  
Fain would rally a band, fain charge for the citadel hill ;  
Wrath and revenge overpower my soul, wild fancies arise  
How 'twere glorious to perish in arms as a warrior dies.

Hardly escaping, behold ! from the shower of the Danaan spears,  
Pantheus, Othrys' son, and Apollo's priest on the height,  
Vessels, vanquished gods, and a grandson tender of years  
Held in his hand !—For the palace he makes in furious flight !—

‘ Pantheus, where is the battle ? on what high fortress to-night  
Rallies the host ? ’ Ere yet I had spoken, groaning he cried :  
‘ Troy’s sun sets, and the hour no mortal strength can avoid  
Comes on the land of the Dardan. We once were Trojans, the fair  
Ilion reigned, the immortal glories of Teucris were—  
Were and are now no longer. To Argos Jove in his ire  
Carries the sceptre, the enemy rule, Troy blazes with fire.  
High in the midmost city the horse pours forth from its side  
Warriors armed, and the conqueror Sinon in insolent pride  
Kindles the conflagration. The gates by a host are beset  
Countless as ever came from the mighty Mycenæ yet ;  
Others, javelin-armed, in the narrow streets are arrayed,  
Blocking the passage ; naked steel and glittering blade  
Ready, and ranged for slaughter. The guards of the gate in the front  
Hardly advance to the battle, resisting blindly its brunt.’

Moved at his words and driven by the gods’ great will on the path,  
Into the flames and the battle I rush, where furies of wrath  
Call, and the roar of the fray, and the shouts uprolled to the sky.  
Epytus, famed in the field, and Rhipeus, wandering by,  
Under the moonlight meet me, beside me march to the fight ;  
Dymas and Hypanis join, and Coræbus, in manhood bright,  
Mygdon’s son—who in those dark days had journeyed perchance

Troywards, fired by an ill-starred love for Cassandra, his lance  
Lifting, as future kinsman, in Priam's and Phrygia's aid,  
Harkening little, alas ! to the voice inspired of the maid.

When I beheld their serried ranks, their martial fire,  
Thus I began : ' Brave hearts, whose valour, alas ! is in vain,  
If at the lead of a desperate man to the death ye desire  
Firmly to follow, the fate this night of the battle is plain.  
All of the gods whose grace has upheld Troy's sceptre and name  
Gone from shrine and from altar !—we succour a city of flame !  
Come, let us perish, and charge to the heart of the enemies' line !  
One hope only remains for the vanquished—hope to resign.'

Furious rage adds fuel to valour. Then,—as in wrath  
Wolves whom ravening hunger has driven all blind on the path  
When dark night is abroad, and the whelps they leave in their lair  
Wait them with jaws athirst,—through darts, through foemen we bear  
Onward to no uncertain doom, for the heart of the town  
Making our way. In her shadow the night floats gloomily down.  
Who can recount that fell night's slaughter, to listening ears  
Number the tale of the dead, or the tragedy match with tears ?  
Yea, 'tis an ancient city that falls ! Long years she was queen !  
Many the helpless bodies about her streets that are seen,

Over the solemn fanes and the royal palaces thrown.  
Nor doth vengeance alight upon Troy's sad children alone ;  
Home to the heart of the vanquished at times comes valour, and e'en  
Conquering Danaans fall. Wild agony, cruel affright  
Reign all round, and the visions of death ride thick on the night.

First Androgeos draws in the darkness near ; at his side  
Danaans gathered—and deeming we come with forces allied,  
Hails us, before we arrive, as a friend hails friends that delay :  
' Gallants,—quicken the march ! Why lingering thus on the way ?  
Pergama flames ! Your brethren the heights are sacking ; and ye  
Now at this hour but leaving your high-pooped ships by the sea.'  
Failing at once to receive reassuring answer, he knows,  
Taught by a sudden sense, that he stands in the thick of his foes.  
Smitten with horror he halts, reins foot, gives check to his tongue,  
As when a traveller toiling the pathless brambles among  
Treads on a snake unseen, then suddenly starts from a crest  
Angrily reared, and the swelling spires of a dark-blue breast.  
So at the sight, appalled, Androgeos hurries away.  
On him we fall ; close round him with spears in serried array.  
All unversed in the region, the foes, with terror unmanned,  
Fall ; so Fortune favours the first emprise of our band.

Now inspired by his triumph, his spirit keen for the fray,

‘Onward,’ Coræbus cries, ‘where Fortune shows us the way,  
Beckons to safety, and first displays her favouring smiles ;  
Change our shields with the foemen, and don these Danaan spoils !  
Valour or craft who cares to inquire when he deals with a foe ?  
Armour the Greeks shall furnish themselves.’ Then, bending him low,  
Strips Androgeos slain of the helmet-plumes and the brave  
Blazoned shield, girds on the Achæan’s glittering glaive.  
Rhipeus gallant, and Dymas bold, and a warrior train  
Joyously follow, and arm them in trophies torn from the slain.  
Mixed with Achæans we march beneath auspices other than ours,  
Many a battle join where night in her darkness lowers,  
Down to the silent shores of death send many a Greek.  
Some to the vessels scatter in flight, for deliverance seek  
Over the wide sea-shore, or in craven fear from below  
Climb the enormous horse, and cower in the hollows they know.

Never, when gods are loth, may a mortal trust them in aught.  
See, with dishevelled locks from the temple of Pallas is brought  
Sad Cassandra, the royal maid, uplifting in vain  
Burning eyes to the heavens, for her tender hands they enchain.  
Fired to a fury, Coræbus endured not tamely the sight,  
Flung him, alas ! upon death, in the thickest heart of the fight.  
All of us follow behind him, and charge them, closing the line.

Here our ruin began. From the topmost roof of a shrine  
Trojan darts overpowered us, and awful havoc arose  
Due to the armour we wore, and the borrowed plumes of the foes.

Then with a roar of wrath at the maiden's rescue, behold !  
Greeks upon all sides flew to assail us, and round us rolled.  
Ajax fierce in the battle, the children of Atreus twain,  
Every Dolop battalion ! As when let loose on the main  
Tempest encounters tempest, and wind upon wind makes war,  
South wind, Zephyr, and East, with his steeds from the morning star ;  
Loudly the woodlands roar, while Nereus, king of the foam,  
Plying his trident, wakens the deep-sea wave from its home.  
All our cunning had sent through the darkness flying afield,  
All we had driven through Troy in disorder now reappear,  
Quickly detect the disguise, know stolen weapon and shield,  
Note our voices, and mark their sound rings false on the ear.

Lost ! all lost ! outnumbered we perish ! earliest laid  
Low at the altar of Pallas, the heavens' armipotent maid,  
Gallant Coræbus falls ; next Rhipeus,—Teuceria ne'er  
Looked on a purer soul, more just, more spotless and fair.—  
Heaven's will is not as ours ! So Dymas and Hypanis died,  
Slain by the Trojan arrows. Not all thy piety tried,



Pantheus, shielded thee now, nor Apollo's wreath on thy hair.  
 Ashes of Ilion's fires! Thou last and funeral flame  
 Of the beloved, bear witness, that when your agony came,  
 No Greek dart I avoided, from no foe turned me away;  
 Had fate willed me to perish, my hand earned death in the fray.  
 Thence we are driven at the last. Brave Pelias, Iphitus, I  
 Torn from the others, the latter with years too burdened to fly,  
 Pelias lamed by the spear of Ulysses. Forward we fare  
 Called to the palace of Priam by war-shouts rending the air.

Here of a truth raged battle, as though no combats beside  
 Reign'd elsewhere, no thousands about all Ilion died.  
 Here we beheld in his fury the war-god; foemen the roof  
 Sealing, the threshold blocked with a penthouse, javelin-proof.  
 Ladders rest on the walls, armed warriors climb by the door  
 Stair upon stair, left hands to the arrows round them that pour  
 Holding a buckler, the battlement ridge in the right held fast.  
 Trojans in turn wrench loose from the palace turret and tower,  
 Ready with these, when the end seems visible—death's dark hour  
 Closing around them now—to defend their lives to the last;  
 Gilded rafters, the glory of Trojan kings of the past,  
 Roll on the enemy. Others, with javelins flashing fire,  
 Form at the inner doors, and around them close in a ring.

Hearts grow bolder within us to succour the palace, to bring  
Aid to the soldier, and valour in vanquished hearts to inspire.

There was a gate with a secret door,—that a passage adjoined  
Thridding the inner palace—a postern planted behind.  
Here Andromache, ill-starred Queen, oft entered alone,  
Visiting Hector's parents, when yet they sate on the throne ;  
Oft to his grandsire with her the boy Astyanax led.  
Passing the covered way to the roof I mount overhead,  
Where Troy's children were hurling an idle javelin-shower.  
From it a turret rose, on the topmost battlement height  
Raised to the stars, whence Troy and the Danaan ships and the white  
Dorian tents were wont to be seen in a happier hour.  
With bright steel we assailed it, and where high flooring of tower  
Offered a joint that yielded, we wrenched it loose, and below  
Sent it a-drifting. It fell with a thunderous crash on the foe  
Carrying ruin afar. But the ranks close round us again,  
Stones and the myriad weapons of war unceasingly rain.

Facing the porch, on the threshold itself, stands Pyrrhus in bright  
Triumph, with glittering weapons, a flashing mirror of light.  
As to the light some viper on grasses poisonous fed,  
Swollen and buried long by the winter's frost in his bed,

Shedding his weeds, uprises in shining beauty and strength,  
 Lifts, newborn, his bosom, and wreathes his slippery length,  
 High to the sunlight darting a three-forked flickering tongue.  
 Periphas huge strides near, and the brave Antomedon, long  
 Charioteer to Achilles, an armour-bearer to-day.  
 All of the flower of Seyros beside him, warriors young,  
 Crowd to the palace too, with flames on the battlement play.  
 Pyrrhus in front of the host, with a two-edged axe in his hand,  
 Breaches the stubborn doors, from the hinges rends with his brand  
 Brass-clamped timbers, a panel cleaves, to the heart of the oak  
 Strikes, and a yawning chasm for the sunlight gapes at his stroke.  
 Bare to the eye is the palace within ; long vistas of hall  
 Open ; the inmost dwelling of Priam is seen of them all ;  
 Bare the inviolate chambers of kings of an earlier day,  
 And they descry on the threshold the armed men standing at bay.

Groaning and wild uproar through the inner palace begin ;  
 Women's wailings are heard from the vaulted cloisters within.  
 Shrieks to the golden stars are rolled. Scared mothers in fear  
 Over the vast courts wander, embracing the thresholds dear,  
 Clasp and kissing the doors. On strides, as his father in might,  
 Pyrrhus ; no gate can stay him, nor guard withstand him to-night,  
 Portals yield at the thunder of strokes plied ever and aye :

Down from the hinges the gates are flung on their faces to lie.  
Entry is broken ; the enemy's hosts stream inwards and kill  
All in the van, each space with a countless soldiery fill.  
Not so rages the river, that o'er its barriers flows  
White with foam, overturning the earth-built mounds that oppose,  
When on the fields as a mountain it rolls, by meadow and wold  
Sweeping to ruin the herd and the stall. These eyes did behold  
Pyrrhus maddened with slaughter ; and marked on the sill of the gate  
Both the Atridæ brethren. I saw where Hecuba sate,  
Round her a hundred brides of her sons,—saw Priam with blood  
Staining the altar fires he had hallowed himself to his god.  
Fifty his bridal chambers within,—each seeming a sweet  
Promise of children's children,—in dust all lie at his feet !  
Doors emblazoned with spoils, and with proud barbarian gold  
Lie in the dust ! Where flames yield passage, Danaans hold !

‘ What was the fate,’ thou askest, ‘ befell King Priam withal ? ’  
When he beholds Troy taken, his gates in confusion fall,  
Foes in the heart of his palace, the old man feebly essays  
Round his trembling shoulders the armour of bygone days ;  
Girds, now harmless for ever, his sword once more to his side ;  
Makes for the midst of the foemen, to die as a chieftain had died.

Deep in the palace heart, and beneath heaven's canopy clear,

Lay a majestic altar ; a veteran bay-tree near  
Over it hung, and in shadow enclosed the Penates divine.  
Hecuba here, and her daughters, in vain surrounding the shrine,—  
Like doves swooping from heaven in a tempest's gloom to the ground—  
Sate all huddled, and clinging the gods' great images round !  
When in the arms of his youth she beheld her Priam arrayed :  
' What wild purpose of battle, my ill-starred husband,' she said,  
' Ails thee to don these weapons, and whither fondly away ?  
Not such succour as thine can avail us in this sad day,  
No man's weapons,—if even our Hector came at the call.  
Hither, I pray thee, turn. One shrine shall shelter us all,  
Else one death overwhelm us. She spake, then reaching her hand  
Gently the old man placed by the hallowed gods of his land.

Lo ! from the ravaging Pyrrhus, Polites flying for life,  
One of the sons of the King ! Through foes, through weapons of strife  
Under the long colonnades, down halls now empty, he broke,  
Wounded to death. On his traces aflame with murderous stroke,  
Pyrrhus—behind—the pursuer ! Behold, each minute of flight,  
Hand outreaching to hold him, and spear uplifted to smite !  
When in his parents' view and before their faces he stood,  
Fainting he fell ; in a torrent his life poured forth with his blood !  
Then,—though about and around him already the death-shade hung,—

Priam held not his peace, gave rein to his wrath and his tongue !  
‘ Now may the gods, thou sinner, for this impiety bold—  
If there still be an eye in the heaven these deeds to behold—  
Pay thee,’ he cried, ‘ all thanks that are owed thee, dues that are meet,  
Thou who hast made me witness mine own son die at my feet,  
Yea, in the father’s presence the earth with slaughter hast stained.  
Not this wise did Achilles, the sire thou falsely hast feigned,  
Deal with his enemy Priam. His heart knew generous shame,  
Felt for a suppliant’s honour, a righteous suppliant’s claim ;  
Hector’s lifeless body to lie in the tomb he restored,  
Home to my kingdom sent me, to reign once more as its lord.’

The old man spake, and his weapon, a harmless, impotent thing,  
Hurled ; on the brass of the buckler it smote with a hollow ring,  
Hung from the eye of the boss all nerveless. Pyrrhus in ire :  
‘ Take these tidings thou, and relate this news to my sire.  
Seek Pelides and tell him the shameless deeds I have done,  
Fail not to say his Pyrrhus appears a degenerate son !  
Die meanwhiles.’ And the aged king to the altar he haled,  
Trembling, and sliding to earth in his own son’s blood as he trailed ;  
Twined in the old man’s tresses his left, with his right hand drew  
Swiftly the sword, to the hilt in his heart then sheathed it anew.  
This was the story of Priam ; the end appointed that came,

Sent by the Fates,—to behold as he died Troy's city aflame,  
Pergama falling around him, who once in his high command  
Swayed full many a people, in pride ruled many a land,  
Asia's lord. He is lying a giant trunk on the shore,  
Head from his shoulders severed, a corpse with a name no more.

Then for the first time horror around me gathered, and awe  
Froze my soul. I bethought me of my loved sire, when I saw  
Priam his equal in years with a wound so cruelly wrought  
Breathing his life's last breath. Upon lonely Creusa I thought,  
Home by the foeman ravaged, the little Iulus' plight!  
Turning behind me I reckon the forces left me for fight.  
Worn to the last all round me have gone, from the battlement crown  
Earthwards bounded, or into the flames dropped wearily down.

I was remaining alone; when on Vesta's threshold divine,  
Crouched, and in silence haunting the secret cell of the shrine,  
Helen the Greek is before me! The brilliant blaze of the sky  
Guides my feet as they journey, and lights my wandering eye.  
She—of the Trojan anger, at Ilion's ruin, afraid,  
Dreading the vengeful Greeks and the wrath of the lord she betrayed,  
Curse to the Troy that had housed her and curse to the land of her birth—  
Sate concealed by the altar, a loveless thing upon earth.

Flame broke forth in my spirit, a burning furious thirst  
Troy to avenge, and to mete to the sinner measure accursed.  
Shall she alive see Sparta?—alive on Mycenæ gaze?  
Ride as a queen in procession along the triumphal ways?  
Look on her husband and home, on her sire and children again?  
Ilian women around her, and Phrygian slaves in her train?  
Priam have fallen in battle, and Troy in its ashes be laid?  
Shores of the Dardan so often have reeked with blood of the dead?  
Nay! for although the avenger who scourges a woman's crime  
Wins no conqueror's laurels, or name that endures through time,  
Yet men's lips shall applaud me, a great sin slain, and condign  
Judgment wrought on the sinner; and deep joy too shall be mine,  
Thus to have filled my soul with the fires of revenge, and at last  
Sated the thirsting ashes of those I loved in the past!

Wildly I spake; and the thoughts of a fierce deed over me rolled,  
When, more plainly than ever mine eyes had seen her, behold!  
Came, through the darkness shining in radiance pure on my sight,  
My sweet mother, a goddess revealed! In her beauty and height  
All that immortals behold her! And laying her hand upon mine,  
Stayed me, and spake from her roseate lips this counsel divine:

‘Son, what sorrow provokes thee to this wild wrath that I see?  
Why this frenzy, and whither has fled thy affection for me?’



Wilt not sooner betlink thee to look where, feeble of life,  
Thine old sire Anchises is left ? if Creusa the wife,  
Ascan the child, be surviving ? around whom armed for the field  
Danaans wander ; and, were not the love I bear them a shield,  
Flames had already devoured them, or foemen slain with the sword.

'Tis not the beauty of Helen, the Spartan woman abhorred,  
Nor the reviled one Paris ; 'tis Heaven's fierce anger alone  
Levels in dust this kingdom, and lays Troy low from her throne.  
Raise thine eyes and behold ! for the cloud that mantles thy sight,  
Dimming thy mortal vision with dews of the darksome night,  
Lo, I dissolve ! Do thou, my son, no more be dismayed  
Still of thy mother's behest, nor to do her bidding afraid !  
Here, where now thou beholdest the bastions sundered in twain,  
Stone upon stone upturn, smoke surging with dust of the plain,  
Neptune's trident enormous convulses rampart and wall,  
Troubles the deep foundations, upheaves all Troy to her fall.  
Here, in the van, at the Scæan gates, fierce Juno stands,  
Raging calls from the vessels her fell confederate bands,  
Clad in her battle mail ! Look back ! Already in might  
Pallas Tritonia sits on the topmost citadel height,  
Clothed in the storm-cloud's flash, and her terrible Gorgon shield.  
Jove himself to the Greeks gives valour and strength concealed,  
Rallies against Troy's armies the gods themselves to the field.

Fly, son ! while thou art able, and let this agony cease.

I will be near, at the gate of thy sire will set thee in peace.'

Then in the night's thick shadows she vanished. The clouds unclose,  
Awful shapes are revealed, wild forms, Troy's heavenly foes.

Now into flame, as it seemed, I beheld all Ilion rolled ;  
Troy's foundations upheaving, by Neptune builded of old :  
Even as an ancient ash, on the mountain summit that stands,  
Hacked with steel and with hatchet, when woodmen's labouring hands  
Strive with might to uproot it, for long looks menacing down,  
Palsied, its crest all shaken, and nodding its feathery crown,  
Till done slowly to death, sore wounded, it groans at the last  
One long groan,—then crashes its length from the precipice east.  
Down I descend, through foemen and flames, by the goddess's grace  
Thrid my way ; darts yield me a passage, flames give place.

When to my father's gates, my ancestral home, I had come,  
He whose flight to the mountains was my first care, and for whom  
First I was seeking, refuses, with Troy cast down from her state,  
Longer to live, or to suffer an exile's lingering fate.  
'Ye whose blood is unwithered and hale, whose manlier might  
Lives by its own young vigour,' he cries, 'fare yonder in flight !  
Ah ! had the great immortals desired my life to prolong,

These my abodes they had left me. Enough I suffer of wrong  
 Home who have seen once plundered, survived Troy, foes in her heart !  
 Leave my body to lie, bid it one farewell and depart.  
 Death I shall find by mine own right hand. Yon foemen will have  
 Pity, will spoil me soon, and I heed not loss of a grave.  
 Long heaven-hated and useless, the years with waiting I tire  
 Since that day when the ruler of earth, of immortals the sire,  
 Blew with the blasts of his thunder upon me, and touched me with fire.'

So evermore he repeated, remained unshaken, and we  
 Weeping,—Creusa, my Asean, the household gathered with me,—  
 Pray him renounce this purpose, that brings but ruin on all,  
 Lend not his weight to the balance of fate too ready to fall.  
 Still he denies me, abides in his counsel, cares not to fly.  
 Back to the battle I bear me,—elect, heart-broken, to die !  
 What plan now was remaining, or what lot left me had I ?  
 ' I have the heart to desert thee ! Was this thy thought and desire,  
 Father, and came this unhallowed word from the lips of a sire ?  
 If of a royal city the gods will nothing to live—  
 If this purpose within thee reside, and it please thee to give  
 Thee and thy house to the ruin of Troy already so near—  
 Wide stands yonder the portal of Death. Ere long will be here  
 Pyrrhus bedabbled with Priam's gore, who slays with the spear

Son in the sight of the father, the father fronting the shrine.  
Was it for this, through arrows and fire, sweet mother of mine,  
Safe I was brought, to behold in the heart of my palace the foes,  
Father and child and Creusa to witness here in my halls  
Slaughtered, and weltering each in the blood from the others that flows?  
Arms, brothers, arms! To the vanquished 'tis life's last morning that calls.  
Give me again to the foeman! To battle anew let me go.  
All of us shall not die this day unavenged on the foe!'

So once more my weapon I girded, anew to the shield  
Buckled my arm; once more made ready to wend to the field.  
Lo! my wife on the threshold embraces fondly my knee,  
Holds our little Iulus before his father to see.  
'If it be death thou seekest, let us fare with thee to die;  
If thine experience teach thee that hope in the battle may lie,  
Shelter thy household first. Unto whose fierce hands dost resign  
Ascan, and father, and one who was once called consort of thine?'

Loudly she cries; to the roof of the palace echoes her groan,  
When on a sudden before us a wondrous marvel is shown.  
Lo! amid kiss and embrace of his weeping mother and sire,  
Over the crown of Iulus a pointed flickering fire

Breaks into light ; faint flame no the sweet soft hair of his head  
Wanders, harmless of touch, and around his temples is spread.  
We, in a flutter of fear, shake loose his locks from the blaze,  
Quickly with fountain water extinguish the heavenly rays.  
Then to the stars Anchises in gladness lifting his eyes,  
Raises his suppliant hands and his prayerful voice to the skies.

‘ Jove Almighty—if prayer thy immortal purpose can turn—  
Look on us ; more I ask not ; if more our piety earn,  
Grant thy succour withal, and confirm these signs of the sky.’  
Scarce had the old man spoken, when suddenly crashing on high  
Loud on the left came thunder, and falling from heaven through the night,  
Trailing a torch, one star shot by us in silvery light.  
Over the palace roof we beheld it, journeying fast ;  
Then in the forest of Ida it sank in splendour at last,  
Printing its path in fire—one furrow behind in the gloom  
Shone long-drawn, and around and afar rose sulphurous fume.  
Vanquished at length, my father uplifts his face to the air,  
Prays the immortals, bends to the heavenly planet in prayer.  
‘ Now no longer I tarry ; I come, I follow anon ;  
Gods of my sires, my household guard, and the son of my son.  
Yours is the augury yonder ; in your high keeping is Troy.  
Son, I obey thee, refuse not in flight my foot to employ.’

Even as he spake, through the city the flames are louder to hear.  
Nearer the heat comes rolled, as the reddening fires draw near.  
'Haste then, dearest father, to mount my neck from above ;  
I on my back will bear thee, nor feel this labour of love.  
Fall fate whither it pleases, the twain one peril will share,  
Find one safety together. Beside his father shall fare  
Little Iulus ; my wife at a distance follow behind.  
Ye, my attendants, hearken, and mark with obedient mind.—  
Forth of the city, a mound and an ancient fane is beheld,  
Lonely abode of Ceres ; beside it a cypress of eld  
Stands, by devout generations preserved through centuries past ;  
Severed asunder at starting, we there shall rally at last.  
Thou, my father, the vessels divine and the gods of our home  
Take in thine innocent hands ; myself who lately am come  
Out of a war thus mighty, and fresh from blood of the slain,  
Sinful it were to approach them until I wash me again  
Clean in the running fountain.'

My shoulders broad and my neck,  
Even at the word, in the skin of a yellow lion I deck ;  
Under the burden place me. The little Iulus has twined  
Fingers in mine, and follows with childish paces behind ;  
After him hastens Creusa ; and through dark places we fare.  
I, whose pulses stirred not at javelins showered in the fray.

I, who had looked unmoved on the Argives' serried array,  
Tremble at each light breath, watch each faint sound of the air,  
Fear for the child I lead and the aged burden I bear.

Near already we draw to the gates, and methought I had passed  
Safe on the way, when a trampling of footsteps sudden and fast  
Rings hard by, and my sire, with his glance exploring the night,  
Shouts through the darkness : ' Fly ! they approach us ; haste thee to flight ;  
Blazing shields I discern, and an armour flashing with light.'  
What god's presence unkind in the wild confusion withdrew  
Wit from my mind, I know not. As onwards swiftly I flew,  
Following pathless places and leaving the track of the way,  
Fate took from me Creusa, alas ! Her foot did she stay,  
Strayed she, or sate she to rest by the wayside, weary of flight,  
Nothing is known ; no more was she given thenceforth to our sight.  
Never a glance did I turn to the lost one, never a thought,  
Till our way to the hillock and ancient shrine we had wrought.  
Then at the end, when the others had gathered, she was alone  
Found at the muster missing by comrades, husband, and son.  
Whom did I spare in my madness of gods or of men that night ?  
Where amid all Troy's ruin had been so cruel a sight ?  
Ascan, my sire, our Trojan Penates, given to my men  
Duly in charge, and bestowed in the winding folds of the glen.

Back to the city I hie me, my shining armour invest ;  
Firmly resolve to renew each desperate venture again,  
Traverse Troy to her heart, once more brave death in the quest.

First for the walls I made, and the gate with its shadowy door,  
Whence we had issued ; the footprints left intently explore,  
Follow them into the darkness, and scan them narrowly o'er.  
Horror on all sides thrills me, the silence even appals.  
Homeward next, in the faint far hope she had fled to its halls,  
Back I betake me. Achæans had entered, the palace they hold.  
Lost ! all lost ! fierce fire by the wind to the rafters is rolled.  
Flames overleap it in triumph, and roar in wrath to the air.  
Onward thence to the height and to Priam's gates I repair.  
Here in the vacant cloisters, and Juno's holy abode,  
Phoenix and cruel Ulysses as chosen sentinels strode  
Guarding the booty. And here, from around, Troy's treasure is stored,  
Snatched from the blazing temples,—the great gods' banqueting board,  
Goblets of solid gold, and apparel, spoil of the sword.—  
Gathered it lies in a heap ! All round it a numerous band,  
Youths and terrified mothers in captive companies stand.

Even to the shadowy darkness I dared my loss to proclaim,  
Filled with clamour the midnight ways, and shouted her name



Sadly with vain iteration, until, to a madness wrought  
While from palace to palace in quest unceasing I flew,  
Phantom unhappy, the shade of my very Creusa, methought,  
Sudden appeared to mine eyes, yet taller than her that I knew.  
Frozen I stood, voice clave to my throat, hair bristled for fear,  
Then she addressed me and sought with her voice my sorrow to cheer.  
'Why so fain to indulge thee in this wild passion of woe,  
Husband beloved of my heart? From the gods our destinies flow.  
Fate forbids thy Creusa beside thee further to fly;  
Fate, and the Heavenly Ruler who rules the Olympian sky.  
Thine is an exile long, waste tracts to be ploughed on the deep,  
Ere thou come to Hesperian shores, where in tranquil sweep  
Lydian Tiber rolls through a smiling warrior plain;  
Joy, and a throne, and a royal bride there wait thee again.  
Cease these tears for Creusa thy love. I never shall see  
Haughty abodes of the Dolop, nor mate to a Myrmidon be,  
Never as slave to the service of Danaan women be torn,  
Daughter of Dardan princes, and spouse of the Venus-born.  
Me the Immortal Mother detains in the borders of Troy.  
Now, farewell! and for ever be true to the love of our boy.'

When she had ended, in tears I melted, and much to her there  
Fain would have said, but she left me and faded away to the air.

Thrice I essayed with my arms the beloved one's neck to enlace,  
Thrice clasped vainly her image eluded my fond embrace,  
Light as the idle breezes, and like some vanishing dream.

So night passes, and back to my band my path I retrace.  
Here I discern with amazement a countless people that stream,  
New companions, to join me,—the matron, the warrior bold,  
Hosts for the exile mustered, a piteous throng to behold,—  
Flocking from all sides round, and with hearts and with fortunes fain,  
Whithersoever I lead them, to follow over the main.

Now on the mountains of Ida was rising Lucifer bright,  
Ushering in day's car ; and the Danaan held in his might  
Every beleaguered gate, nor was hope of deliverance still.  
Yielding to doom, my father I lifted and made for the hill.'

ÆNEID III.

## ARGUMENT

Æneas, continuing his narrative, relates the adventures of the Trojans after setting sail from the coast of Troy.

Upon the way they fall in with Andromache, once Hector's wife, carried after Troy's fall into captivity by Pyrrhus the Greek. Pyrrhus is now dead, and the Trojan Prince Helenus, one of his slaves, has succeeded to his throne. Andromache therefore again belongs to a Trojan lord. The interview between her and her countrymen is perhaps one of the most pathetic passages in Virgil.

The Trojans resume their wanderings, bivouac for a night within sound of Ætna, and escape with difficulty from the Cyclops Polyphemus. Skirting the southern shore of Sicily, they land at Drepanum, where Anchises dies. On leaving Sicily a storm carries them to Africa, as described in Book I. Here ends the narrative of Æneas.

A map indicating the course of his voyage will be found at the end of Book III.

### BOOK III.

“ When it had pleased the Immortals in Asia’s fall to destroy  
Priam’s innocent people, when Ilion proud, and the Troy  
Neptune’s hands had builded was all one smoke on the plain,  
God-sent auguries bid us on shores untrodden and far  
Seek for an exile’s home. Beneath Ida’s Phrygian chain,  
Under the walls of Antandros, we build our fleet, unaware  
Whither the fates will guide us, or when our journey be done.  
Yonder our seamen muster. And summer scarce had begun,  
Ere Anchises commands us to spread our canvas to fate.  
Weeping I leave my country’s havens, and plains where of late  
Ilion reigned, and am borne as an exile over the deep,  
Comrades, son, and Penates, and mightier Gods in my keep.

Far in the seas is a martial land where a Thracian horde  
Drive their furrows ; the cruel Lyeurgus once was its lord ;  
Ancient ally of the Trojans, with kindred gods to our own,  
While our destiny smiled. To its curving bay I am blown,

Found my first-built walls in an evil hour on the shore,  
Æneads naming the nation, to bear my name evermore.

Here to my mother, Dione's child, and the gods I addressed  
Prayer and devout oblation, that our new toil may be blest ;  
Then to the King of Immortals, who rules the Olympian steep,  
Hallowed an altar, slaying a milk-white bull by the deep.  
Near, as it chanced, was a hillock of earth. Thick cornel appears  
Set on its brow and a myrtle with branches pointed as spears.  
Yonder I make my way, and the wild wood growth from the ground  
Set me to rend, that the altar with foliage green may be crowned.  
Awful the portent there that awaits me, strange to be told.  
Lo ! from the first green tree, that with broken roots from the mould  
Yields as we tear it, a black blood drips, with a poisonous blight  
Drenching the earth. I shook to my innermost heart with affright ;  
Frozen with mortal terror my blood congealed as it ran.  
Then to the hillock trees I returned ; from another began  
Tearing the long lithe branches, the secret cause to explore.  
Blood from the bark of the second in dark stream flowed once more.  
  
Pondering much, to the nymphs of the forest prayer I command,  
Ask of the Father of Battles, supreme o'er Scythia's land,  
Duly to bless these visions and lighten the omen ; but when  
Now to the thicket I turn in redoubled effort again,

Stoop, and with bended knees on the sandhill steadily bear—  
Shall I reveal or be silent?—a piteous groan from within  
Sounds, and a human voice comes borne from the mound to the air :  
' Why thus rend, Æneas, the limbs of a sufferer ? Spare  
One that is buried ; stain not a reverent hand with sin.  
Trojan am I—no stranger—nor are they bushes that bleed !  
Fly these barbarous shores, this region of lust and greed.  
'Tis Polydorus calls thee. I fell by an enemy's dart ;  
Harvests of iron have sprouted, and grown with spears from my heart.'

Now of a truth wild fear overcomes my wavering mind,  
Horror bristles my locks, and my lips no utterance find.  
Once to the keeping of Thracia's king, in a bygone year,  
Ill-starred Priam had sent Polydorus laden with gold,  
Secretly, when he began for his Dardan armies to fear,  
Seeing around his city the wave of the enemy rolled.  
Troy's strength broken, her destinies waning, Thracia's lord  
Courts Agamemnon's star, and his all-victorious sword ;  
Tramples on law divine, Polydorus slays, and with bold  
Hand on the treasure seizes. To what deeds told and untold  
Drivest thou human bosoms, accurséd hunger of gold !

After my first wild terror abates, my steps I retrace  
Now to Anchises, and next to the chosen chiefs of the race,

Lay this portent before them, and ask thereon of their mind.  
All are of counsel alike to depart so sinful a place,  
Leave these shores of a traitor, and give to our vessels the wind.  
Funeral solemn we make for the hero, heap at his head  
Earth upon earth ; great altars arise to the shades of the dead,  
Sadly with dark-blue fillets and sombre cypresses crowned ;  
Ilian women about them, with hair, as is wonted, unbound.  
Flagons with warm milk foaming we bring, blood piously shed  
Bear him in bowls, then lay in the tomb his spirit to dwell,  
Bid him with lifted voices a loud and a last farewell.

Soon as the seas may be trusted, and wind-lulled waves are asleep,  
When with its gentle whisper the south wind calls to the deep,  
Vessels are drawn to the beach, to the strand my mariners speed ;  
Forth from the harbour we sail, and the earth and her cities recede.  
Set in the midmost sea is a hallowed isle, a retreat  
Dear to the Nereids' queen, to *Ægæan* Neptune sweet ;  
Round earth's shores as it drifted, the filial god of the bow  
Moored it to *Myconos* lofty and *Gyarus*, never to know  
Wandering more ; but to look unmoved on the winds when they blow.  
Tranquil harbours afford to the crews outworn by the sea  
Shelter ; and, landing we bend to *Apollo's* city the knee.  
*Anius*, king upon earth, and *Apollo's* priest, on our way



Meets us, his forehead wreathed with a hallowed garland of bay ;  
Knows, as he looks on my greyhaired sire, his familiar friend ;—  
Clasping his brotherly hand, to his royal palace we wend.

Votive prayers I address to the time-worn temple of stone :  
‘ Grant us, divine Thymbræan King, fair homes of our own.  
Give to a wearied people a city with walls secure,  
Children for hope of the race—an abiding rest and a sure.  
Guard these fortress towers of another and happier Troy,  
All that the Greeks have left, and Achilles, fierce to destroy.  
Whom shall we follow, and whither, and where from wandering cease ?  
Send us a token from heaven, and inspire our bosoms with peace ! ’

Ere I had ended, behold ! all earth seems trembling ; the God’s  
Threshold and bay-tree shake, and the mountain around us nods ;  
Loudly the tripod groans, and the gates unfold of the shrine.  
Bending in lowly submission we hear this message divine :  
‘ Dardans ever-enduring, the earth which sent ye at first  
Forth from your ancient stock, shall receive ye back to be nursed  
Safe on her fruitful breast. Seek her who bare ye of yore.  
There Æneas’ sons shall be lords over every shore,  
Yea, and his children’s children, and their far seed evermore.’

Thus spake Phœbus, and joy amid uproar rose ; we demand

All in accord : what city be this, what glorious land,  
Whither Apollo calls Troy's wandering race to return ?  
Lore of the past in his memory reviving : ' Listen and learn  
Now of your promised hopes, O chiefs ! ' Anchises cries.  
' Jove's own island, Crete, in the midst of the waters lies ;  
Ida's mountain is yonder, the cradle there of our line,  
Noble cities a hundred, a region of corn and wine ;  
Whence our grandsire Teucer, if right I remember the tale,  
First to the kind Rhœtean shores came blown by the gale,  
Chose for his kingdom a birthplace there.—No Ilium then  
Stood with her citadel towers, men dwelt in the heart of the glen.  
Hence our Cybele queen, and her Corybant cymbal strains ;  
Ida's forest ; the silence that round our mysteries reigns ;  
Hence are the harnessed lions that trail their sovereign's throne.  
Come, let us follow the great gods' will, with a victim atone  
Duly to angered Tempests, and sail for the Gnossian realm.  
Nor is it far on the waters. If great Jove favour the helm,  
Safely the third day's morning will land our vessels in Crete.'  
When he had ended, he lays on the altars offerings meet,  
One bull, Neptune, to thee ; one bull to Apollo the bright ;  
One black lamb to the storm ; to the favouring zephyrs a white.  
  
Fame comes borne on the air, of a Cretan king from his throne

Cast as an exile forth, Crete's shores now silent and lone,  
Homes by the foeman abandoned, awaiting idly a lord.  
Delian harbours we leave ; round Naxos hilly are blown,  
Haunt of the Bacchanals' revel ;—Dony'sa's emerald sward ;—  
Sail by snow-white Paros ;—are driven past Cyclads that sleep  
Strewn on the sea ;—thrid many an island sprinkling the deep.  
Shouts of the seamen rise, as together their oars they ply.  
' Forward for Crete and the land of our sires ! ' is the mariner cry.  
Rising behind us a fair wind follows the ships as they ride ;  
Soon on the ancient shores of the Cretan people we glide.

Here foundations I choose for the future city, proclaim  
Pergama lesser the site, and her people, proud of the name,  
Counsel to love their land, and to raise her citadel wall.  
Ships already were high on the shore ; our warriors all  
Lightly to wedlock turned and to tillage ; I to bestow  
Laws, and appoint their homes ; when a sudden pestilence, lo !  
Came from a tainted expanse of the heavens, while poisonous breath  
Fell upon tree and on tilth in a season laden with death.  
Sweet life mortals abandoned, or trailed faint bodies about  
Wearily ; fields were consumed by a parching Sirius drought.  
Herbage withered away. Sick corn stood barren of grain.  
Then to the Delian shrine of the God my father again

Bids us to sail, ask grace of the oracle, pray to be taught  
When this burden of woe to its destined end will be brought,  
Whither to turn for assistance, or steer our course on the main.

Now was the night ; deep sleep over all things living on earth  
Hung, when the hallowed shapes of the Phrygian gods of my hearth,  
Whom I had carried safe from the blazing city away,  
Seemed to be standing before me where in my slumber I lay.  
Clear in the streaming light they showed, as the moon's great ball,  
Now at the full, came flooding the windows set in the wall.  
Thus they addressed me, seeking my heart's foreboding to cheer :  
' What from Apollo, Ortygia reached, thou surely shalt hear,  
Lo ! to thy chamber he sends us, to chant this night in thine ear.  
Thee and thy banner we followed from flaming Troy, and with thee  
Traversed on board thy vessels the tumbling waves of the sea.  
We to the stars hereafter thy glorious sons will guide,  
Grant thy city the throne of the world. Be it thine to provide  
Mighty abodes for the mighty, nor tire in thy toilsome flight.  
Thou must away, for it was not on these far shores that the bright  
Delian bade thee land, nor in Crete thy destiny seek.  
There is a spot, Hesperia hight in the tongue of the Greek,  
Ancient, puissant in arms and the fruits of a bountiful earth ;  
'Twas Ænotria's colony once, men later of birth

Italy call it—the legend saith, from a warrior's name.

There is the home Heaven grants us ; from yonder Dardanus came,

Thence Iasius old, our family's founder and king.

Rise ; and thine aged sire these tidings joyously bring ;—

Doubt them he may not. To far Cortona and Italy's strand

Bid him to sail. Great Jove has denied thee Crete and her land.'

Filled at the vision and voice of the heavenly host with awe—

Slumber it was not—methought mine eyes their countenance saw—

Knew their filleted locks—their visible presence and dread :

Cold drops over me streaming, I leapt forthwith from my bed,

Raised to the stars clasped hands, loud voice—then, reverent, poured

Wine unmixed on the altar ; the mighty Penates adored,

Seek my sire and acquaint him, the tale in its order expand ;

Families twain, twin sires, he confesses, led him astray,

Blinded by modern error concerning an ancient land.

' Son,' he replies, ' long schooled by the Ilian fates to obey,

No less seer than Cassandra revealed this glorious day.

Now I remember for Teucria's race this fate she proclaimed,

Often Hesperia, often a kingdom in Italy named.

Yet who then had believed that a Trojan host would invade

Italy's borders, or whom did the living Cassandra persuade ?

Come, let us yield to Apollo, and seek for a happier land.'

So spake Teucris's sire ; with joy we obey his command.  
One more home we resign, and, a handful left on the shore,  
Spread to the gale our canvas, and race on the waves once more.

Soon as the barks to the deep sea came, no land with the eye  
Seen any longer, around me the waters, above me the sky,  
Suddenly o'er my head closed purple cloud, in its womb  
Bearing darkness and storm, and the waves grew rough with the gloom.  
Winds roll upward the billows to mountains, the great seas sweep  
Over us. Scattered and lost we are driven on the floods of the deep.  
Storm mists mantle the sun from the view ; night falling in rain  
Covers the sky ; from the clouds fire flashes again and again.  
Whirled from the course, we are drifted on waters darker than death.  
Day from the night Palinurus himself no longer, he saith,  
Now can discern, nor remember the path in the midst of the wave.  
Three long days that were sunless amid thick darkness we drave,  
Wandering over the seas, three nights without ever a star.  
Not till the fourth day broke was the land seen lifting afar,  
Distant mountains to open and roll up smoke to the view.  
Then sails flutter ; we rise to the oars ; unabating the crew  
Labour the foaming waters, and cleave bright billows of blue.  
  
Saved from the sea, on the Strophads I first find shelter again ;

Islands named by the Greeks in the mighty Ionian main ;  
Home of Celæno the dire and her Harpies, after the door  
Closed of the Phineus palace and knew their face no more,  
While in alarm they fled from their ancient banqueting board.  
Portent deadly as they, more terrible curse and abhorred  
Sent by celestial wrath, ne'er rose from the Stygian ford.  
Birds with the features of maidens, pollution trails as they soar,  
Talons for hands, and their faces with famine pale evermore.

Wafted to land, we descry, as the harbour yonder we gain,  
Droves of abundant kine upon all sides ranging the plain,  
Goats in the meadows feeding without one watchman in sight.  
Weapon in hand we assail them ; the gods Immortal invite,  
Jove's own presence invoke in the welcome plunder to share ;  
Then pile turf for our couches, and feast right well on the fare.  
When in appalling sweep, from the mountains the Harpies' band  
Round us with clanging and flapping of terrible pinions stand ;  
Seize on the viands and tear them, defile with touch as they tear,  
Filling with awful shrieks and with horrible stench the air.  
Far once more from the scene, in the mountains, under a cave  
Hid by the forest trees and by shadows that shiver and wave,  
Banqueting tables we lay, and the fire on the altars repair.  
Back once more with a rush from the opposite heaven, and a lair

Lost in the darkness, the clamorous troop sail over the prey,  
Tainting the food they taste. I enjoin my comrades to stand  
Now to their arms, and in battle engage this terrible band.  
Bucklers and weapons they hide in the grasses buried away.  
Over the winding shores when the monsters in thunder sweep,  
Signal Misenus gives from his watch-post set on the steep,  
Clanging his buckler. We charge them ; to strange encounters advance,  
Seeking to sully the plumes of the fell sea-birds with the lance.  
Not one feather is ruffled, the spears from their bodies glance.  
Swiftly they soar in retreat to the heavens, and leave as they sail  
Food half-eaten behind, and a loathsome lingering trail.  
High on a mountain summit Celæno, quitting her mates,  
Perches, a prophet of evil, and chants this chant of the Fates :  
‘ What ! for our oxen killed and our slaughtered kine, is it war—  
War ye in payment bring us, Laomedon’s sons that ye are ?  
Forcing the blameless Harpies their ancient homes to depart !  
Take these words of the prophet—implant them deep in your heart.  
All the Omnipotent Father to Phœbus, all that to me  
Phœbus repeated—Queen of the Furies—I utter to thee.  
Italy’s kingdom ye seek on the waves ; fair winds at your call.  
Italy’s kingdom shall find, and her haroburs enter withal ;  
Round your appointed cities the ramparts ne’er shall be built,  
Till fell famine, in turn for the guiltless blood ye have spilt,



Drive your desperate teeth to devour their banqueting board.'  
Then, as she spake, on the wing to a distant forest she soared.

Chill fear strikes to my comrades' veins—each heart is dismayed.  
Now no longer they bid me reconquer peace with the blade ;  
Peace at the altars of Heaven with prayers and vows would implore,  
Whether goddesses these, or but foul sea-birds of the shore.  
Now my father Anchises, his hands spread forth from the beach,  
Calls on the great Immortals, ordains due honours for each :  
' Gods forbend this menace, avert this presage of bale,  
Give to the faithful pardon and rest.' Then bids us to hale  
Ships to the sea, loose cables, and slacken sheets to the gale.

South winds filling the sails, on the foaming waves we are driven,  
Follow the course on the deep by the breeze and the pilot given.  
Zante's forests appear on the billows now ; and we sight  
Far Dulichium ; Same ; the beetling Neritos height ;  
Crowd all sail from the Ithacan rocks by Laertes possessed,  
Cursing the land that fostered Ulysses fierce at her breast.  
Soon Leucate's mountain, in storm-clouds hiding its head,  
Opens ; Apollo beneath, with his temple that seamen dread.  
Tired of the seas, we approach. At the little city we land ;  
Anchors are cast forthwith from the prows, sterns laid on the sand.

So an unlooked-for coast we attain ; and to Jove the supreme  
Lustral oblation make, on his altar kindle the flames ;  
Bared and anointed shoulders with glistening unguent stream,  
Actian shores ring out to the sound of the Ilian games.  
Wrestlers renew Troy's ancient sports. We rejoice to arrive  
Safe through the Argive cities—to come from foemen alive.  
Over a year's great circle the sun already has rolled,  
Icebound winter now with his north winds ruffles the wave.  
High on the temple portal a shield once borne by the bold  
Abas for trophy I plant,—as device thereunder engrave :  
*' Armour this by Æneas from conquering Danaans ta'en.'*  
Then to the harbour I bid farewell, man benches again ;  
Gaily we buffet the sea, sweep over the waters blue.  
Soon thy sky-capped towers, Phæacia, vanish from view ;  
Past the Epirote coast we are carried, skirting the strand ;  
Enter Chaonia's harbour, at lofty Buthrotum land.

Hard to believe is the rumour that greets us on yonder plains :—  
Over the towns of an Argive foe Troy's Helenus reigns,  
Consort and kingdom of Pyrrhus has risen himself to command.  
So to a Trojan husband returns Andromache's hand.  
Mute with wonder I stood, and a deep wish came to exchange  
Speech with the hero, and learn his eventful story and strange.

Quitting vessels and shore, from the haven I boldly advanced.  
While with yearly oblations and funeral gifts, as it chanced,  
Forth of the gates in a grove by a fancied Simois, lo !  
Sad Andromache stood, and on Hector's spirit below  
Called, by a vacant mound she had hallowed of turf to the dead,  
Altars twain at its side, for her tears thereon to be shed.

When she beheld me approaching, as soon as her frenzied eyes  
Fell on my Teucrian armour, appalled with a wild surprise,  
Stony her countenance grew, warmth left her bodily frame,  
Fainting she fell, then feebly at length slow utterance came.  
' Com'st thou in mortal shape as a messenger earthly ? ' she said,  
' Livest thou, son of the goddess, or, if thy sunlight has fled,  
Where is my Hector ? ' She spake, then melted in tears, and the air  
Rang with her shrieks. Few words at the sight of her dire despair  
Spake I, faltering much, with a broken voice and perplexed :  
' Truly I live, still breathe life's breath, though adversity vexed.  
Doubt not, for all thou see'st is of earth. What fortune malign  
Took thee, alas ! discrowned of a consort noble as thine ?  
Or doth a worthier day upon Hector's Andromache shine ?  
Hector's she was,—is it Pyrrhus who still finds grace in her eyes ? '  
  
Bending her face to the ground, in a whisper low she replies :

‘ Happy beyond all others the daughter of Priam, to whom  
Under the ramparts lofty of Troy at her enemy’s tomb  
Death was decreed. She endured not the shame of a lottery base ;  
Never, as slave, was defiled by a conquering master’s embrace.  
I, when our homes lay blazing, was trailed o’er sea, and have borne  
Pyrrhus’s humours proud, and a prince’s insolent scorn,  
Mother of bondage children ;—until my lord of his grace,  
Seeking Hermione’s hand and a bride of Læcænian race,  
Gave me to Helenus, thrall to the bridal bed of a thrall.  
Victim in turn. For Orestes, inflamed with love of the maid  
Torn from his arms, and distraught by avenging Furies withal,  
Slew him in front of the shrine of his household gods as he prayed.  
Pyrrhus deceased, of his kingdom a portion to Helenus came,  
Who on the wide plains round me bestowed Chaonia’s name,  
Called the Chaonian realm from the Trojan Chaon of ours,  
Built on the heights yon fortress, and yonder Pergama towers.  
What winds ruled thy voyage, and what Fates landed thee there ?  
Which god drave thy vessels on these our shores unaware ?  
What of Ascanius young, doth he still survive ?—Is the boy  
Breathing, as yet, life’s breath ?—whom once, I bethink me, in Troy ! \* \* \*  
Doth he remember the mother he lost, doth memory inspire  
Aught of the ancient valour, the manhood’s generous fire,  
When upon Hector the uncle he thinks,—Æneas the sire ? ’

These words weeping she spake, and was still outpouring in vain  
Floods of unceasing tears, when behold ! from the walls to the plain  
Helenus, Priam's son, with his warriors round him, speeds ;  
Knows us as those he has loved, to his palace joyously leads.  
Few are his words, they are broken with tears ; then forward I fare,  
Come to a tinier Troy and a seeming Pergama there,  
Find in a sun-dried river the name of a Xanthus of old,  
Seek once more with embraces a Scæan gate to enfold.  
Rest within walls thus friendly alike my comrades enjoy.  
Now in his spacious portals the king gives welcome to Troy ;  
Pouring libation of wine, in the halls of the palace they stand  
Piling on golden trenchers the viands,—goblet in hand.

Day so follows on day, and the breeze now calls to the sail ;  
Canvases heave and swell with the puff of the South wind gale.  
Speech I crave of the seer, and desire his counsel to learn.  
' Prince of the Trojan blood, Heaven's prophet, wise to discern  
Phœbus' will, and the tripod, his bays, yon stars of the night,  
Skilled in the tongue of the bird and the sign of the wing in its flight,  
Speak ; since favouring altars and all heaven's gods in accord  
Bid us to Italy sail,—seek distant and alien skies.  
Only the Harpy Celæno to wonders strange and abhorred  
Dooms us, and heavenly anger, and famine in loathsome guise.

Which of the perils first shall I count it wisdom to fly?  
Whither for guidance turn in the ills that before us lie?’

Helenus giving a steer thereon, as wonted, to death,  
Peace of the mighty Immortals implores, then loosens the wreath  
Bound on his hallowed forehead, and leads me to thy great shrine,  
Phœbus! clasping my hand, as I thrill with presence divine.

There from his lips inspired makes answer the priest of the bay:  
‘Son of the Goddess! for truly by omens special thy way  
Over the billows is blessed, so Jove of the fates that are whirled  
Orders the cast, rolls onward the changes, governs the world.  
Part of thy lot—that in safety across strange waters and kind  
Thou mayest pass, and a home in the harbours of Italy find—  
I will reveal. The remainder the Sisters from Helenus hold;  
Great Saturnian Juno forbids these lips to unfold.

Italy—near as she looks to thine eyes untaught, who art fain  
Blindly to enter the havens that seem so nigh on the main—  
Far from Epirus lies, by a pathless way and a wide.  
First in Sicilian waters thy bending oar must be plied,  
Round Ausonia’s billows thy vessels labour awhile,  
Even to the spectral lakes and to Colchian Circe’s isle,

Ere it be thine to secure thy walls in a kingdom of rest.  
Mine to proclaim thee the signs, thou store them deep in thy breast.  
When in an anxious hour, by a river lonely, ye find  
Under the oaks on its margin a sow stupendous reclined,  
Mother of younglings thirty, of late brought forth at a birth,  
White, with a progeny white at her teats, on the bosom of earth,  
There thy walls shall be founded, and Destiny give thee repose.  
Fear not the hunger Cælæno predicts thee ; fate will disclose  
Some safe path, and Apollo, whene'er thou callest, be nigh.  
Tarry no longer, but hence from this hither Italian coast  
Washed by the swirl of the seas of Epirus, speedily fly !  
Greeks inhabit its cities, a fierce and malignant host.  
Locrians yonder of Naryx uplift their towers to the skies ;  
There, on the plains, in a cloud of Salentine soldiery lies  
Lycus' king ; here, famous in story, Petelia small,  
Under a chief Melibœan,—secure in her glorious wall.

Then, when the seas are crossed, and in haven thy vessels shall be.  
While thou payest thy vows at the altars built by the sea,  
Bind with an amice of purple thy locks, veil ever thine eyes,  
Lest at the hallowed fires, when the offerings blaze to the skies,  
Enemy's face come nigh thee, disturbing the omens divine.  
This be the custom observed of thy race, this fashion be thine ;

May the devout generations for aye this ritual keep !  
Nearer to Italy's shores when the breezes bring thee at last,  
Soon as the narrow gates of Pelorus are widening fast,  
Make for the left-hand shore and the seas on the left with a sweep,  
Fetching a compass. Beware of the shore on the right and its deep.

Ages ago, these coasts in a wild convulsion uphurl'd—  
Thus in the process of seasons has time wrought change on the world—  
Were, it is said, torn fiercely asunder and doomed to remain  
Severed, though once one land. In came in its fury the main,  
Rent the Sicilian side from Hesperia, racing between  
Cities and fields now parted on shores of a narrow ravine.  
Scylla the right bank holds ; on the left, implacable sits  
Ever Charybdis, thrice each day in the swirl of her pits  
Swallows the wild sea floods deep down, then lifts them on high,  
Each in its turn, and with mountains of water washes the sky.  
Scylla the while lies hid in the gloom of her cavern, her lips  
Thrusting to seaward, and drawing anon to her breakers the ships.  
Human her face ; in her bosom a beauteous maiden is she  
Far as her loins ; thence downward a monstrous thing of the sea ;  
Tail of a dolphin, belly of wolves. Far better to keep  
Round the Sicilian bluffs of Pachynum in long, slow sweep,  
Than upon Scylla the grisly within her measureless cave



Once to have looked, and the reefs with her sea-hound voices that rave.  
Yea ! and if Heaven with its wisdom has blessed me—faith as a seer  
If I have found, if Apollo has breathed true things in mine ear—  
One more counsel I bring thee, above all counsels supreme,  
Bid thee again and again in thy memory treasure the theme.  
Be to the royal Juno thine earliest worship addressed ;  
Sing her thy joyful vows, and with gifts from a suppliant hand  
Soften the queen of Immortals, and so with victory blessed  
Thou from Sicilian shores shalt waft upon Italy's land.  
There when to Cumæ's city at length your way ye have made,  
Come to the haunted lakes, and the rustling Avernian glade,  
Thou shalt look on the Sibyl inspired, Fate's seer, who divines  
Under her rock, and commits to the leaves of the forest her lines.  
All of the verses the maiden engraves on the leaflets light  
Ranging in order she hides in her cavern, buried from sight.  
Motionless yonder they lie, and untroubled ; till, when the gate  
Rolls on its hinges, and soft winds blow, and the opening door  
Tosses the delicate leaves of the scattered verses of fate—  
Never she cares to recapture the fluttering leaflets more.  
Never again to replace them, or piece them line upon line.  
Pilgrims depart uncounselled, and bear no love to the shrine.  
  
Count not the hours expended a loss, though loudly thy crew

Chide the delay, though loudly the waters call thee to sail,  
Though winds wait thy coming to swell thy canvas anew ;  
Visit the seer, and beseech her the oracle's will to unveil,  
Chant with her voice thy fates, and unlock thee freely her lips.  
Italy's tribes she will teach thee, the battles waiting thee there,  
How to avoid or endure each toil—vouchsafe to thy ships  
Prosperous voyage thither in gracious answer to prayer.  
Further I may not disclose thee the things that in darkness lie ;  
Go, and exalt great Troy by immortal deeds to the sky.'

After the prophet has spoken, and counsel ceased on his lips,  
Noble gifts he commands to be borne to the Teucrian ships,  
Golden and ivory carved. Upon every vessel are stowed  
Caldrons Dodonæan, and silver in massive load ;  
Hauberks of golden links, thick-ribbed ; gay helmets and bright,  
Coned, and with long-haired crests, once worn by Pyrrhus in fight ;  
Gifts for Anchises next ; good steeds, brave pilots to steer ;  
Service of oars for the ships ; for the mariners, mariner-gear.

Then, due reverence done, to Anchises ordering sails  
Now to be bent lest waiting we keep these favouring gales,  
Thus saith Phœbus' prophet : ' Anchises, royally wed,  
Worthy esteemed of the glory of heavenly Venus' bed,

Loved of the Gods, twice snatched from the ruins of Troy in the past,  
Lo ! Ausonia's shore is in sight, sail thither at last.

Yonder her nearest coast fate wills thee to leave on the lee ;

Distant, alas ! those shores that Apollo promises thee.

Blest in a son thus loving, depart. What more is to say ?

Why with longer parley the rising breezes delay ? '

Now Andromache, moved at the last sad parting to tears,

Raiment woven of golden thread for Ascanius bears,

With it a Phrygian mantle ; and, still unwearied in grace,

Loads him with broidery rich, then bids farewell to his face.

' Take these also, of my poor hands to remind thee,' she saith,

' Witnesses, boy, of the love that Andromache bears thee till death

Hector's who was ; take these last gifts thy kinsmen bestow,

Only surviving image of my Astyanax now.

Ah ! so moved he his eyes, and his hands, and lips, and would be

Ripening, had life been left him, to equal manhood with thee ! '

Turning to leave, I address them, as tears mine eyes overflow :

' Live and be happy, for whom all Destiny's changes are now

Over and passed. From fortune to fortune summoned we go.

Ye have attained your rest. No waste sea plains to be ploughed.

No Ausonian kingdoms receding for ever in cloud

Still to be sought. On a Xanthus your eyes may dwell, on a Troy  
Which your labour has wrought—Heaven grant—with an omen of joy  
Brighter than ours, less near to the path of the ravaging Greek.  
Should it be mine hereafter to enter the Tiber's creek,  
Land upon cornfields near to the Tiber's waters, and see  
Raised to the skies those walls that await my people and me,  
We with the sister cities, the nations kindred of line—  
Thine, O Epirus, one, and the other, Hesperia, thine!—  
Dardanus, Heaven-born founder of both, one story of pain  
Common for ever to each, will make in our hearts of the twain  
One great Troy; may the hope to our children ever remain!

Forth on the sea we are carried, we skirt the Ceraunian steep,  
Whence to Italian shores is the nearest way by the deep.  
Day goes down, and in shadows the mountains fade from the eye.  
Close to the sea on the bosom of sweet earth folded, we lie  
Watching the oars by turns. On the dry sea-beaches the crew  
Rest, and on wearied limbs sleep gently descends as the dew.

Ere Night, drawn by the Hours, has encircled half of the skies,  
Keen Palinurus arises from slumber, explores with his eyes  
Every wind, drinks in with his ears each sound of the air;  
All of the stars as they glide in the silent firmament there

Numbers; observes Arcturus, the Hyads rainily bright,  
Both of the Bears, and Orion, in golden panoply dight.  
When he beholds that the heavens are as one unclouded expanse,  
Loud on his trumpet he sounds from the poop: our fleet we advance,  
Feel our way through the waters, and spread our wings to the night.  
Morn was reddening already, the stars dispersed and in flight,  
When from afar faint hills we distinguish, and low in the skies  
Italy. Foremost Achates and loudest 'Italy!' cries.  
'Italy!' mariners all shout merrily, hailing the land.  
Crowning a great imperial cup with a garland of flowers,  
Brimming it full with wine, my father, goblet in hand,  
Stands on the poop uplifted, and prays to the heavenly powers.  
'Gods! Great rulers of sea, and of earth, and of tempests,' he saith,  
'Grant us a fair-wind passage, and blow with favouring breath.'

Coveted breezes freshen; the port now nearer in sight  
Widens; Minerva's temple is seen on the citadel height.  
Sails our mariners furl, turn gaily the ships for the strand.  
Yonder the harbour; by floods that an east wind sets to the land  
Curved to a bow. Salt spray foams over the barrier rocks.  
Hidden the inmost haven. Two turreted precipice blocks  
Dip, like walls, to the wave, and the temple recedes from the beach.  
Here for an earliest omen I saw, on a meadowy reach,

Four steeds browsing the plain at a distance, white as the snows.  
Quoth my sire : ' 'Tis a welcome of battle the strange land shows  
Battle's equipment these, yon troop is a token of war.  
Yet is the creature trained to incline his neck to the ear  
Patiently, bearing the rein in accord with the chariot's yoke.  
Peace may be augured also.' In joyous prayer we invoke  
Pallas, of clanging arms, and in triumph her temple hail ;  
Veil at her altar-fires our brows with a Phrygian veil ;  
Then, by the earnest counsel of Helenus, honour in turn  
Juno's shrine, and before it our incense offerings burn ;  
Windward pointing the horns of the sail-clothed yards of the fleet,  
Leave these Danaan lands of the enemy, fearing deceit.

Thence for the bay of Tarentum we make, walls built by the hand—  
If the tradition err not—of Hercules. Over the wave  
Rises Lacinian Juno in majesty, facing the strand ;  
Caulo's citadel towers ; Scylacenum, the seaman's grave.  
Ætna's Sicilian heights ere long from the billows emerge ;  
Round them the deep's great groan and the breakers' roar, and the sea's  
Broken voices are heard, waves toss, sand mingles with surge.  
Saith my sire : ' 'Tis the mighty Charybdis ; the caverns these,  
Helenus bade us beware, and the awful reefs on her shore.  
Mariners ! all to the rescue,—together rise to the oar ! '

As they are bidden, they toil ;—Palinurus, first to obey,  
Wrenches his plashing bows to the larboard, leading the way ;  
Larboard bravely the others with oar and with sail essay.  
High to the heavens we are borne on the curving billows, and then  
Down to the dead we descend, when the wave sinks from us again.  
Thrice came roaring the caverns around us, as under we drew ;  
Thrice we beheld tossed foam and the stars all brightened with dew ;  
Till when the crews are weary, the wind goes down with the sun,  
And on the Cyclops coast, of the course unwitting, we run.

Sheltered the haven from reach of the tempests, spacious and grand,  
Were not the dread volcanoes of thundering Ætna at hand,  
Upward bursting at times amid cloud-jets dark as the night,  
Smoking with eddies of pitch and with cinders burning and bright.  
Now great fire-balls shoot till the stars are stricken ; and now  
Bowels of the mountain rend, and the boulders belch from below.  
Molten masses of stone to the skies with a groan and a roar  
Volley in showers, from abysses that under them seethe evermore.

Half consumed by the lightning, beneath these ranges of hill,  
Here, it is said, Enceladus sleeps ; while over him still  
Ætna enormous breathes, from her bursting furnaces, flame.  
Oft as he changes his wearied side, great Sicily's frame

Trembles with thunder, enshrouding the heavens in smoke of her fire.  
All night long till the morning, we bore these prodigies dire,  
Hid in the forest, nor saw we the cause of the uproar there.  
Starlight none was beaming, no bright and radiant air  
Shone from the constellations, the sky was with darkness strewn ;  
Dead and unbroken night in a storm-cloud prisoned the moon.

Day was arising now with her earliest orient star,  
Morning had scattered the night's dank shades already afar,  
When from the forest a stranger, by want to a shadow worn,  
Suddenly issues, lo ! with a woeful garb and forlorn,  
Stretching his outspread hands with a suppliant air to the shore.  
Turning, we gazed. Foul rags and a beard dishevelled he wore,  
Garments fastened with thorns ; all else seemed Greek, as of one  
Sent with the Danaan armies to Troy in the years that were gone.

When he beheld our Dardan attire, Troy's arms in the light  
Gleaming afar, one moment he halted, scared at the sight ;  
Halted, and stood. Then, praying and weeping, his headlong flight  
Urged once more to the beach. ' By the great stars yonder,' he cries,  
' By the immortal gods, by the breathful light of the skies,  
Carry me hence, O Trojans, and bear me whither ye go.  
Further I ask no favour. I come from the fleets of the foe—



Marched to assail your hearths and your Ilian homes as I know.  
If of the wrong that we did ye the memory still is a pain,  
Strew my limbs on the waters, and drown me in yon vast seas.  
Joy it will be, if I perish, by human hands to be slain !'  
Ever our knees he embraced—still hung, as he spake, to our knees.

Touched at his fears we exhort him his name and birth to declare ;  
Then to confess what burden misfortune drives him to bear.  
Tarrying not till he answers, my sire forthwith to the youth  
Reaches his hand, reassures him with instant token of truth.  
Laying aside all terror at length : ' I am Ithacan born,'  
Answers the stranger, ' a mate of Ulysses, misery-worn,  
Known as Achæmenides ; by a father needy and poor  
Sent to the battle—were only his lot still mine to endure !  
When they fled in confusion from gates no mercy that know,  
Thoughtless comrades, alas ! in the Cyclops cave to my woe  
Left me behind. 'Tis a dwelling of gore, whose banquets are red,  
Dusky within, and enormous. Its lord towers high, and his head  
Touches the stars. God keep from the earth such monster abhorred !  
Pleasant he is not to look on, and none dare offer him word.  
Flesh of the hapless his food, and of human blood is his wine.  
I with mine own eyes saw how his giant hand, as supine  
Still in his cavern he lay, seized twain of our number on shore

And on the hard rock brake them. The deluged threshold in gore  
Ran. I beheld him crunching the limbs all dripping and red,  
Noted the warm flesh quiver between his teeth as he fed.  
Not unavenged. For Ulysses endured not the dark deed done—  
True to himself in the perilous hour, great Ithaca's son.  
Soon as in wine fast buried and sleep, with the banquet replete,  
Drooping his neck to the earth he had lain full length in his lair,  
Giant enormous, vomiting gore and the morsels of meat  
Mingled with blood-stained wine,—to the great Gods breathing a prayer,  
Lots for the venture choosing, we gathered on all sides near;  
Rushed in a body upon him, and bored with a pointed spear  
Into the one huge eye that his great grim brows overlay,  
Round as an Argive shield, or the sunlit lamp of the day.  
So we avenged right gladly our fallen companions' ghosts.  
Fly, ye ill-fated, fly! and unmoor forthwith from his coasts.  
Hideous and huge in his cavern as seems Polyphemus to sight,  
Folding his wool-fleeced flocks and the udders milking at night,  
Hundreds like him inhabit the curved shore yonder, or stray  
Over the mountains, a horrible nation, loathed of the day.  
Thrice already the horns of the moon their light have increased,  
Since in the forest-glades, amid wilderness haunts of the beast,  
Life I have borne, and beheld from the mountain the monsters vast,  
Quaking to hear their voices and terrible tramp as they passed.

Sylvan branches afford me a scanty provision of fruits,  
Berries and cornels stony, with grass upturned by the roots.  
Scanning the waste of the waters, when first your ships to the bay  
Drew, I beheld them arriving, and, be my fate as it may,  
Yielded me yours, 'Tis enough to escape this people of ill;  
Death at your hands were sweeter, be death what fashion ye will.'

Scarce had he spoken, when lo! we behold on the mountain's shelf,  
There with his cattle around him, the moving giant himself,  
Shepherd fell, Polyphemus, in quest of his haunts in the bight;  
Portent appalling, shapeless, immense, all blind to the light.  
Lopped by his hands, one trunk of a pine to his feet is a stay;  
Wool-fleeced sheep his companions;—his single happiness they,  
Only relief in his anguish.  
When he has reached to the deep sea billows, and come to the waves,  
Oozing gore therein from his eyeless socket he laves,  
Grinding his teeth with groans; at his height then stalks through the seas,  
Now at the deepest, nor even are his tall flanks wetted by these.  
We in confusion fly, our suppliant stranger on board  
Take, as he merits, and sunder in silence cable and cord;  
Forward bend, cleave bravely the billows, bury the blade.  
Quick to perceive our sound, for the plashing water he made.  
But when he powerless found him to place right hand on the prey,

Failing to rival in speed the Ionian sea on its way,  
Fearful his roars and appalling—the vast deep echoing round  
Trembled in every wave. Great Italy, scared at the sound,  
Thundered, and *Ætna* groaned from her caverns in darkness drowned.

Forth from the forest glens and the mountains, the Cyclops band  
Rush at the giant's call, and in numbers crowd to the strand.  
Yonder we see them gathered, and glowering with impotent eyes,  
*Ætna's* terrible brethren with tall heads touching the skies,  
Awful council of war :—as the high-topped oaks, or the green  
Cypresses laden with cones, stand over a mighty ravine,  
Some tall forest of Jove, some grove of *Diana* the Queen.

Terror and agony drive us to slacken sheets to the sail,  
Whithersoever it draws—spread canvas and fly with the gale—  
Yet,—since *Helenus* counselled to pause ere passing between  
*Scylla* the grim and *Charybdis* the dread—where death may be seen  
Close upon either way,—we resolve our course to retrace.  
Soon from the narrow straits of *Pelorus*, driving apace,  
Winds of the north are upon us, and by their blasts I am blown  
Past *Pantagia's* harbour, a gorge in the unhewn stone ;—  
Past the unbroken lowlands of *Thapsus* ;—*Megara's* bay.

Each did Achæmenides from his memory show, as it lay,  
Mate of the roving Ulysses, retracing with us his way.

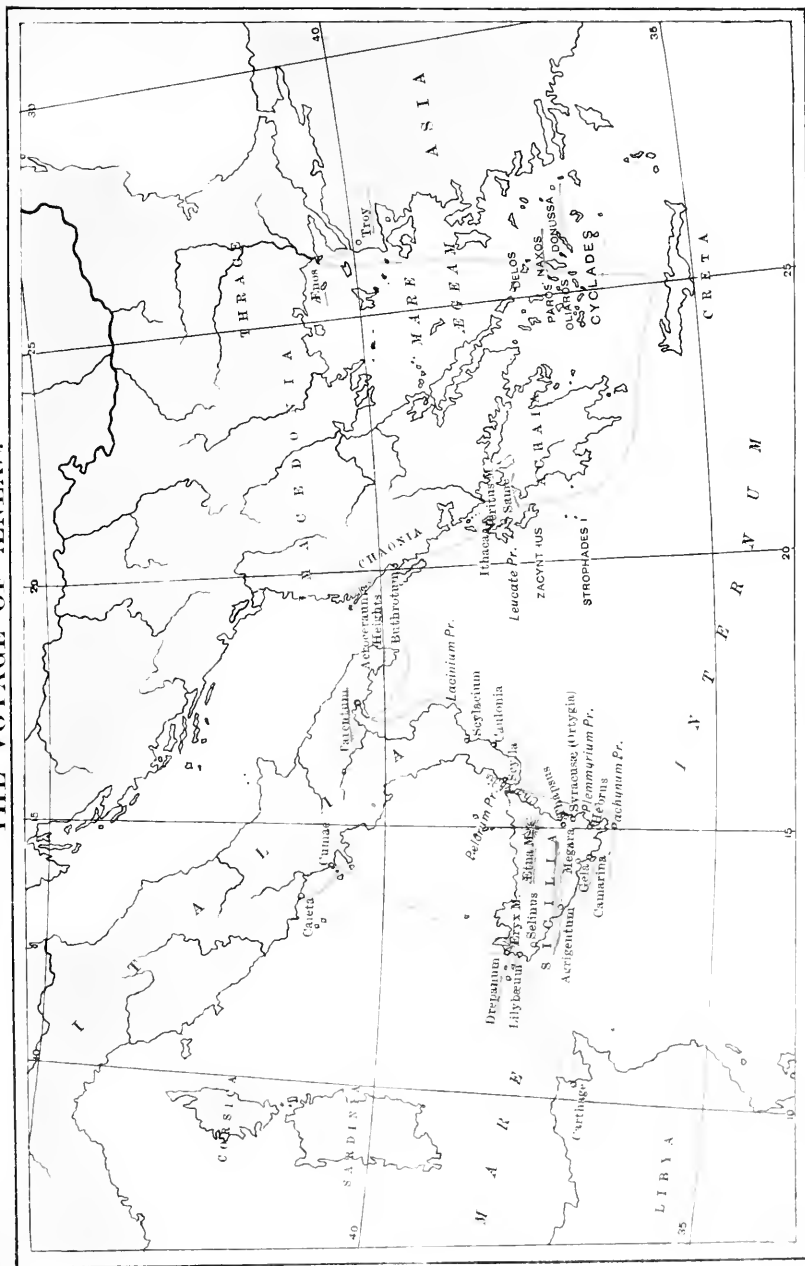
Off the Sicanian bay, and by wild Plemmyrium's shore,  
Stretches Ortygia's isle, so named of the nations of yore.  
Thither the Elian river Alpheus, as legends say,  
Burrowed in secret flight beneath Ocean's waves, and to-day  
Through thy fount, Arethusa, is mingled with Sicily's sea.  
Here to the island gods we incline, as bidden, the knee ;  
Pass the Helorus marshes, a soil too rank for the plough ;  
Thence by the towering bluffs of Pachynum's headland brow.  
Soon Camarina is seen in the distance, doomed to abstain  
Ever from change by the Fates; and the ranging Gelian plain ;—  
Gela herself, so called from her furious river ;—and high,  
Now, Agrigentum lifts her imperial brow to the sky,  
Mother of noble steeds ere long. Then, favoured of wind,  
Thee too, palmy Selinus, I leave on the breezes behind ;  
Thrid Lilybæum's shallows and sunken ridges, and rest  
Safely in Drepanum's harbour, a joyless shore and unblest.

Here by a hundred storms of the sea long buffeted, here  
Lost I my sire, my solace in every danger and fear.  
Here thou leftest, alas ! thy son to his burden of pain.

Noblest of fathers ! from peril so often rescued in vain !  
Helenus neither, the prophet, in all his warnings of gloom  
Ever foretold this grief, nor Celæno, Fury of doom.  
This was my crowning sorrow, the goal to my wandering given.  
Thence when I sailed, by the Gods upon yonder shore I was driven."

Thus Æneas the sire, all faces fixed upon one,  
Told of the heaven-sent Fates, and the course his vessels had run,  
Then at the last was silent, and rested, his history done.

# THE VOYAGE OF AENEAS.



London, John Murray.

Ruddiman Johnson & Co., Ltd., London

## ARGUMENT

The love story of Dido and Æneas.

Mercury is sent at last by Jupiter to remind Æneas of the throne in Latium which the Fates had assigned him. Warned by the portent, Æneas flies from Carthage; and Dido, deserted, kills herself upon a funeral pyre.

The tale of Dido's suffering, and of her abandonment by her lover, was necessarily to a Roman more than a touching and romantic episode. Dido's tragic end would seem to him the beginning of the fate of Carthage, and his pride would be stirred by a sense of the greatness of his own country's destinies, which required even thus early the sacrifice of a Carthaginian queen. Æneas leaves Carthage, but he leaves it at the bidding of the King of Heaven in order to found Rome.



## BOOK IV.

Long since stricken in soul with a secret trouble, the Queen  
Drinks from the arrow the poison, consumes with a fire unseen.  
Oft on the hero's valour she ponders, oft on his fair  
Race and descent. His warrior words, his warrior air  
Dwell in her heart, to her limbs no quiet slumber is given.  
Morn with the sun's bright torch had illumined earth, and from heaven  
Banished the Night's dank shadow,—when long with terror distraught  
Thus to her sister she cries, who shares in her every thought :  
“ What wild visions, sister, have kept my soul from its rest ?  
Who is the stranger come to our palace halls as a guest ?  
Princely his bearing—a hero's arms and a hero's breast.  
Sprung from the Gods I believe him, nor hold such fancies for dreams.  
Fear is the token of baseborn souls. How destiny seems  
Always, alas ! his foe—what a warfare this he has warred !  
Were I not ever resolved, since my first lover and lord  
Cheated my heart and died, with another never to wed ;  
Were I not all too weary of toreh and of bridal bed,

Haply to this one fault I had yielded. Never before,  
Since by a brother's hand my hearth was reddened with gore,  
Hath love stirred these pulses or moved my will from its hold.  
These are the flames I remember, I know their traces of old.  
But may the earth yawn deep to receive me, Jupiter's might  
Drive my living soul with his lightnings down to the Night,  
Down to the twilight world and the gloom where the buried rest,  
Ere I profane thee, Honour, or slight thy seemly behest !  
He who was first my husband has taken the heart I gave ;  
Living he held it, dead let him keep it still in his grave."  
Tears fell fast, as she spake, and bedewed her womanly breast.

" Dearer than life's own light to thy sister, must it be thine,"  
Anna replies, " unmated in joyless beauty to pine.  
Nothing to know or of children dear, or of love's bright bliss ?  
Think ye the dust takes heed, or the buried spirit, of this ?  
Though no lord in thy desolate heart, O sister, has reigned  
Here, or in Tyre thy country,—Iarbas himself disdained,  
Each great captain slighted from Africa's glorious skies,—  
Wilt thou also resist this love that is sweet in thine eyes ?  
Seest thou not whose marches surround our colony far ?  
Here Gætulia's cities, a race unconquered in war,  
There Numidians fierce, and a quicksaud's barbarous coasts.

Yonder a region wasted of drought, and with clamouring hosts  
Barce shouting for battle. Behold yon threatening cloud  
Rising from distant Tyre, and a brother's menaces loud !  
'Twas an auspicious hour, and Juno's grace that inclined  
Hither, methinks, these Ilian barks, on a favouring wind.  
Wed him, and thy young city to heights august shall arise  
Even in this thy day. Fair Tyre, with Trojan allies,  
Soon will exalt by immortal deeds her fame to the skies.  
Seek, sweet sister, in prayer Heaven's grace, thine offerings slay ;  
Give free rein to thy welcome, devise fair pleas for delay,  
While storms blow, and the rainy Orion rages his fill.  
While still shattered the barks, and the heavens implacable still."

Thus an impassioned bosom she wrought to a livelier flame,  
Hope in a wavering heart inspired, sapped womanly shame.  
First they wend to the temples, implore upon every shrine  
Mercy ; to Phœbus slay choice ewes of the yester year,  
Also to Ceres, giver of laws, and the god of the vine ;  
Chiefly adoring Juno, to whom true marriage is dear.  
Dido, lifting the goblet, in all her loveliness bright,  
Makes libation between both horns of a heifer of white ;  
Now, at the dripping altar, before each image's eyes  
Paccs, with new gifts ever reviving day as it dies ;

Over the victim's smoking breast, laid bare by the knife,  
Stoops, and with anxious gaze consults its quivering life.

Ah ! blind seers ! Can a woman's vows, can the altars inspire  
Peace in a burning soul ? To her heart love's withering fire  
Eats its way, love's fever within her slowly has wrought.  
Over the city she wanders, the sad Queen, wildered of thought ;  
So, when the arrow is sped, and the hunter-shepherd, with bow  
Drawn at a venture, wounds in the Cretan forests a doe,  
Leaving his feathery dart in her sides unwittingly caught,  
She through Dictæ's lawns and the mountain covers at speed  
Flies, to her flanks still clinging the hunter's murderous reed.  
Now Æneas she leads through Carthage, shows him in pride  
All Tyre's wealth, and a city complete wherein to abide,  
Speaks, then leaves unfinished the speech already begun ;  
Now once more to the banquet returns at the fall of the sun,  
Once more wildly implores him to tell Troy's story of pain,  
Hangs intent on his lips, as he tells it again and again.  
Then, when the guests are gone, and the dim moon hiding its light  
Fails in turn, and the sinking stars soft slumber invite,  
Left in her lonely palace she weeps, lies down in his place,  
Hears his departed voice, still looks on his absent face ;  
Or, by the father's likeness enchanted, strives to detain

Ascan still on her bosom, to cheat her ineffable pain.  
Ramparts unfinished rest, no warriors practise the lance,  
Harbours arise no more, on the plain no trenches advance ;  
Labour, alas ! suspended, the works all desolate lie,  
Frowning and giant towers, grim engines mounting the sky.

When great Juno beheld her within Love's circles of fire  
Captive taken, and saw that against enkindled desire  
Honour itself was feeble, she sought fair Venus and spake :  
“ Praise immortal, methinks, and undying laurels ye take,  
Thou, and the God thy son, high name and fame in the field,  
If to the cunning of two great gods one woman should yield.  
Yet I perceive thy terrors of these Junonian walls,  
How thou lookest for treason when Carthage opens her halls.  
Is it eternal war ? What fruits can rivalry reap ?  
Peace everlasting rather, and marriage feasts let us keep.  
All thy wishes are granted, and Dido's passionate soul  
Feeds upon love's fierce flame. Let both unite to control  
One and a common people. Be thy power equal to mine.  
She to a Phrygian husband's rule shall meekly incline.  
And, for a marriage portion, proclaim her Tyrians thine.”

Knowing her artful thought full well—that Juno but planned

Italy's royal crown to bestow upon Libya's land—  
Venus in turn makes answer: "And who so blind as to choose  
War with the Queen of Immortals, or proffered peace to refuse?  
All good fortune wait on a work thus favoured of thee!  
Only the Fates I doubt, if the pleasure of Jupiter be  
Tyre and the Trojan pilgrims in one fair city to place,  
People to people uniting, and marrying race with race.  
Thou art his spouse immortal. His counsels thine to discern.  
Lead and I follow," she saith.

Imperial Juno in turn:

"Mine be in sooth that mission. The means our purpose to reach,  
Listen, and I will reveal thee. Do thou give ear to my speech.  
Armed for the chase Æneas, and with him Dido the lorn,  
Ride to the woods on the morrow, when Phœbus at earliest morn  
Lifts his beams, and with radiant light uncurtains the land.  
I, while hither and thither the horsemen scour in a band  
Ranging the covers round, will above them pour from on high  
Storm-clouds mingled with hail, and dissolve in thunder the sky.  
All of the train shall be scattered in darkness gloomy as night;  
Troy's great prince and the Queen in the selfsame cavern alight.  
There will I be, and, if only assured thy will doth approve,  
Join them in lasting union, and make her his own true love.

Hymen the god shall thither attend them." Venus the Queen  
Lightly assented, and smiled at a treachery plain to be seen.

Morn, meanwhile rearising, has left dark Ocean, and lo !  
Forth from the gates at the sun's bright beams Tyre's chivalry go.  
Forth with network woven, and steel-bound spears for the chase,  
Pour Massylia's horsemen, and hounds keen-scented of race.  
Still in her chamber the fair Queen stays ; in the front of the gate  
Still their sovereign's coming the Punic nobles await.  
Yonder, in gold and in purple, her palfrey bright on the plain  
Stands, and is champing fiercely the bit of his foam-white rein.  
Forth at the last great Dido comes in a mighty array,  
Dressed in a Tyrian scarf with a fringe of broidery gay.  
All her quiver is golden, with gold her tresses are tied,  
Golden the clasp that gathers her shining robe to her side.  
There, too, Phrygia's bands are seen ; Ascanius there  
Merrily rides ; and fairer than all Tyre's warriors fair  
Comes Æneas, his part in the bright procession to bear.  
As when the Lycian winter, and Xanthus flowing in foam,  
Phœbus leaves, to revisit his mother's Delian home,—  
Ever renewing the dance, while circling the altars round  
Cretans and Dryops shout, tattooed Agathyrsians bound ;  
High on the ridges of Cynthus the god goes, binding with fair

Pliant bay and entwining with gold his fluttering hair,  
Loud on his shoulders clanging his bow ;—so rapidly strode  
Troy's great son, so beauty from all his countenance glowed.

When to the mountains they come, and the tangles trodden of none,  
Scared from the high rock-ledges the wild goats scattering run  
Down the descent ; while yonder careering wildly in flight  
Over the open plain stags hurry, together unite  
All their dust-stained forces, and bid farewell to the height.  
Ascan the boy in the heart of the glens on a fiery steed  
Rides exulting, in turn each comrade passes at speed ;  
Prays that a foaming boar may amid these spiritless flocks  
Gladden his eyes, or a yellow lion descend from the rocks.

Now universal thunder convulses the heavenly space,  
Stormcloud mingled with hail on the thunder follows apace ;  
Trojan and Tyrian horsemen with Ascan, Venus's pride,  
Scatter, and over the uplands in search of a shelter ride,  
Hither and thither spread. Streams pour from the mountain side.  
Troy's great prince and the Queen in a single cavern are found.  
Earth, the primæval mother, and Juno, lighting the bride  
Into the bridal-chamber, the signal gave. At the sound  
Heaven's artillery flashes, the skies in sympathy flame,  
While on the mountain summits the Oreads shout in acclaim.



This sad day first gave her to woe, first gave her to death ;  
Curious eyes no more she regards, nor slandering breath.  
Now no longer a stolen and silent love is her aim ;  
Marriage she calls their union, and cloaks her guilt with a name.

That same hour through the mightiest cities of Libya ran  
Fame, most swift of the evils that Heaven inflicts upon man ;  
Movement adds to her growth, and she gathers speed as she flies ;  
Fear at the outset dwarfs her, she mounts ere long to the skies ;  
Plants on the ground her feet, with her forehead touches the heaven.  
Earth, at the anger of gods celestial to madness driven,  
Bare her, the last of the Titan and Giant brood,—it is said—  
Fleet-winged, speedy of foot, a colossal monster and dread.  
One unslumbering eye is beneath each feather she wears ;  
Tongues as many, resounding mouths, all-vigilant ears.  
While night lasts, in the shadow she floats 'twixt earth and the skies  
Shrieking loudly, nor ever in sweet sleep closes her eyes ;  
When day comes, on the roof-top tall or the tower she alights,  
Sits as a sentinel there, and the world's great cities affrights,  
Cleaving to falsehood and folly, and yet truth's messenger too.  
Many a rumour now through Libya's land she delights  
Idly to carry, and chants in the ear false tidings and true :—  
How to the realm *Æneas* is come, Troy's lineage born ;

How fair Dido deigns as a bride his couch to adorn ;  
How through the lengthened winter in ease and dalliance light,  
Sceptre and throne forgetting, they take their guilty delight.  
Every mouth with the tale she fills, then swiftly her path  
Turns to Iarbas, inflames his soul, heaps wrath upon wrath.

Son of a Libyan nymph, whom Hammon had forced to his love,  
He in his vast dominions a hundred temples to Jove  
Built with a hundred altars, on each an unslumbering fire,  
Watch for the great Immortals to keep, when sentinels tire.  
Blood of the victims slain lies rich upon every floor ;  
Garlands hang at the threshold with blossoms bright evermore.  
Bards still tell how, incensed by the bitter news to a flame,  
Heaven's great images round him, in front of the altars he came  
Pouring suppliant prayers to immortal Jupiter's name :  
" Jove, unto whom on embroidered thrones this people of mine  
Now keep festival ever, and make libation of wine,  
Dost thou behold these doings, or when thy lightnings are hurled  
Is it an idle panic that shakes, O Father, the world ?  
Are thy fires all aimless that flame from clouds in the sky,  
Empty of purpose the thunders that roll confusion on high ?  
Lo ! this woman, who hither as outcast came but of late,  
Buying her little city,—to whom we deigned to afford

Sand by the sea for her ploughs, and the lordship poor of her state,—  
Scorning the hand of Iarbas, receives *Æneas* as lord !  
Now this second Paris, surrounded by eunuchs sleek,  
Phrygian bonnet adorning his perfumed locks and his cheek,  
Takes and enjoys ! We vainly to altars deemed to be thine  
Carry the vow, keep—credulous still—our faith in the shrine ! ”

Praying and clasping the altar he stood. The Omnipotent heard  
Bent on the royal city his godlike glance at the word ;  
Looked on the lovers, to honour lost, still dallying there ;  
Then to his Mercury spake, and his mandate rang through the air :  
“ Go, son, summon the Zephyrs, and gliding down through the skies  
Find Troy’s monarch, who idly in Tyrian Carthage lies,  
Thinking nought of the cities that fate entrusts to his sway.  
Speak in his ear, and on wings of the wind my message convey.  
Not of a son like this from his mother fair did we hear,  
When she reclaimed him twice from death by the Danaan spear ;  
’Twas of a monarch she told us, to reign o’er Italy far,  
Teeming with thrones unborn, and her wild lips shouting for war !  
One to beget bright races of ancient Teuerian birth,  
And to the yoke of his law bring earth and the nations of earth.  
If so splendid a future awakes in his heart no fire,  
If to bestow no toil on his own great name he desire,

Grudges a father to Ascan the hills of imperial Rome ?  
What doth he seek, what hopes he, with foemen making his home,  
Heedless of children to raise, and Italian furrows to plough ?  
Let him to sea ; my mandate is this ; be the messenger thou."

Jupiter spake. The behest of his awful father the fleet  
Mercury hastes to accomplish. He fastens first to his feet  
Golden sandals, that waft him on feathered wings through the skies,  
Over the earth and her waters, as fast as the tempest flies ;  
Reaches the wand wherewith from the river of Death he recalls  
Shadowy ghosts, sends others to joyless Hell and its halls,  
Brings and banishes slumber, reopens the dead man's eyes.  
Armed therewith heaven's breezes he marshals, billowy cloud  
Cleaving apace, till he sees the uplifted crest and the proud  
Slopes of the age-worn Atlas, who holds all heaven on his head ;—  
Atlas the rude,—whose pine-crowned brows are ever bespread  
Thickly with tempest, and lashed by the wind and the rain evermore.  
Snows everlasting mantle his shoulders ; streams with a roar  
Roll from his aged chin, and his beard is with icicles frore.  
Here Heaven's messenger halted, and, poised upon pinions twain,  
Gathered his whole bright body and downwards swooped to the main ;  
Like to a bird that, encircling the ocean beach and the steep  
Rocks where fishes abound, flies low to the face of the deep.

So between earth and heaven, the remote sea-sand and the blast,  
Leaving his grandsire's mountain, the son of Cyllene passed.

When by the village huts he alighted, there he descries,  
Building citadel towers, and lifting roofs to the skies,  
Troy's great chieftain before him ; a falchion hung at his side  
Starred with a yellow jasper ; a mantle Tyrian dyed  
Blazed in the sun on his shoulders, the gift of Dido rich,  
Work of her loom, and broidered with delicate golden stitch.  
Swift to the hero he wends : " Is it thou, *Æneas*, and here ?  
Placing the trench, and preparing a royal Carthage to rear ?  
Founding cities of beauty, thyself uxorious grown,  
Thinking little, alas ! of thy people's weal and a throne !  
'Tis the Immortal King from his shining palace on high  
Sends me, the sire who shakes at his pleasure earth and the sky.  
Jove himself ordains me to bear these words on the breeze :  
What is thine aim, thy purpose, in Libya resting at ease ?  
If so splendid a future awakes in thy heart no fire,  
If to bestow no toil on thine own great name thou desire,  
Think upon youthful Iulus, the promise bright of thine heir,  
Italy's kingdom his due, Rome's soil his inherited care.'  
Mercury spake, yet before he had ended, vanished from sight,  
Faded away on the breezes, was lost amid heavenly light.

Mute at the sight Æneas stands, wild fire in his eyes ;  
Horror bristles his locks, on his lips all utterance dies ;  
Now he desires but to fly, and depart these regions of love,  
Scared by the God's great warning, the awful mandate of Jove.  
Whither, alas ! shall he turn ? How face the infuriate Queen ?  
How may he dare to approach her ? the tale how break to her ear ?  
Hither and thither he hurries his thought ; with vigilance keen  
Scours each mental horizon, explores each possible fear.  
Chances he weighs with chances, and deems it wisest of all  
Mnestheus, brave Sergestus, Serestus round him to call ;  
Bids them fit for the sea, to the vessels summon the crew,  
Arm, but dissemble the reasons that prompt this policy new.  
And, for the gentle Dido as yet knows nothing, and still  
Dreams not that love's great bond can be sundered lightly at will,  
He will observe her fancies, await some tenderer hour,  
Seek for occasion wise to approach her Tyrian bower.

Dark misgivings of evil—a lover who can mislead ?—  
Came on the Queen. She felt his departure even in the air,  
Trembling at every shadow ; and Fame, her passion to feed,  
Told of a fleet outfitting, of crews for flight that prepare.  
Over the city she ranges distraught, her soul upon fire ;  
So at the nodding image the Bacchanal bounds from sleep.

When in triennial orgy the Bacchus cry and the choir  
Peal, and Cithæron calls her with shouts to his midnight steep.

Then at the last Æneas she seeks. "And dost thou," she cries,  
"Think, O traitor, to cloak thy crime in a craven's disguise,  
Stealing in silence from Dido's land as a recreant flies?  
Could not the love I plighted, the hand thou gavest of late,  
Keep thee, nor thoughts of Dido abandoned thus to her fate?  
Winter storms are raging, and yet thou hoistest the sails,  
Hurriest over the waters amid these northerly gales.  
Merciless heart! Were it even to no far alien shore,  
No strange home, thou wentest, if Troy still stood as of yore,  
Over a sea so stormy would Troy thy presence command?  
Is it myself thou shunnest? By these sad tears, by thy hand—  
Nothing, alas! I have left me of all I cherished but this—  
By our love, our bridals, begun already in bliss,  
If I have done thy pleasure, if aught I gave thee of mine  
Ever was sweet, spare this lone hearth ere long to decline;  
And, if a prayer can move thee, renounce this purpose of thine.  
For thy sake I have kindled the hatred of Libya's coast,  
Angered the Nomad princes, the hearts of Tyrians lost;  
'Tis through thee I have honour betrayed, for thee I have given  
My fair name, that alone had extolled my praise to the heaven.

By whose hands dost leave me to perish, guest of my hearth ?  
Nought of a name still dearer is left me, alas ! upon earth.  
Why shall I longer live ? To behold Pygmalion lay  
Carthage low, or Iarbas as captive lead me away ?  
Ah ! had I only a child of thine to be nursed on my knee  
Ere thy departure, were but a young *Æneas* at play  
Now in my halls, with his face to remind me even of thee,  
Less of an utter captive, and less forlorn I should be.”

Awed by the heavenly mandate, the hero listens with eyes  
All unmoved, and represses the rebel cares that arise.  
After a little he saith : “ Thou canst not reckon too high,  
Queen, of the debt I owe thee, and nought my heart doth deny ;  
Nor shall I ever tire of remembering *Dido* sweet,  
While still memory lasts, while yet these pulses beat.  
Words in an hour like this shall be few. Yet deem not that I  
Thought, O Queen, thy kingdom in silent cunning to fly !  
Not in a bridegroom’s fashion by torchlight lit to his rest  
Did I approach thee ; was not on these conditions a guest.  
Ah ! did the Fates permit me to lead my life as I chose,  
And at my own good pleasure the strife with sorrow to close,  
Rather on *Troy*’s loved city and what was left of my land  
Would I bestow my heart. The abode of *Priam* should stand,



This right arm for the vanquished restore Troy's citadel gate.  
Now Grynæan Apollo himself, and the voices of fate  
Sounding from Lycia's shrines, have called me to Italy's strand.  
There is my heart, my country! If thou, Phœnicia's own,  
Findest a spell in Carthage towers, in a Libyan town,  
Here to arrest thy gaze, shall jealous hearts be oppressed  
If in Italian borders a Teucrian looks for rest?  
Our fate also, as thine, is to seek on the waters a throne.  
Often as Night with her shadowy mist veils earth from the skies,  
Oft as the fiery stars appear, in sleep to mine eyes  
Comes my sire Anchises with aspect troubled and wild;  
Often I think upon Ascan, the wrong I do to my child,  
Robbed of his promised lands and of fair Hesperia's crown.  
Now at the last Heaven's herald from Jove sent visibly down—  
By both lives I swear it—on rushing wings of the air  
Brings Heaven's will. These eyes did behold him in daylight fair  
Enter the palace, robed as a god; these ears as he came  
Heard his terrible voice. No longer strive to inflame  
My sad spirit and thine by reproaches. Italy's throne  
Truly I seek, but impelled by a grander will than mine own."

Ere he had ended, upon him she glared with gathering ire,  
Rolling her furious eyes; from his head to his feet with scorn

Silently viewed him, and brake forth finally, kindled to fire :

“ Goddess none thy mother, no monarch Teucrian born  
Fath'ered thy race, O traitor ! On rugged rocks the accursed  
Caucasus rather bare thee, Hyrcanian tigers nursed.

Why do I parley still ? Can a greater wrong be behind ?  
Did he but sigh one sigh ? Did an eyelid flutter or shake ?  
One tear flow ? Did he pity the loving heart that he brake ?  
Why in procession range each crime ? Great Juno is blind !  
Jupiter looks no longer with equal eyes on mankind !

Truth from the world has departed. An outcast wrecked on the sand,  
Blindly I gave him shelter, I housed him here in the land,  
Harboured his vessels, saved from death his mariner band.  
Furies infernal seize my soul. 'Tis now his divine  
Phœbus calls him away, now voices from Lycia's shrine,  
Now 'tis a heavenly herald who bears on wings of the breeze,  
Sent by the monarch of heaven himself, these ghastly decrees !  
Truly the gods are busy, with cares their quiet is fraught !  
Hence ! I delay thee not, nor will answer make thee in aught.  
Go ! let the tempests help thee to Italy ! Seek on the seas  
Thy new kingdom ! If righteous gods have power to repay,  
Mays't thou receive thy guerdon on wild sea reefs, by the way,  
Often on Dido calling in vain ! In fire and in storm  
Absent I shall be near thee, and when this quivering form

Chill death robs of its spirit, in each sad world I shall stand  
Still as a phantom by. Ere long the avenger's hand,  
Sinner, shall overtake thee. My ghost shall hear it and know,  
And in the world of the shadows the tidings reach me below."

Broken she left her speech, then shrank from the sun and the light  
Sadly away, turned from him, withdrew herself from his sight ;  
Left him faltering much, much ever preparing to say.  
Fainting her handmaids raise her, and bear her fainting away ;  
Then in her marble chamber her limbs on the couch they lay.

Much Æneas desires to assuage her bitter distress,  
Longs to relieve her sorrows, and yet, though grieving, and sore  
Shaken in all his soul with his passion, nevertheless  
Heaven's high mandate he follows, and turns to his band on the shore.  
Then they redouble labour ; the ships to the water they hale,  
Launch the refitted keels, bring forth, in a fever to sail,  
All untrimmed from the forest the tree, all leafy the oar.  
Swarming from every quarter ye see them, seeking the shore.  
As when, mindful of winter, the ants, ere yet it arrive,  
Plunder a grain-heap huge, and bestow it safe in the hive ;  
Over the plain black armies file, ere long with the spoil  
Homeward in narrow line on the grass the invaders toil ;

Some on their shoulders heave great pearls of the glistening grain,  
Others serry the ranks, or punish laggards who feign ;  
All of the meadow path with toil is alive and aglow.  
What were, alas ! sad Dido, the thoughts that arose in thee now ?  
What groans came from thy bosom, to see from the citadel steep  
All of the shore confusion below thee, and all of the deep  
One wild hubbub of voices before thy sorrowing gaze ?  
Pitiless love ! Strange bidding the heart thou rulest obeys !  
Tears once more, wild prayers, she is driven to essay in her pain,  
Humbling her spirit to Love as a suppliant woman again,  
Lest some means be untried, and her life expended in vain.

“ Sister, the whole sea-beach is astir : from the hill and the dale  
Mariners muster. The canvas awaits but a favouring gale.  
Joyous the sailors crown their poops with garlands for sea.  
If I have even borne to believe this sorrow could be,  
Strength will be mine to endure it. And yet one boon would I crave—  
One last boon. Yon traitor to thee his confidence gave,  
Ever his secret counsels to thee entrusted alone ;  
Only to thee were his moods and his hours of tenderness known.  
Go as a suppliant, sister ; address our enemy proud ;  
Tell him it was not I who with Greeks confederate vowed  
Ruin at Aulis to Troy’s high race ; nor to Ilion’s coast  
Sailed my ships ; I stirred not his father’s ashes and ghost.

Why are his ears thus cruelly closed? Why hastes he to go?  
One last grace let him grant her who loves him still to her woe:  
Ah! let him wait till breezes are kinder, calmer the deep.  
Marriage vows he has broken I ask not now he should keep—  
Not to abandon for Dido his Latium fair and his reign—  
Ask but a breathing-space, some rest for passion to sleep,  
Till my destiny teach me, a vanquished woman, to weep.  
This last boon thy sister implores. Ah! pity her pain!  
Grant it, and Dido in death will return it doubled again.”

Sadly her sister takes fond prayers and passionate tears;  
Brings them unanswered back. No prayers nor tears can prevail.  
Voices of human pleading with heart unshaken he hears,  
Fate has the entrance barred, and his ear Heaven seals to the tale.  
So when on Alpine summits the northern hurricanes long  
Labour to wreck some age-worn oak whose timbers are strong,  
Hither and thither they smite him—a roar comes—leafage and bough  
Thunder beneath to the ground from his tempest-buffed brow;  
Firm on the mountain ledges the tree stands; high as his head  
Towers to the sun, so deeply his roots strike down to the dead.  
Thus wild words, fond prayers, on the hero again and again  
Gather, and break all round him; his great heart throbs with the pain:  
Calm in his soul he abides, and the tears roll down, but in vain.

Dido, oppressed by the Fates that await her, wild with affright,  
Prays but to die ; she is weary of heaven's blue vault and the light.  
Further to nerve her purpose to leave this world of the sun,  
While on the fuming altar she makes oblation, she sees  
Wine from the sacred bowl in a darkening river run  
And the libation poured turn blood. These visions to none  
Doth she discover, is silent to even her sister of these.  
Furthermore in her palace a marble temple she owned,  
Raised to her former lover, and tended with offerings choice,  
Ever in snow-white fillets and festal greenery crowned :  
Hence in the moonless nights came sighs, as it seemed, and the voice  
Oft of her dead lord calling, and high on the roof-tops round  
One lone owl to the darkness in sad funereal tone  
Wailed evermore, and lengthened its long-drawn cry to a moan.  
Sayings dim, dire warnings from prophets of earlier years  
Fright her. In all her visions the fierce *Æneas* appears  
Hounding her ever to madness, and she seems left evermore  
Desolate, travelling always a lone, long journey, with tears  
Seeking her people of Tyre on a silent wilderness shore.  
As when Pentheus, frenzied, a troop of the Furies seems,  
Two great suns, two cities of Thebes, to behold in his dreams  
Or as Orestes, slain Agamemnon's son, when before  
Murdered mother he flees in his ravings over the scene,

She with her terrible firebrands armed, and her snakes unclean,  
While the Avenging Sisters await him crouched at the door.

When she can combat her sorrow no longer ; when in her heart  
Planted she feels hell's furies, and has no choice but to die,  
Manner and hour she decides, then takes her sister apart,  
Hides her intent by her looks, wears hope's bright calm in her eye.

“ Wish me, my sister, joy ! One way at the last I have found  
Either to bind my lover, or mine own self be unbound.  
Hard by the ocean's limits and setting sun, beyond all  
Far earth's shores is the *Æthiop* land, where *Atlas* the tall  
Wheels on his shoulders the sphere with the fiery planets inlaid :  
There have I heard of a priestess, a wise *Massylian* maid,  
Once of the *Hesperids'* temple a guardian ; hers to provide  
Cates for the warder dragon at morning and evening tide,  
Over them moist sweet honeys and slumbrous poppies to pour,  
So the enchanted branches were safe on the tree evermore.  
She with her incantations can heal such hearts as she wills,  
Send, she avers, upon others the aches no medicine stills ;  
Stay in its courses the river, and turn back stars in the sky ;  
Summon the midnight ghost from the shadows ; men may espy  
Under her feet earth tremble and ash-trees come from the hills.

Not of my choice, I swear by the heavens and thine own sweet life,  
Dearest, I borrow thus the enchanter's art for the strife.  
Build me a secret pyre in the inner courts to the sky,  
There let the false one's sword, that he leaves forgotten to lie  
Hung in my bridal chamber, his raiment worn, and the bed  
Where I perished, be laid ; for the priestess warns me"—she said—  
"Every trace of the traitor in fire should pass to the dead."

Pausing, her cheek grew pale. Yet little the sister perceived  
Under the rite death hidden, nor dreamed such madness could be,  
Nor that an end more bitter, than when Sychæus she grieved,  
Waited her,—unsuspecting performs her Dido's decree.  
When in the inner palace the pyre uplifted is seen,  
Fashioned of giant pine and of holm-oak planking, the Queen  
Hangs it with flowery wreaths, and crowns it with funeral green.  
On it the raiment worn, the abandoned sword, and his dear  
Image she lays, foreknowing the end thereof that is near.  
Round it the altars rise, and the priestess, tresses unbound,  
Summons in thunder-tones three hundred gods from the shade,—  
Chaos and Erebus dread, great Hecate three times crowned,  
Ever triune Diana, of three fair faces the maid.  
O'er it, for death's libation, she sprinkles water as well,  
Feigned to be brought from Avernus, the awful fountain of Hell ;



Bids them to fetch the envenomed juice of a rank weed's grass,  
Shorn at the pale moon's beam with a magic sickle of brass ;  
Sends for the charm from the brows of a newborn foal that is wrung  
Ere the impatient mother has torn its growth from her young.  
Then at the flaming altar, a cake in her innocent hands,  
One foot all unsandalled, her robe ungirdled, she stands ;  
Calls on the Gods in her dying hour her faith to behold,  
Calls on the stars that discern fate's hidden secrets of old ;  
Prays to the Powers, if Powers there be, who still from above  
Look with justice and pity on love unmated of love.

Now was the night. Tired limbs upon earth were folded to sleep,  
Silent the forests and fierce sea-waves ; in the firmament deep  
Midway rolled heaven's stars ; no sound on the meadows stirred ;  
Every beast of the field, each bright-hued feathery bird  
Haunting the limpid lakes, or the tangled briary glade,  
Under the silent night in sleep were peacefully laid :  
All but the grieving Queen. She yields her never to rest,  
Takes not the quiet night to her eyelids or wearied breast.  
Sad thoughts crowd to her bosom ; again love's hurricane raves ;  
Nightly again she is tossed upon wrath's tempestuous waves.  
Wildly she saith to herself : " What now shall Dido essay ?  
Turn to her former lovers, and brave their mockery gay ?

Sue upon suppliant knees some Nomad prince for his hand,  
I who disdained so often the kneeling lords of the land ?  
Cleave to the Trojan sailors, pursue their path on the seas ?  
Blindly fulfil their pleasure, obey their viler decrees ?  
Have they joy in remembering the service done ? Do they hold  
Still in memory and honour the hand which helped them of old ?  
Who would suffer me yonder, if even my spirit inclined—  
Place on his vessels proud for a hateful enemy find ?  
Lost one ! scarce thou knowest, as yet dost hardly divine,  
All the eternal treason of false Laomedon's line.  
Shall I, a woman lone, with exulting mariners fly ?  
Or to the fleet with a squadron of Tyrian warriors lie ?  
Drive once more to the ocean, and bid spread sail to the breeze  
Those I scarcely persuaded to tempt Sidonian seas ?  
Die ! as thy frailties merit ; let steel thy sufferings close.  
Thou, sweet sister, first, by the tears of Dido beguiled,  
Gavest to ruin this aching heart, this breast to its foes.  
Ah ! had the Gods but left me to haunt some wilderness wild,  
Mateless and all unblamed, untutored in love and its pain !  
Now is the faith forsworn that I gave Sychæus the slain ! ”

High on the poop *Æneas*, resolved already on flight,  
Slept deep sleep ; his vessels, his comrades, ordered aright.

Back in a vision returns the immortal God from the skies,  
Once more counselling flight with the same inflexible eyes ;  
Mercury's face once more, in his voice and colour the same  
Even to his yellow locks, and his manhood's glorious frame.  
" Child of the Gods ! In an hour so grave canst slumbering lie ?  
Perils around thee gather, and dost thou nothing desery ?  
Madman ! List to the breath of the zephyrs wooing the sail.  
Vengeance crafty and cruel the sad Queen, thinking to die,  
Plots in her breast, and her gathering anger grows to a gale.  
Fast as the waves can bear thee, begone, while flight can avail.  
Soon thine eyes will behold yon waters flashing with oars,  
Pitiless firebrands lighting the skies, all round thee the shores  
Glowing with fervent flame, if the morrow's earliest ray  
Find thee loitering still in a Carthaginian bay.  
Tarry no longer. Woman is fickle ever and light."  
Then as the phantom spake, it dissolved in darkness and night.

Now at the last, Troy's chief, by the sudden vision appalled,  
Started from slumber, and loudly his sleeping mariners called :  
" Gallants ! waken in haste ! Each man to his bench and his oar !  
Hoist all sails with a will ! From the heavenly heights as before,  
Comes an immortal God, sent down with a mighty command  
Straight to depart, and to sever the twisted cables from land.

Holiest one ! we obey thee, whatever thy title on high ;  
Lo ! with rejoicing hearts to perform thy bidding we fly.  
Be thou graciously near us, and make yon stars of the sky  
Herald us weather fair." As he spake, from the scabbard his sword  
Flamed as the lightning flashes, and sundered swiftly the cord.  
All are aglow, heave gaily amain, haste gladly to do.  
Land in the distance fades, sails cover the seas, and the crew  
Labour the foaming waters, and cleave bright billows of blue.

Now from the saffron bed of Tithonus morning again  
Rises, and sprinkles with newborn light earth's every plain.  
Soon as the sleepless Queen, from her watch-towers set on the steep,  
Saw day whiten, the vessels with squared sails ploughing the deep,  
Desolate shores and abandoned ports,—thrice beating her fair  
Breasts with her hand, thrice rending her yellow tresses of hair :  
“ Father of Earth and of Heaven ! and shall this stranger,” she cries,  
“ Wend on his treacherous way, flout Dido's realm as he flies ?  
Leaps no sword from the scabbard ? Is Tyre not yet on his trail ?  
None of ye warping the ships from the dockyards, hoisting the sail ?  
Forth with the flame and the arrow ! To sea and belabour the main !  
Ah, wild words ! Is it Dido ? Has madness troubled her brain ?  
Ah, too late, poor Dido ! the sin comes home to thee now !  
Then was the hour to consider, when thou wast crowning his brow.

Look ye ! The faith and the honour of him who still, as they say,  
Carries on shipboard with him his Trojan gods on the way !  
Bore on his shoulders his aged sire ! Ah ! had I not force  
Limb from limb to have torn him, and piecemeal scattered his corse  
Over the seas ? His crews to have slain, and, banquet of joy,  
Served on the father's table the flesh of Iulus the boy ?  
Even were chance in the battle unequal,—death was at hand.  
Whom had Dido to fear ? I had borne to his vessels the brand,  
Filled with flames each deck, each hold,—child, people, and sire  
Whelmed in a blazing ruin, and flung myself on the pyre !  
Sun, whose flaming torches reveal Earth's every deed ;  
Juno, witness of sad love's pains, who knowest my need ;  
Name on the midnight causeways howled,—thou, Hecate dire,—  
Sister avengers, Genius of Dido, soon to expire,  
Gently receive her and give to her crying misery heed ;  
Listen and hear these prayers ! If the Heavens' stern laws have decreed  
Yon base soul shall find him a harbour, and float to the land ;  
Thus Jove's destinies order, and so fate finally stand ;—  
Harassed in war by the spears of a daring people and wild,  
Far from the land of his fathers and torn from the arms of his child,  
May he in vain ask succour, and watch his Teucrian band  
Dying a death untimely ! And when this warrior proud  
Under the hard conditions of peace his spirit has bowed,

Neither of monarch's throne nor of sunlight sweet let him taste ;  
Fall ere time overtakes him, and tombless bleach on the waste.  
This last prayer as my life ebbs forth I pour with my blood ;  
Let not thy hatred sleep, my Tyre, to the Teucrian brood ;  
Lay on the tomb of Dido for funeral offering this !  
Neither be love nor league to unite my people and his !  
Rise ! thou Nameless Avenger from Dido's ashes to come,  
Follow with fire and slaughter the false Dardanians home !  
Smite them to-day, hereafter, through ages yet unexplored,  
Long as thy strength sustains thee, and fingers cling to the sword !  
Sea upon sea wage battle for ever ! Shore upon shore,  
Spear upon spear ! To the sires and the children strife evermore ! ”

Then for a while with her troubled heart she fondly debates  
How she may soonest leave this world of the sun that she hates.  
Briefly to Barce, nurse of the slain Sychæus, she saith,—  
Hers in her own old land long slept in the ashes of death :—  
“ Go, dear nurse ; fetch hither my sister. Tell her to fling  
Over her limbs stream water, and with her duly to bring  
Death's black cattle ordained for the dead ; this bid her to do ;  
Thou thy brows entwining with wreaths of funeral yew ;  
Since I am minded to finish the rite already begun  
Sacred to Stygian Jove, and with sorrow then to be done.

Once I have given to the fire the accursed Dardanian's head."

Eagerly Barce hastens with aged tottering tread.

Then, all wild, and appalled at the awful doom that she seeks,

Dido, rolling her bloodshot eyes, her quivering cheeks

Spotted with crimson, pale at approaching Death's cold shade,

Bursts to the inner courts of the palace, and, entrance made,

Mounts as a fury the pyre, and bares the Dardanian blade

Given by her Trojan lover for uses other than these.

Soon as the well-known couch and his Trojan raiment she sees,—

Pausing a little to weep and bethink her,—down on the bed

Softly she lies, then speaks this last farewell of the dead :

" Raiment worn ! sweet relics of love till fate was unkind !

Take this lingering breath and release my suffering mind.

Here life closes ! The course my destiny gave me is run.

Now as a great queen's shadow I pass from the world of the sun.

Goodly the city I leave. I have seen her battlements built ;

Venged a beloved one, meted a brother measure for guilt ;

Happy, alas ! too happy, if only a Teucrian's ships

Never had touched these shores ! " She pressed to the pillow her lips

And, as she pressed them, cried : " Do I die unavenged on the foe ?

Yet let me die ! Thus, thus, with joy to the shadows I go.

Let the Dardanian feast on the fires his merciless eyes,  
Carry the omens with him of Dido's death as he flies ! ”

Then amid these half-spoken words, her maids, as they stood,  
Saw she had sunk on the weapon, the sword all dabbled in blood,  
Hands outspread. Loud shrieks ring over the palaces high.  
Fame through the town appalled uplifts her furious cry.  
Groaning and tears, loud wails, wild cries of women's despair  
Shake each palace ; the beating of breasts sounds over the air.  
’Twas as if Carthage haughty, or Tyre primæval,—the foe  
Now in her citadel gates,—were laid by the enemy low,  
Fierce fires rolling alike o’er dwellings of man and of God !  
Breathless her sister heard. In bewildered frenzy she trod ;  
Tearing her cheeks and beating her breasts, through the others she came  
Rushing, and tenderly called on the dying Queen by her name.  
“ Sister ! Was this thy secret ? To blind mine eyes thy desire ?  
This the intent of thine altar-flames, thy funeral pyre ?  
What shall my first complaint be, when all is desolate made ?  
Didst thou deem me unworthy to share thy path to the shade ?  
Thou should’st rather have called me the same sad fortune to bear ;  
One keen stroke had slain us in one dark hour of despair.  
These hands built thy pyre ; these lips to our gods did pray ;  
Wherefore here thou liest, and I—cold heart—was away !



Thou hast stricken us, sister, with thee thine Anna has died.  
Yea, and thy people, and fathers, and Sidon's city beside !  
Water anon for the wounds ! Let me wash them thus ! If a breath,  
One last breath, still linger, I fain would drink it in death ! "  
Swift at a bound she alit on the topmost funeral-stair,  
Took in her arms her expiring sister, and folded her there ;  
Groaned as she held her, stanching the blood with her garment fair.  
She strives vainly to open her wearied eyes and oppressed ;  
Fails, and they close once more, and the death-wound sobs in her breast.  
Thrice on her couch with an effort she raised her ; pillowed her head  
Thrice on the elbow beneath her, and thrice fell back on the bed ;  
Upwards lifted her wandering gaze, and above and around  
Sought in the heavens for the light, and groaned when light she had found.

Then in compassion of this long pain, this lingering breath,  
Juno from heaven sent Iris to loose her soul from the clay ;  
For, since neither in nature's course, nor in merited death  
Wrought by another's hand, but, before her hour and her day.  
Sadly she died, in a passion of sudden love and distress,  
Death's great Queen from her forehead had not dissevered the tress  
Yet of her yellow hair, nor had sentenced her to the Night.  
So upon saffron wings came Iris, dewily bright,  
Down from the skies descending, and trailing a rainbow train,

Made of a thousand colours that flashed in the sunlight again,  
Lighted above her, and crying, "I bear, as bidden, away  
This for a tribute to Death, and dissolve thy fetters of clay,"  
Sundered the lock with her hand. Forthwith her body resigned  
All its genial fire, and her life went forth to the wind.

ÆNEID V.

## ARGUMENT

Æneas pursues his voyage, the fires of Dido's funeral pile reddening the skies behind him. The Trojans make once more for Sicily, and the friendly king Acestes there receives them. A year has now elapsed since the death of Anchises, and Æneas celebrates with pomp funeral games in his dead father's honour. A brilliant and rapid picture of these games forms the subject of the chief portion of the book ; concluding with a description of "Troja," a gay cavalry exercise, familiar to the young Roman nobles, and alleged to be of Trojan origin. At its close, flames from the vessels anchored upon shore indicate that the fleet has been fired by the women of Troy, who are weary of the sea. The ships are saved by a downpour of rain ; and, warned in a dream by Anchises, Æneas (leaving behind him a settlement in Sicily) resumes his course towards Latium, the land of promise.

## BOOK V.

Far on the seas meanwhile, as an arrow speeds to the mark,  
Sailed Æneas, and clave wild floods with the north wind dark,  
Turning to gaze on the city, that even already is seen  
Reddening the sky with the fires of the sad Phœnician Queen.  
Little the cause they know of the bright flames yonder displayed ;  
Yet sad thoughts of the anguish of great love falsely betrayed,  
All the familiar tale what a woman's fury will dare,  
Lead each Teucrian heart through a sad foreboding of care.

Soon as the vessels to deep sea came, no land with the eye  
Seen any longer, around them the waters, above them the sky,  
Purple cloud drave over the hero's head, in its womb  
Carrying darkness and storm, and the waves grew rough with the gloom.  
Even the pilot himself, Palinurus, cries from his post :  
“ Why these clouds that encompass the heavens in a gathering host ?  
What doom, lord of the billows, awaits us ? ” Then in a breath  
Bids them to reef all canvas, and bend with a will to the oars,

Now to the tempest trimming his sails : " Great hero," he saith,  
" Even were Jove Immortal to plight me his heavenly faith,  
Never with skies like these can I reach the Italian shores.  
Shifting winds roar contrary ways, from the blackening west  
Rising in force, and the mists of the air into cloud are pressed ;  
All too feeble the vessels to strive therewith, or essay  
Head to the storm. Since Fate is the sovereign, ours to obey !  
Turn our course at her bidding ! Methinks not far on the sea  
Sicily's coasts and the kingdoms of brotherly Eryx be,  
If I aright have remembered the stars observed on the way."  
Quoth Æneas : " In sooth this many an hour, it is plain,  
Such is the will of the breezes, and all thy labour is vain.  
Alter the course. What welcomer shore can a Teucrian find,  
More to desire as a shelter for ships outworn by the wind,  
Than where Acestes of Troy still breathes sweet life, and the blest  
Ashes and bones of a father in earth are folded to rest ? "  
So for the haven they make once more, and a following gale,  
Risen from the west, inflates with a favouring breath their sail.  
Over the heaving billows the ships of the Teuerians go ;  
Gladly at last to an anchor are brought on the beach they know.

High on a neighbouring mountain, Acestes, king of the land,  
Armed with his javelins grim, in the skin of a Libyan bear,

Saw with amaze Troy's vessels arrive, then sped to the strand.  
Son of the river Crimissus, his mother an Ilian fair,  
Trojan of race, he remembered his great forefathers, and bade  
Joy to the crews of returning, his rustic treasures displayed,  
Aided and solaced the tired.

When the morrow's morn with her bright  
Eastern rays first scattered the flying stars of the night,  
Scouring the sand of the wide sea-shore, Æneas his clan  
Summoned to council, and thus from a rising hillock began :

“ Glorious race of the Dardans ! Immortal sons of the sky !  
One year, lo ! is complete, one circle of moons gone by,  
Since all mortal remains of a sainted father we laid  
Here in the earth, and the sorrowful altars dressed to his shade.  
Soon, if I err not, the day draws near, that for ever shall be  
Mournful and ever revered—so Destiny wills it—to me.  
Exile were I to spend it on quick Gætulian sands,  
Found at its dawn within Argive seas, or a Danaan's lands,  
Still should annual victims, and solemn pomp for the dead  
Ever be paid, and his altar with funeral offerings spread.  
Now at his tomb, by his own dear ashes, his children stand,  
Guided hither, methinks, by the Gods' invisible hand.  
Driven to a brotherly shore and its havens by winds of the deep,

Come, and with cheerful honour the dead in remembrance keep.  
Ask at his tomb for a fair sea-wind. May he grant me the joy  
Gifts like these ere long, in a new-built city of Troy,  
Year by year on an altar his name has hallowed to place.  
Two huge oxen, Acestes, the Trojan-born, of his grace  
Gives unto each of the ships. This night to the banquet command  
Ilion's gods, and the gods of Acestes, king of the land.  
After the ninth fair morning for mortal men has unfurled  
Genial day, and the rays of the dawn uncurtained the world,  
I with a race of the vessels will open the Trojan games.  
Every runner of speediest foot, each hero who claims  
Praise for his arrow light or his javelin, all who demand  
Boldly to enter the battle with cestus-gauntleted hand,  
Let them attend, and aspire each brave to the conqueror's palm.  
Crown ye with boughs ; and be hushed, all voices, in holiest calm."

Then with the myrtle of Venus the chieftain wreathes him. With joy  
Helymus, aged Acestes, adorn their foreheads ; the boy  
Ascan obeys the behest, and the youthful gallants of Troy.  
While from the council assembled the son with his thousands around  
Strides in the midst of the host to the father's funeral mound ;  
Twain huge flagons of wine unwatered, of new milk twain,  
Pours for libation, and two great bowls of the blood of the slain.



Scattering bright-hued flowers on the tomb : " All hail," he exclaims,  
" Ashes of one whom vainly I rescued once from the flames,  
Spirit and shade of my sire, all hail ! Not mine the emprise  
By thy side to attain to the promised Italian skies,  
Seeking an unknown Tiber on far Ausonia's soil."

Ere he had uttered the word, amid sevenfold masses of coil,  
Sliding in seven great rings, from the sacred hollows of gloom  
Trailed an enormous serpent, in peace wreathed over the tomb,  
Silently gliding from altar to altar, his every fold  
Chequered with dark blue blots ; bright patches of fiery gold  
Burned on his scales, as the bow from a raincloud breaking anon  
Flashes a thousand colours, that glance in the distant sun.  
Spellbound stood Æneas. The serpent in long array  
Made through flagons and polished cups his sinuous way,  
Tasted the feast, then, leaving the altars where he had fed,  
Entered in peace once more the sepulchral mound of the dead.  
Whether his sire's familiar, or genius haunting the shore  
Thus be revealed him, he knows not, renews his rites but the more ;  
Slays, as is meet, twain ewes of the yester year at the shrine,  
Two young heifers with darkening backs, two votive swine ;  
Pours from the bowl libation, and summons back from the grave  
Great Anchises' ghost, set free from the Acheron wave.

Gladly his comrades offer, as each can spare of his cheer,  
Gifts, load every altar, and slaughter many a steer ;  
Brazen caldrons appoint to the fire, then, stretched on the sward,  
Under the spits live embers place, roast flesh for the board.

'Twas the expected day, and the Sun-god's horses had borne  
Upwards in light unclouded the ninth fair queen of the morn.  
Led by the name and the fame of Acestes, king of the land,  
Tribes from the marches gather in concourse gay to the strand,  
Eager some to compete, and the Teucrians some to behold.  
Gifts are arranged in the centre before all eyes to be seen ;  
Tripods meet for the priest and the altar, garlands of green,  
Branches of palm for the conqueror's meed, bright arms for the bold,  
Raiment dipped in the purple, with talents silver and gold.  
Hark ! from the central hill 'tis the trumpet sounds for the games !  
Picked from the fleet four equal barks, each ponderous-oared,  
Enter the watery lists. Here Mnestheus, noblest of names,  
Teucrian warrior now—ere long an Italian lord—  
Urges the flying Dragon, her crew all keen for the race :  
Sire of the Memmian house. There Gyas steers to his place,  
Handling the huge Chimæra, immense of bulk and of span,  
Vast as a floating town. Three tiers that his Teucrians man,  
Triple banks uplifted in order over the brine,  
Drive her. The great Sergestus, from whom our Sergian clan,

Sails in the Centaur tall ; and the dark blue Scylla is thine,  
Haughty Cloanthus, father of Rome's Cluentian line.

Far in the deep sea facing the foam-white shore is a rock ;  
Ever, when stars are veiled and the northern hurricane raves,  
Drowned in the billows, and lashed by the thundering water shock ;  
Silent in summer weather, it springs from the slumbering waves  
Level and bare, and is haunted of sea-gulls loving the sun.  
Bough of a holm-oak green, ere race of the ships has begun,  
Yonder the kind chief sets, as a sign for the mariner oar,  
Whence to return and to sweep at a distance round to the shore.  
Duly by lot their places are chosen ; in purple and gold  
High on the stern the commanders shine, all bright to behold.  
Poplar branches for garlands the joyous mariners twine,  
Bared and anointed shoulders with glistening unguent shine.  
Benches are manned. All arms reach eagerly, grasping the oar ;  
Hearts to the signal strain. Through rioting pulses run  
Throbbing fear and desire of immortal praise to be won.  
Then at the ringing sound of the clarion, halting no more,  
Each from the station suddenly bounds ; shouts roll to the sky ;  
Under the swing of the shoulders the foam-flakes rapidly fly.  
Side by side deep furrows are cloven, the great sea gapes,  
Rent to a chasm by the blades and the beaks with their trident shapes.

Not so swiftly the cars in the two-wheeled chariot race  
Scour the expanse of plain, stream forth from the barrier space;  
Not so plunges the yoke, when the charioteer as he speeds  
Tosses his flowing reins, and arising, lashes his steeds.

Thundering voices and loud applause from the woodlands sound,  
Roll from the land-locked shores, from the mountains echo around.  
Far to the front shoots Gyas, of crowd and of thunder clear,  
Gliding ahead on the water. Cloanthus follows in rear;  
Better his service of oars, but his vessel's ponderous size  
Heavily stays him. Behind, at an equal interval, vies  
Dragon with Centaur vast for the foremost lead on the bow.  
Now 'tis the Dragon hath it—the Centaur passes her now.  
Beak by beak and together the pair now travel in line,  
Each with her long keel ploughing in lengthened furrows the brine.  
Nearer the ships had drawn meanwhile to the reef and the mark,  
When, still leading the van, midway on the watery realm,  
Gyas shouts to Menœtes, the master guiding his bark:  
“Whither away to the starboard seas? Turn hither the helm;  
Cling to the shore, graze lightly the larboard rocks with the blade.  
Leave deep water to others.” He spake; but Menœtes, afraid,  
Sheered to the open, in fear of the shallows, deaf to his chief.  
“Whither away so wildly, Menœtes? Head for the reef!”

Gyas thunders again. For Clóanthus, lo ! is at hand  
Close on her larboard quarter and holding nearer to land.  
Edging the shore on the left, in the inner channel between  
Gyas's bark and the loud sea-rocks, his Scylla is seen,  
Suddenly forges ahead to the front, flies suddenly past,  
Then rounds swiftly the beacon, and holds safe water at last.  
Fierce grief broke to a flame in the hero's heart ; on his cheeks  
Salt tears rolled ; in his anger the tardy Menœtes he seeks.  
All unmindful of honour's voice and the lives of his crew,  
Headlong into the waters the laggard helmsman he threw,  
Strode himself to the rudder, himself assumed the command,  
Cheerily spake to his men, then wrested the helm to the strand.  
Scarcely from under the billows emerging, stricken in years,  
Heavy with dripping raiment, Menœtes slowly appears ;  
Makes for the dry rock level, and yonder safely he sits.  
Laughter greeted his fall, and pursued him swimming to land ;  
Laughter follows him still as the salt seawater he spits.

Hope at the sight inspirits the hearts of the hindmost pair,  
Ere he recovers, the palm from the lingering Gyas to bear.  
Seizing the vantage water, Sergestus edges the bank,  
Draws not his Centaur clear of the rival keel on her flank ;  
Part of her broadside clears it, a part is pressed by the prow

Still of the jealous Dragon. Amidst his mariners now  
Over his deck strides Mnestheus bold : " Rise all to the oar,  
Brave companions ! " he shouts ; " great Hector's fellows of yore,  
Whom I chose to be mine upon Ilion's funeral night ;  
Put forth now your spirit, the old inveterate might,  
Which once nerved ye the sands of the shifting Syrtes to brave,  
Dread Ionia's seas, and the merciless Malean wave.  
Mnestheus asks no triumph, alas !—no conqueror's place.  
Yea ! let them that are chosen of Neptune win in the race !  
Natheless, deem it reproach to be last. This victory gain,  
Friends, at the least, and preserve us from shame's indelible stain."  
Every muscle is strained ; they bend to the benches with glee,  
Brass-bound timbers are shaken with huge strokes dealt to the sea.  
Waters recede from beneath them ; the limb and the feverish lip  
Quiver with quick-drawn breath, and the sweat-drops over them drip.

Chance vouchsafed to the gallants the modest fame they desire.  
While in the inner channel Sergestus, all upon fire,  
Heads for the rock,—as he nears it, for want of an ampler sweep,  
Lo ! ill-fated he strikes upon crags that jut to the deep.  
Even the reefs are shaken ; the oars upon splinters of rock  
Catch and crash, and the bows hang helpless and rent with the shock.  
Oarsmen spring from the thwarts, hold fast to the ledge with a cry,

Busily handle the steel-shod pike, and the boat-hook ply,  
Then collect from the waters the shattered oars of the crew.  
Mnestheus gaily behind, inspired by his triumph anew.  
Plies a redoubled stroke and, the breezes now at command.  
Steers for the shelving seas, sweeps down through the open to land.  
So some dove, from the rock's dark cavern suddenly roused,  
Whose dear home, whose nestlings sweet in its hollows are housed,  
Rushes apace to the fields, and, driven in her terrible scare  
Forth from her cell, beats loudly her sounding pinions in air ;  
Reaches unbroken stillness, and floats down silent skies,  
Sails on her shining journey, and moves no wing as she flies.  
So sped Mnestheus now, and his bark on her voyage held  
Over the homeward seas, of her own smooth motion impelled.

First in his triumph he passes Sergestus battling amain  
Still with the rock and the shoals, and for succour shouting in vain,  
Learning feebly to row with his fragments of shattered blade.  
Next for the floating monster, Chimæra, and Gyas he made ;  
Place the Chimæra resigns, of her helmsman reft, and at last  
Only Cloanthus remains, as the end draws near, to be passed.  
On him he closes, with main might labours, presses the race ;  
Shouts are redoubled, the great crowd cheer as he follows in chase—  
Heaven with the voices resounds. These glow for thought of the shame

Should their laurels be stolen, and rivals rob them of fame ;  
Even at sweet life's cost for the glory of victory long ;  
Yonder thrive on success ; their strength is to seem to be strong.

Beak on a level with beak, peradventure both of the braves  
Now had divided the prize, but Cloanthus spreads to the waves  
Both clasped hands, prays loudly, attests all heaven to his vow :  
“ Gods, whose royal domain is the sea, whose waters I plough,  
Gladly before your altars a milk-white bull I will lay,  
Yonder on shore, right gladly a debtor's offerings pay ;  
Fling to the billows a victim's heart, pour wine from the bowl.”  
Lo ! as he spake, he was heard far down in the waves by the whole  
Nereid band, and the Neptune choir, and the ocean maid,  
Fair Panopea. The sire Portunus graciously laid  
Hands almighty upon him, and pushed his ship as she flew.  
Swifter than southern gale or a feathered arrow she made  
Soon to the shore, and was lost in the distant harbour to view.

Summoning all, Æneas by voice of herald proclaims  
Now his Cloanthus victor of all Troy's fleet in the games ;  
Crowns with the bay-leaf green his brows ; then gives to the crews  
Largess noble of three steers each, for the winner to choose ;  
Flagons of wine, and of silver a massive talent besides.  
Special honours apiece for the captains then he provides ;



First for the victor a gold-bound scarf, twice round it in rows  
Thick Melibœan purple for border meandering goes.  
Here inwoven a prince with his hounds and his arrows is seen  
Chasing the fleet-foot deer amid Ida's forests of green ;  
Eager and breathless seems. There swooping, and talons displayed.  
Jupiter's armour-bearer has borne him aloft from the glade.  
Wildly his aged guards stretch forth vain hands upon high ;  
Furious hounds yell vainly with baying throats to the sky.  
Next to the chief who merits the second honour, he told  
Hauberk woven of polished chain, thrice threaded with gold—  
Spoil that his conquering hands from the slain Demoleos tore  
'Neath high Troy, on the rapidly rolling Simois' shore.  
Heavy and many its folds ; upon straining shoulders to-day  
Hardly can Sagaris even, or Phegeus, bear it away—  
Stalwart slaves ; yet of old its lord in his armour-chain  
Drove Troy's scattering legions in hot flight over the plain.  
Brazen caldrons twain for a third last guerdon he gave ;  
Bowls from the silver wrought, and engraven with tracery brave.

Now all held their prizes and proud were wending their way,  
Purple ribbons adorning their foreheads bound with the bay,  
When from the wild rock painfully rescued, many an oar  
Missing, but one tier left his disabled bark, to the shore

Home amid jeers Sergestus his way inglorious wrought.  
As on the crown of the great highway some snake that is caught,—  
Crushed by a wheel as it crosses, or left in torture to lie  
Mangled and all but slain by the stone of a passer-by,—  
Seeking idly for shelter, it writhes round slowly, in part  
Fierce to the last, eyes blazing with fire, throat lifted to dart  
Hiss upon hiss ;—part, lamed with the wound, still keeps it in vain  
Wreathing its spires, and entwining its knotted coils in its pain ;—  
So with her oarage crippled, the ship makes slowly her way,  
Nevertheless spreads canvas, and glides full sail to the bay.  
Then for the rescued bark, for the sailors saved from the seas,  
Troy's glad chief to Sergestus the promised guerdon decrees ;  
Gives him Pholoe fair for a slave, in her motherly bloom,  
Cretan of race, twin boys at her bosom, and skilled at the loom.

Ship race o'er, Troy's gracious lord to a meadowy space  
Leads them, enclosed all round in a darksome forest's embrace,  
Set in the mountains. An oval of green through the valley extends,  
Like some theatre's ring. With his thousands hither he wends,  
Sits on the rude-built throne, then bids by the herald's call  
Those who list to the race, and arrays their prizes for all.  
Trojans hither repair with Sicilians mixed ; in the van,  
Famed for his beauty, the young Euryalus, budding to man :

Nisus for noble love that he bare to the beautiful boy.  
Next them Diores, a prince of the bright blood royal of Troy.  
Patron and Salius follow in rear, an Acarnan the one,  
One, Tegeæan lineage true, Arcadia's son.  
Then two youths of Sicanian race, Panopes, and the bold  
Helymus, foresters both, of Acestes henchmen enrolled.  
Many besides whose names dim history veils in a cloud.  
Now Æneas on high in the midst of the gathering crowd :  
“ Trojans,” he cries, “ give ear and attend. This festival day  
None of the number around me shall go ungifted away.  
Two bright Gnosian arrows of polished steel he shall bear ;  
Each take with him a hatchet of silver chasing to wear.  
All shall be given this guerdon alike ; three winners receive  
Prizes beyond, and of olive pale their garlands inweave.  
First for the victor a steed, bright trappings on forehead and breast ;  
Next for the second a quiver by Amazon fingers dressed,  
Filled with Thracian arrows ; a blazing baldric of gold  
Girds it about, with a gem for a buckle looping its fold.  
Home with a helmet of Argos shall hie contented the third.”  
Places they take ; at the sound of the signal suddenly heard  
Over the racecourse rapidly pour, from the barriers roll  
Forth as a thunder-shower, their keen eyes marking the goal.  
  
First with a flash, ere others can follow, impetuous springs

Nisus in front, more swift than the wind or the lightning's wings.  
Second Salius speeds, at a distance, far in the rear ;  
Third Euryalus comes, but comes at an interval clear ;  
Helymus follows ; Diore behind, see ! hard on his trace,  
Heel upon heel and shoulder to shoulder presses the chase.  
Over a longer reach had the course now finishing ranged,  
Past he had flown, and a doubtful race to a victory changed.  
Now was the last lap wellnigh gained, spent runners were fast  
Nearing the final goal, when the ill-starred Nisus at last  
Slid on the blood of the steers at the morning sacrifice slain,  
Where it had drenched in a torrent the green expanse of the plain.  
Lo ! in the hour supreme of his triumph, the youth as he trod  
Kept not his foot on the treach'rous soil, but face to the sod  
Fell, in the victims' gore and the ordure meeting with ill ;  
Yet in his fall he forgot not his loved Euryalus still,  
Rose, as Salius came, in the midst of the slippery way ;  
Salius, over him rolled, in the thick sand heavily lay.

So to the front Euryalus flies, and, thanks to his friend,  
Victor, amid loud cheers, loud plaudits, reaches the end ;  
Helymus next him, Diore a third. Now over the great  
Audience lifted, to where Troy's elders in dignity sate,  
Rises the loud-tongued clamour of Salius, claiming his meed,

Robbed of his honours by fraud. For the young Euryalus plead  
Chiefly the people's voice, and his boyish tears and confessed  
Merit that seems most winning when all in loveliness dressed.  
With him Diore's sides, of the grievance loud to complain,  
Who has in vain succeeded, the third prize earned but in vain,  
Should first place in the honours to Salius now be restored.  
Sentence the great Æneas announces : " Each his reward  
Keeps unchanged ; our order of merit none may displace.  
Yet may I pity a friend who has fallen untouched by disgrace."  
Then an enormous hide gives Salius, heavy with hair,  
Loaded with golden claws of an African lion, to wear.  
" If," quoth Nisus, " the vanquished to gifts so lordly attain,  
If thou pity the fallen on this wise, what will remain  
Worthy to offer Nisus, who earned with merit the crown,  
Had not the same chance thrown him that threw thy Salius down ?"  
And as he spake, he discovered his limbs and forehead defiled  
Still with stains of his fall. Æneas graciously smiled,  
Bade them a buckler bring, Didymaon's cunning design,  
Trophy by Danaans hung at the portal of Neptune's shrine ;  
With this glittering honour adorns Troy's glorious child.

After the races are ended, the prizes portioned as due :  
" Breathes there any among ye," proclaims Æneas anew,

“ Valiant and ready of heart, let him enter yonder the lists,  
There in the face of his fellows uplift his gauntleted wrists.”  
Then as he spake he displayed two prizes reserved for the bold :  
First for the victor a bull, with his horns all ribbons and gold ;  
Helmet bright and a sword for the vanquished, to solace defeat.  
Swiftly the summons is answered. In giant force to his feet  
Leapt great Dares—around him the murmured hum of the crowd—  
Dares accustomed of old to encounter Paris the proud ;  
Who, at the tomb where Hector illustrious rests with the slain,  
Stretched vast Butes in death on the yellow sand of the plain,  
Son of Bebrycian sires and elate with his champion bays.  
Now once more to the battle the Dares of ancient days  
Lifts his towering crest, lays broadening shoulders bare,  
Lunges with arms alternate, and showers his blows on the air.  
Where is another to match him ? From all yon myriad bands  
Who dares challenge him now ? Who gloves in defiance his hands ?  
Deeming in bright ambition that all men yield him the day,  
Grasping the horns of the bull impatiently, yonder he stands.  
“ Son of a goddess,” he thunders, “ if none dare join in the fray,  
Am I for ever to wait ? How long is it seemly,” he cries,  
“ Here to detain me ? Command me to go my way with the prize.”  
Thundering cheers ring forth from the Trojans ; in common accord  
All men cry for the brave to be given his promised reward.

Gravely Acestes turns to rebuke Entellus, who sate  
Near on a meadow bank : “ Entellus, once in thy day  
Bravest in vain of the brave, wilt suffer a prize so great  
Tamely without one blow to be borne by another away ?  
Where is thine Eryx now, that master and god thy tongue  
Idly proclaims ; thy glory that over Sicily rung ?—  
All thy trophies hanging around thy halls in array ?

“ Love of renown and ambition,” he answers, “ neither is fled ;  
Fear has extinguished neither, but lingering age makes dead  
This chill blood, and my outworn strength grows icy and cold.  
Had I what once was mine, what makes you blusterer bold  
Vain of his powers, were only my manhood still in its youth,  
Guerdon none were needed, nor bullock goodly in sooth,  
Hither to draw me. Of gifts I reckon but lightly.” He cast  
Into the midst, as he spake, two ponderous gauntlets vast,  
Wherewith fiery Eryx was used in the battle to stand,  
Showering blow upon blow from his mighty and gauntleted hand.  
Men stood silent and awed at the seven huge hides of the dread  
Oxen, inbound and stiffened with masses of iron and lead.  
Dares himself is appalled, and declines them, standing apart.  
Even the heroic son of Anchises balances long,  
Hither and thither turning, the measureless folds of thong.

Slowly the old man spake with a breath deep drawn from his heart :  
“ Ah ! had ye looked on the gauntlets of Hercules, gazed on the god  
Armed, seen yonder on these sad shores that battle of blood !  
Eryx of old thy brother was harnessed thus for the fray ;  
Still with brains and with gore thou seest they are dabbled to-day.  
Gloved in these he confronted the great Alcides ; to these  
I was accustomed in days when a blood less prone to repose  
Succoured still my veins, nor was envious age by degrees  
Over my forehead sprinkling as yet her whitening snows.  
Still, if Dares the Trojan mislikes these weapons of mine,  
Great Æneas desires, my master Acestes approves,  
I, that the battle be equal, the Eryx gauntlets resign.  
Thou be afraid no longer, and doff Troy’s champion gloves.”  
Lightly he flung from his shoulder his folded mantle away,  
Bared his enormous thews, vast bones, huge arms, to the day,  
Then stood forth as a giant, and towered supreme on the sands.  
Gauntlets of even weight Troy’s lord brings forth for the fray ;  
Cases in equal armour the rival champion hands.

Each upon tiptoe stood, rose suddenly there to his height,  
Lifting on high with undaunted heart both arms to the light,  
Heads draw loftily back from the reach of the enemy’s stroke ;  
Hands in skirmish with hands play quickly, the battle provoke.



Dares the nimbler-footed, in manhood's confident ease ;  
Huge Entellus of limb and of weight,—but his tardier knees  
Totter, and troubled breath convulses his towering frame.  
Wound upon wound unavailing the rival warriors aim,  
Blows on their hollow flanks rain thickly, the great thuds sound  
Back from the breasts ; hands wander, their ears, their temples, around.  
Cheekbones rattle. Astrain, but in posture ever the same,  
Firm Entellus stands, and eludes each volley that flies  
Only with bending body and ever vigilant eyes.  
Dares, like a commander who storms from his earth-made mound  
Some tall town, or besieges a mountain fort with his train,  
Every entrance tries, reconnoitres wisely the ground,  
Often essays the assault, but essays it ever in vain.  
Now Entellus his right hand showed as he rose to the blow,  
Showed for a moment, and struck, but his rapid enemy's eye  
Saw it already descending, and, ere it lighted below,  
Dares darted aside, and it passed him harmlessly by.  
Huge Entellus his strength on the vain wind wasted, and prone  
Earthwards heavily thundered by no man's stroke but his own.  
So upon high Erymanthus, or Ida's mountain incline,  
Hollow with age, comes crashing, at last uprooted, the pine.

Trojans rise to behold, and the brave Trinaerians rise ;

All with conflicting passions fired ;—shouts roll to the skies.  
First on the field of disaster the royal Acestes appears,  
Lifts from the earth with pity his comrade equal in years.  
Undismayed, unabated, the hero now to the fight  
Keener than ever returns ; wild anger rouses his might :  
Honour inspires him, and sense of a valour yet unrevealed.  
Furiously Dares he chases in hot flight over the field ;  
Now with his right hand leads, with his left hand now, the attack,  
Ceaseless, unresting ever. As hailstorms smiting the stack  
Rattle on turret and roof, so rains Entellus his blow—  
Plies both hands, drives hither and thither the buffeted foe.  
Further the wise Æneas permits not fury to rage,  
Leaves not fierce Entellus insatiate battle to wage,  
Orders a truce forthwith, leads shattered Dares away  
Far from the battle, and gently consoles him thus : by the way :  
“ Ill-starred brave ! What madness, alas, thy wit has estranged ?  
Seest thou not thy strength is surpassed, Heaven’s pleasure is changed ?  
Yield to the Gods.” And an end thereon of the duel decrees.  
Home to the vessels his faithful friends lead Dares, his knees  
Tottering, and shaken :—his head sways feebly, a crimsoning flood  
Spurts from his lips in a torrent, and teeth spurt forth with the blood.  
Back to the ships he is led ; his companions, summoned, receive  
Helmet and sword ; to Entellus the bull and the victory leave.

Now o'erjoyed with his triumph, the victor, proud of his prize :

"Learn, thou son of the Goddess, and ye, O Trojans," he cries,

"What was the youthful strength of the old Entellus, and say

From what death ye recover your rescued Dares to-day."

Firmly he planted his feet, as he spake, confronting the bull

Where as the prize it stood, and, his right hand lifting amain,

Swinging the stroke and arising, delivered the gauntlet full

'Twixt both horns, drove home to the bones, and shattered the brain.

Thundering down upon earth with a shudder the bull drops dead.

Loudly the hero shouts: "I remit thee in Dares' stead,

Eryx, a nobler victim; his debt thy warrior pays;

Victor, his art he abandons, and here thy gauntlet he lays."

Thence Æneas invites all comers to feats of the bow;

Places the prizes in view; with his own strong hand from below

Lifts from the ship of Serestus a mast. On its summit in air

Hangs, as a mark for the archers, a dove made fast in a snare.

Yonder the concourse gathers. The lots in a helmet are flung;

First from the brass amid shouts thy name, Hippocoon, sprung;

Mnestheus second—in race of the vessels victor but now—

Still with the garland green of an olive bound on his brow;

Third Eurytion; brother of thine, bright archer of Troy,

Pandarus, chosen of old by a goddess the truce to destroy,  
First upon Danaan ranks that day thine arrow to cast.  
Buried deep in the helmet Acestes lay to the last,  
Ready to vie with the youths, though a veteran. Each one strings  
Cord to the bow, from the quiver himself the artillery brings.  
First from the twanging thong Hippocoon's arrow impelled  
Cleaves as a lash the divided skies, then strikes and is held  
Fast in the timber; the stricken mast-tree shakes, and the bird  
Flutters with fear: all round them her pinions flapping are heard.  
Next keen Mnestheus placed him, his bowstring drawn to the breast,  
Levelled his eye and his weapon, his keen glance upward addressed:  
Failed in an evil hour to the dove herself to attain,  
Broke with his shaft but her fetters, the hempen cords of the chain,  
Where by her captive feet from the masthead lofty she hung.  
Into the breezes she flew, to the dark clouds rapidly sprung.  
Now with his bow to the bolt-head drawn and his arrow displayed,  
Swift as a thought to his brother a prayer Eurytion prayed;  
Eyed her in clear sky sailing, with joy escaping the dart,  
Under a dark cloud flapping her wings—then pierced to her heart.  
Breathless she fell, amid heaven's bright stars left life, and restored  
Home, as she downwards floated, the fatal bolt to its lord.

Only Acestes now was remaining, hope of a prize

Gone, yet his arrow he still sent forth to the heavenly skies,  
Proudly displaying an old man's art and his resonant bow.  
Sudden a sign was revealed them, as later chronicles show,  
Full of an awful omen ; a great woe pointed the tale ;  
Prophets of doom long after proclaimed its meaning of bale.  
Lo ! as it rose through cloudlets of glory, the reed took fire,  
Printing in flames its flight, then, vanishing, seemed to expire  
Lost on the viewless winds, as the stars unfixed from the sky  
Shoot full often across it, and bright hair trails as they fly.  
Awed the Sicilians stood at the sign, and the warriors of Troy,  
Praying the Gods immortal ; the great Æneas with joy  
Hails it as omen fair, then folds in a loving embrace  
Happy Acestes, and loads him with gifts excelling in grace.  
"Take them," he cries, "O father, for by this marvellous sign  
Heaven's high monarch decrees that especial honours be thine.  
Take what once was bestowed on Anchises aged and grey—  
This great bowl, all graven with figures, which in his day  
Thracian Cisseus gave him, a royal gift and a sure,  
Token and pledge of the love that he bare him, long to endure."  
Then he encircled his brows with the bay-tree green, and addressed  
Royal Acestes as victor beyond all others confessed.  
Nought Eurytion gentle of him who is chosen complains,  
Though 'twas his own good arrow the dove from the skies that had cast.

Second in order of honour the brave who sundered her chains.

He who spitted the pole with his feathered reed is the last.

Now Æneas the father, or ever the festival ends,

Summons Epytides, comrade and guardian true, who attends

Youthful Iulus, and speaks in his faithful ear the command :

“Hasten to Ascan the prince ; if his boyish cavalry band

Ready he hold, with his steeds for the pageant ranged at his side,

Bid him parade his troop in his grandsire’s honour, and ride

Forth in his armour.” Himself the invading throng he ordains

All to depart from the course, and to clear free space on the plains.

In Troy’s children march, and before their sires in a line

Mounted on well-reined horses, a glittering company, shine.

Murmured applause breaks forth from the allied hosts, as they go ;

Hair bound down, as the wont is, with leaflets stripped from the bough.

Lances of cornel tipped with steel each carries in rest,

Some on the shoulder a quiver smooth. High set on the breast

Round each throat runs twisted a flexible golden chain.

Companies three,—three chiefs in command,—prick over the plain

Twice six glorious children behind each leader arrayed—

Equal divisions, a captain for each,—in splendour parade.

One young squadron is led by a youthful Priam in glee,—

Named from his grandsire’s name, and begotten, Politics, of thee.

Troy's illustrious son, ere long to be Italy's pride,—  
Borne on a Thracian courser with white all dappled and pied ;  
White on his pasterns, white on his forehead shines as a star.  
Next rides Atys, from whom our Latin Atians are,  
Atys, tender of years, and beloved of Iulus the boy.  
Last, but before all others in beauty, Iulus of Troy,  
Set on a Sidon steed which Dido lovely of yore  
Gave him as token and pledge of a love to endure evermore.  
Mounted on Sicily's chargers the rest, and by Sicily's king  
Horsed for the pageant. A cheer from the gathered Teucrian ring  
Breaks as the shy band enters. The scene with pleasure they view,  
Find in the looks of the children the fathers' faces anew.

After the joyous riders have made their round of the throng  
Under the eyes of the sires, Troy's herald, standing apart,  
Shouts the expected signal, and lashes his thundering throng.  
Every company gallops asunder, the three troops part  
Into retiring halves ;—at a sign each, suddenly, lo !  
Wheels to the front, and, with weapons couched, bears down on the foe.  
Now once more they retire—once more with the lance they meet—  
Turn and return their paces—the field to the enemy bar—  
Circles alternate weave upon circles still incomplete,—  
Waking with battle armour the shadowy image of war.

Backs now bare in retreat—now point their steel to the breast—  
Now plight truce and together are pacing, lances in rest.  
Even as the fabled road in the Labyrinth olden of Crete  
Ran through sunless walls and a thousand paths of deceit,  
Till all tracks for retracing the journey failed in a maze  
Whence none came that had entered, for none found clue to its ways ;  
So with inwoven paces the Trojan chivalry bright  
Ride, and in sportive tangle involve gay battle and flight ;  
Like some dolphin shoal, that afloat on the watery plain  
Cleaves Carpathia's billows and distant Libya's main.

This fair fashion of handling the steed, these trials of skill,  
Ascan revived when he circled with ramparts Alba the Long ;  
Taught old Latium's fathers to keep this festival still,  
As he had kept it himself, and his Trojan chivalry young.  
Alba her people tutored ; from these, imperial Rome  
Held the tradition, preserving the rites ancestral of home.  
Troy are the children called ; Troy's squadron the bright cavalcade.  
Thus far funeral games in a father's honour were played.

Fortune here grew fickle, to each fair promise untrue.  
While at the tomb they pay him the funeral honours as due,



Lo ! to the Ilian vessels Saturnian Juno sent  
Forth from the skies bright Iris, and breathed fair winds as she went.  
Deep her mighty designs, and her ancient wrath unallayed.  
So on a rainbow formed of a thousand colours, the maid,  
Viewless to mortal eyes, ran down heaven's slope in the breeze.  
Over the vast assembly her glances wander ; she sees  
Shores and deserted harbours ; the vessels lying unmanned :  
While withdrawn from the rest, Troy's dames on a desolate strand  
Wept for the lost Anchises, and, as they wept him, the band  
Gazed on the deep great sea. " Still many a water, alas !  
Many a billowy reach for a toil-worn people to pass ! "  
One cry fills each bosom, on each lip rises the prayer :  
" O for a city ! The toils of the wave are weary to bear ! "

Straight to the heart of the throng as a spirit of evil she flew,  
Laid her immortal raiment by and her heavenly face,  
Beroe, aged wife of the Thracian Doryclus, grew,  
Mother of children once, with a name and a glorious race.  
Thus in the midst of the Trojan dames stood Iris to view.  
" Ah ! sad sisters," she cries, " why might not a Danaan foe  
Trail us to die beneath Ilion's walls ? Ah ! people of woe,  
What fierce ruin awaits thee at Fortune's merciless hands ?  
Seven long summers already are closing, since in the war

Ilion fell, and we wander, alas ! o'er waters and lands.  
Wild sea-rocks we encounter, and measure many a star,  
Seeking on ocean's wastes for an Italy, which as we come  
Vanishes ever, and always tossed on the tumbling foam.  
Here are the brotherly kingdoms of Eryx, Æestes' halls ;  
May we not here plant homes, give here to a nation her walls ?  
Land of my fathers ! Penates from foemen rescued in vain !  
Shall Troy call by her name no citadel ever again ?  
May it not ever be mine on a Hector's rivers to look,  
Gaze on another Xanthus, another Simois brook ?  
Come, let us harry with fire the accursed ships. As I dreamed,  
Lo ! in a vision the shade of the seer Cassandra, meseemed,  
Gave me the lighted torches : " The Troy ye are seeking is here ;  
Here," she exclaimed, " your home." 'Tis the hour already to strike.  
Portents of heaven brook little delay. Four altars are near  
Kindled to Neptune. Torch and will God gives us alike."

Leading the way as she spake, she uplifted a terrible brand,  
Swung it around and above her, with main might heaving her hand,  
Wheeled it in flames and flung it. The hearts of the women of Troy  
Throbb'd as they saw, spell-bound they stand with a furious joy.  
One thereon of the number, a soul well stricken in years,  
Pyrgo, nurse of the children of Priam, cries to her peers :

“ Mothers of Troy ! no Beroë this, no consort of thine—  
Doryclus—here ; mark well yon tokens of beauty divine :  
Note those burning glances ; the breath that around her is shed ;  
Heavenly look, and immortal tones, and a goddess’s tread.  
’Tis but an hour since yonder I left, myself, as I came,  
Beroë sick and repining, because, disconsolate dame,  
She of her sisters alone must lay no gift on the grave,  
Nought to Anchises bring of the honours due to the brave.”

Doubtful at first Troy’s matrons. With evil eyes they survey  
Ilion’s ships, each wavering spirit balanced between  
Craven desire of the land, and a realm that calls them away ;  
When, on her pinions soaring, celestial Iris was seen  
Cleaving in rainbow-light an enormous arc to the clouds.  
Scared by the portent now, in bewildered frenzy, the crowds  
Shout in accord ; pluck faggot and firetorch forth from the fire ;  
Strip each altar, and fling boughs, branches, and brands, from the shrine,  
Piled in disorder. The God of the flames gives reins to his ire ;  
Riots on bench, and on oar, and on rosined timbers of pine.

Swift to the funeral tomb, and the people ranged for the show,  
News of the fleet upon fire Æmélus carries, and, lo !  
Yonder behind them the cinders in dark clouds floating they see.

Forth Ascanius bounds to the front; as he lately in glee  
Led his battalion, so to the camp in danger his horse  
Hotly he spurs, and his panting guards check vainly his course.  
“What strange madness,” he thunders, “and what wild thing do ye seek,  
Ill-starred dames? No enemy this, no tents of the Greek  
These that ye burn. Your own bright hopes in the fire ye destroy.  
Lo, it is I, ’tis the Ascan ye know!” And his helmet the boy  
Flung dislodged from his temples before their feet as he spake—  
Helmet employed so lately in sport, war’s image to wake.  
Soon Æneas in haste draws near with the Teucrian host.  
Troy’s dames, hither and thither in panic over the coast  
Scattering, steal to the forests and deep cave hollows away;  
Loathing the deed that is done, and abhorring the light of the day.  
Sobered, they know their friends, and the Juno madness is spent.  
Not that unvanquished flames so soon their fury relent,—  
Under the wetted timbers the tow still smoulders and glows,  
Vomiting thick pent smoke; heat, gathering strength as it goes,  
Feeds on the keels; fierce fire spreads downward and ranges below;  
Neither can stalwart hero, nor waters, master the foe.

Then from his shoulders his raiment the chieftain rending in prayer  
Calls on the Gods for succour; uplifts clasped hands to the air:  
“Jove Almighty! if yet one Trojan remain of the race

Whom thine hatred assails not, if still thy pitying face  
Looks upon human sorrows, preserve our vessels from fire ;  
Save Troy's feeble nation from perishing, Heavenly Sire !  
Else, if death we deserve, with thine awful thunders to death  
Hurl this remnant weak, and thyself o'erwhelm us," he saith.  
Scarcely has the prayer been breathed, when a tempest dark as the night  
Breaks in a streaming shower. Earth trembles on plain and on height,  
Shaken with thunder. From uttermost heaven fall rivers of rain,  
Murky, and black with storms from the southward sweeping in train.  
Every vessel is drowned in the downpour ; timbers in part  
Charred and consumed by the fire at length are soaked to the heart.  
Soon all fiery vapour is quenched, and the vessels of Troy—  
Four of the number missing—are saved from flames that destroy.

Then Æneās the sire, by his cruel sorrow distraught,  
Hither and thither wavers, and turns his bewildered thought ;  
Mighty the load of his cares. Shall he rest upon Sicily's plain,  
Heedless of destiny's voice, or for Italy voyage amain ?  
Age-worn Nautes then, whom Pallas had chosen of yore  
Wisdom to learn, and attain to immortal praise by her lore—  
Hers is the voice that inspires him to read what the Heavens' great ire  
Ever portends, or the order stern of the Fates may require—  
Thus consoles Troy's hero : " Be ours with joy to repair

Whithersoever the flow and the ebb of the destinies bear ;  
Fortune is ever conquered by man's endurance alone.  
Thine is Acestes the Trojan, of seed celestial sown ;  
Take him to share thy counsel, his willing fellowship claim.  
Leave in his keeping all whose ships have perished in flame ;  
Those who tire of adventure and thy great destiny ; sires  
Stricken in years, and the dame who rest from the waters desires.  
Choose such souls as are weak, or as fear to encounter the foam ;  
Here upon these kind shores let the wearied build them a home.  
Gentle Acestes permits them to give their city his name."

Now at the last, Æneas, his bosom kindled to flame,  
Knows no bounds to the troubles that rend him. Gloomiest night,  
Upwards borne in her car, was ascending the heavenly height,  
When from the dark sky gliding, the shade of Anchises appears  
Sudden before him, and language immortal streams on his ears :

"Dearer than dear life's self, ere yet life's journey was done,—  
Schooled in the story of Troy's great destinies ! Son, sweet son !  
Hither at Jove's own bidding I come, whose tempest has driven  
Fire from the ships, whose mercy at length looks down from the heaven.  
Follow the noble counsel of Nautes, stricken in years.  
Take but the flower of the youth—stout hearts untroubled by fears—

With thee to Italy. Stern is the nation and cruelly bred  
Waits to be vanquished on Latium's plains. Yet first to the Dead,  
Down to the palace of Death, and the gloomy Avernian mere,  
Journey to seek thy sire. For I am not in Tartarus drear  
Held, O son, among spirits that sorrow. Societies sweet,  
Haunts of the just, I frequent, and Elysium. Hither the chaste  
Sibyl for many a dark steer slain will pilot thy feet.  
Here thy race shall be told thee, and where thy walls shall be placed.  
Now, farewell; dank Night on her journey wheels, and the bleak  
Orient dawn with his panting steeds blows chill on my cheek."

Then to the viewless breezes, as smoke, he departed apace.  
"Whither away?" Æneas replies; "why hurrying so?  
Whom dost dread? Who bids thee avoid my loving embrace?"  
Fanning the<sup>e</sup>embers next and the smouldering fires to a glow,  
Pergama's gods, hoar Vesta's shrine, he adores, and with prayer  
Offers the cake on the altar, the censer swings on the air.

Comrades swiftly he summons, Acestes first. To his band  
Tells high Jove's great will, and his own loved father's command,  
Speaks of resolve now taken, of purpose fixed in his breast.  
Counsel is prompt. And Acestes declines not now the behest.  
Matrons of Troy on the list are enrolled. To the shore he conveys

Willing crowds, who know not the thirst of immortal praise.  
Those on the ships frame benches anew ; in the vessels restore  
Timbers the flames have burned ; fit cable ; and fashion the oar.  
Thinned their number, alas ! but with martial fire in their veins !  
Walls Æneas himself with the ploughshare marks on the plains ;  
Portions the sites by lot. Here Ilium names, and a Troy  
Yonder. The Trojan Acestes beholds his kingdom with joy ;  
Fixes the market ; laws with assembled Senate bestows.  
Touching the stars on the summit of Eryx a temple grows,  
Raised to Idalian Venus—a sacred grove in its gloom  
Spreading afar, and a priest, are given to Anchises' tomb !

Nine days now Troy's people had banqueted, offerings dressed  
Round each altar ; and now soft airs lay ocean to rest,  
Whispering south winds gather, and once more woo to the deep.  
Over the bay sounds terrible wailing of women that weep.  
Spent in embraces, slowly the days and the sad nights go.  
Mothers, and fainting hearts, who deemed so cruel of late  
Ocean's face, and the ocean's name so worthy of hate,  
Long to depart, and to suffer the toils that wanderers know.  
Kind Æneas with gentle address their sorrowing cheers,  
Gives to the charge of Acestes of Troy Troy's people, with tears ;  
Bids them to Eryx slay three calves, to the Tempests in turn



One ewe lamb, then duly the cables loose from the stern.  
Binding his forehead with leaves of an olive stripped of its green,  
High in the bows, uplifting the bowl himself he is seen,  
Flinging the entrails, pouring the sparkling wine to the deep.  
Rising behind them a fair wind follows ; the mariners keen  
Labour the billows together, and over the blue sea sweep.

Now, with many a trouble her soul celestial rent,  
Venus to Neptune flies, pours forth from her heart the lament :  
“ Juno’s terrible anger and still unslumbering hate  
Drive me in lowliest prayer, O king, my pride to abate.  
Long years have not appeased her, nor pious service ; she knows  
Neither at Jove’s high will, nor at destiny’s bidding, repose.  
Nought it suffices her yet to have plucked with fury of hell  
Troy from Phrygia’s heart, to have trailed her through every woe—  
Troy’s last relics, the ashes, the bones, of her victim, her fell  
Wrath still follows. The cause, be it hers, hers only, to know !  
Thou thyself hast witnessed of late on the Libyan main  
What sea mountains she raised ; skies, waters, commingling in one  
Wild confusion ; to tempests of Æolus trusting in vain ;  
Yea, though in thine own kingdom the deed of daring was done.  
Lo ! at the last to infernal crime she has led Troy’s dames,

Burned in her shameless cunning the fleet, and, his vessels in flames,  
Driven Troy's chief to abandon his crews on an alien shore.  
May their remnant safely across thy watery floor  
Sail, I entreat thee, and soon Laurentian Tiber find,  
If I but ask Jove's promise, if Fate their home have assigned ! ”

Answered the great sea's lord, the Saturnian, king of the brine :  
“ Thou dost well, Cytherea, to trust these kingdoms of mine,  
Whence thy birth. Right loyal has been my service ; for thee  
Oft I allayed great anger, the rage of the skies and the sea.  
Nor upon land, as the Xanthus and Simois know, did I fail  
Thine Æneas to shield. When Achilles, scouring the plain,  
Hurled upon Troy's own walls her battalions breathless and pale,  
Gave to the tomb whole legions,—when rivers choked with the slain  
Groaned, and the Xanthus found no channel to roll to the main,—  
Then, as thy loved Æneas against Pelides in fight  
Stood to the front, less favoured of Heaven, and unequal in might,  
I in a dark cloud wrapped him, albeit I burned to destroy—  
Yea ! though mine own hands raised her—the perjured city of Troy.  
Still my purpose abides unchanged. Thy terrors allay ;  
Safe he shall enter, as thine heart seeks, the Avernian bay.  
One son only of Troy in the watery flood shall be lost,  
One life only among them of many a life be the cost.”

When he had gladdened the soul of the grieving goddess, the Sire  
Yoked to his golden yoke his coursers wild with desire ;  
Bridled with foaming bits their jaws, loosed every rein,  
Sailed in his chariot light on the dark-blue watery plain.  
Billows subside, each wave, as his thundering wheels roll past,  
Heaves no longer ; the storm-clouds fly from the firmament vast.  
Myriad shapes come forth, great whales in his train are arrayed,  
Glaucus's age-worn choir, and Palæmon, whom Ino bare.  
Tritons swift on the deep with the hosts of Phorcus parade ;  
Thetis and Melite here ; Panopea the ocean maid,  
Cymodoce and Thalia, Nesæe, and Spio there.

Over the heart of the gentle chief joy banishing fear  
Steals in its turn ; and swiftly he bids his mariners rear  
Every mast, stretch every sail on the sail-yards wide.  
All, in accord and together, the ropes make fast to the side ;  
Now on the right hand, now on the left, they loosen the sheet,  
Vary the points of the sail. Fair winds waft onward the fleet.  
Foremost rides Palinurus ; in front of the squadron he speeds ;  
Others behind him are bidden to steer their course as he leads.  
Near to the slope of the furthest heavens, night dank with the dew  
Reached already, in peaceful slumber the limbs of the crew  
Gently reposed, each laid on the rude oak bench by his oar ;

When Sleep, lightly descending from heaven's star-glistening floor,  
Parted the darksome air, and dispelled night's shadows, in quest,  
Brave Palinurus, of thee. Dire dreams for thine innocent breast  
Bore the immortal god, as he sate on the poop of the ship,  
Phorbas in outward shape, these words on his heavenly lip :

“ Iasus-born Palinurus, the sea takes onward the fleet ;  
Airs breathe evenly ; lo ! 'tis an hour when slumber were sweet.  
Rest those brows, let wearied eyes play truant to toil ;  
I for a little will ply thy task and be pilot awhile.”  
Hardly uplifting his glance, Palinurus answered and spake  
“ Is it the old Palinurus thy lips bid thus to mistake  
Look of a tranquil water, of billows seeming to sleep ?  
Me, Palinurus, to rest on the faith of the monster deep ?  
What, trust Troy's Æneas to breezes treacherous, I,  
Duped so oft by the treason of clear and unclouded sky ? ”

Even as he spake, to the tiller he still clung closely, his hand  
Never relaxing, the stars with his eye still steadily scanned.  
Lo ! the immortal god waves over his temples a spray  
Steeped in a Stygian charm and in Lethe's dew by the way,  
Closes, despite his endeavours, the mariner's swimming eyes.  
Soon as his limbs were slack'ning in slumber's early surprise

Stooping, he hurled him below to the shining seas, in his fall  
Trailing shattered planks from the stern and the rudder withal,  
Headlong driven, and invoking his comrades vainly and oft.  
Then to the viewless breezes the god sailed lightly aloft.

Not less safely and swiftly the fleet rides over the wave,  
Travels bold and secure in the promise that Neptune gave.  
Nearly at last to the cliffs of the Sirens now it was blown,  
Dangerous once, still whitened with many a mariner's bone.  
Hollow with thunder of surge everlasting the great rocks sound.  
Then, perceiving the roll of his vessel, her helmsman drowned,  
Troy's chief helmed her himself through the midnight waves and the gloom,  
Groaning aloud, sore stricken with grief for his follower's doom  
“ Ah ! too readily trusting to calm of waters and sky,  
Thine upon sands unknown, Palinurus, naked to lie ! ”

## ARGUMENT

Æneas, reaching at last the promised shores of Italy, lands at Cumæ, and seeks the cavern of the Cumæan Sibyl ; the description of which dimly reminds the reader of the oracle at Delphi. Armed with the talisman of a golden bough, and under the guidance of the Sibyl, Æneas descends into the regions of the dead in search of his sire Anchises.

Here his journeyings culminate, and the interest deepens. He traverses in Charon's boat the Stygian lake ; enters the ghostly world ; and sees in the myrtle groves, haunted by those who have died for unhappy love, the spirit of indignant Dido. As he proceeds further, he hears the shrieks of the guilty who are suffering torment in Hell, and learns their various fates : till, after having offered the golden bough at the gate of Proserpine, he passes at last to the Elysian fields of the blest—where among a crowd of shadows he discerns Anchises.

Then begins the noblest passage in Latin literature. It is the fate of purified human spirits, after thousands of years of purgation, again to be sent to another life on earth ; and Anchises is watching, as he stands, a train of future heroes who are destined to make Rome's name glorious to all time. He explains to his son Æneas the great religious mystery of the souls waiting for a second life ; and runs through the splendid roll of Rome's coming kings and warriors, whose projected shadows Æneas sees before him. Finally, at the close—after Cæsar the great, Pompey, and Augustus himself—Æneas observes the gracious form of a youthful prince, walking by the side of one of the famous Marcelli. It is "THE YOUNG MARCELLUS," son of Marcellus and Octavia (sister to Augustus) and adopted by Augustus as his own heir. The boy on whom so much hope had been fixed was doomed to die on the very verge of manhood ; and the sixth Æneid receives additional interest from the fact that it was read aloud shortly after his death by Virgil at the Imperial Court in the presence of Augustus and of the unhappy mother. When the poet came to the well-known passage "*Tu Marcellus eris*," Octavia swooned, and was carried unconscious out. A bust believed to represent the young Marcellus exists in the Museum at Arles, of which Mr. Alfred Morrison of Fonthill has kindly procured me a photograph that will be found reproduced in the frontispiece.

## BOOK VI.

Weeping he spake, then gave to his flying vessels the rein,  
Gliding at last on the wind to Eubœan Cumæ's plain.  
Seaward the bows are pointed, an anchor's hook to the land  
Fastens the ships, and the sterns in a long line border the strand.  
Troy's young warriors leap with exultant hearts from the bark  
Forth upon Italy's soil. Some look for the fiery spark  
Hid in the secret veins of the flint ; some scour the profound  
Forest, and wild beasts' cover, and show where waters abound.  
While the devout Æneas a temple seeks on the height,  
Phœbus's mountain throne, and a cavern vast as the night,  
Where in mysterious darkness the terrible Sibyl lies,  
Maiden upon whose spirit the Delian seer of the skies  
Breathes his immortal thought, and the knowledge of doom untold.  
Soon they arrive at Diana's grove and her palace of gold.

Flying, as legends tell, from the thralldom of Minos the king,  
Dædalus, trusting the heavens, set forth on adventurous wing,  
Sailed for the ice-bound north by a way unimagined and strange ;

Airily poising at last upon this Chalcidian range,  
Here first touching the land, to Apollo hallowed his light  
Oarage of wings ; and a temple colossal built on the site.  
Graved on the doors is the death of Androgeos ; yonder in turn  
Attica's land, condemned each year in atonement to yield  
Seven of her children ; the lots are drawn, still standing the urn ;  
Rising from midmost ocean, to match them, Crete is revealed.  
Here is the gloomy romance of the bull, Pasiphae's blind  
Passion ; and twiformed Minotaur, two bodies combined,  
Record of lawless love ; there, marvellous labour, were shaped  
Palace and winding mazes, from whence no feet had escaped,  
Had not Dædalus pitied the lorn princess and her love,  
And of himself unentangled the woven trick of the grove,  
Guiding her saviour's steps with a thread. Thee, too, he had wrought,  
Icarus, into the picture, had grief not baffled the thought.  
Twice he essayed upon gold to engrave thine agony, twice  
Faltered the hands of the father, and fell. Each noble device  
Long their eyes had perused, but Achates now is in sight ;  
With him the priestess comes, dread servant of Phœbus and Night,  
Daughter of Glaucus the seer. To the Trojan monarch she cries :  
“ 'Tis not an hour, Æneas, for feasting yonder thine eyes.  
Better to slaughter from herds unyoked seven oxen and seven  
Ewes of the yester year, as a choice oblation to Heaven.”



Then, as the ministers hasten the rites ordained to prepare,  
Into the depth of the temple she bids Troy's children repair.

There is a cavern hewn in the mountain's enormous side,  
Reached by a hundred gates, and a hundred passages wide.  
Thence roll voices a hundred, the seer's revelations divine.  
When by the doors they stood : " 'Tis the hour to inquire of the shrine,  
Cried the illumined maiden : " The God ! lo, here is the God ! " "  
Even as she spake, while still on the threshold only she trod,  
Sudden her countenance altered, her cheek grew pale as in death,  
Loose and disordered her fair hair flew, heart panted for breath,  
Bosom with madness heaved. More lofty than woman's her frame,  
More than mortal her voice, as the presence of Deity came  
Nearer upon her. " And art thou slow to petition the shrine,  
Troy's Æneas a laggard at prayer ?—nought else will incline  
This charmed temple," she cries, " its colossal doors to unclose."  
Then stands silent. The veteran bones of the Teucrians froze,  
Chilled with terror, and prayer from the heart of the monarch arose :  
" Phœbus ! compassionate ever to Troy in the hour of her woe,  
Who against haughty Achilles of old didst prosper the bow  
Bent by the Dardan Paris, beneath thine auspices led  
Many a sea I have travelled around great continents spread,  
Far as Massylian tribes and the quicksands lining their plain.

Italy's vanishing regions, behold, thy people attain !  
Here may the evil fate of the Trojans leave us at last !  
Spare, for 'tis mercy's hour, this remnant of Pergama's race,  
Gods and goddesses all, whose jealous eyes in the past  
Looked upon Ilion's glories ! From thee I implore one grace,  
Prophet of Heaven, dark seer of the future. Grant us the debt,  
Long by the destinies owed us—a kingdom promised of yore—  
Foot upon Latium's borders at length may Teucrians set,  
Bearing their household gods by the tempests tossed evermore !  
I, their votary grateful, in Phœbus' and Trivia's praise  
Hewn from the solid marble a glorious fane will raise,  
Call by Apollo's name his festival. Also for thee  
Shall in our future kingdom a shrine imperial be.  
There shall thine own dark sayings, the mystic fates of our line,  
Gracious seer, be installed, and a priesthood chosen be thine.  
Only entrust not to leaves thy prophecy, maiden divine,  
Lest in disorder, the light winds' sport, they be driven on the air ;  
Chant thyself the prediction." His lips here ended from prayer.

Still untamed of Apollo, to stature terrible grown,  
Raves the prophetic maid in her cavern, fain to dethrone  
This great God who inspires her—the more with bit doth he school  
Fiery mouth and rebellious bosom and mould her to rule.

Wide on a sudden the hundred enormous mouths of her lair  
Fly, of themselves unclosing, and answer floats on the air :  
“Thou who hast ended at last with the dangers dread of the sea,  
Greater on land still wait thee. Lavinium’s kingdom afar  
Teucris’s children shall find—of that ancient terror be free—  
Yet shall repent to have found it. I see grim visions of war,  
Tiber foaming with blood. Once more shall a Simois flow,  
Xanthus be there once more, and the tents of a Dorian foe.  
Yonder in Latium rises a second Achilles, and born,  
Even as the first, of a goddess ; and neither at night nor at morn  
Ever shall Juno leave thee, the Trojans’ enemy sworn,  
While thou pleadest for succour, besieging in misery sore  
Each far people and city around Ausonia’s shore !  
So shall a bride from the stranger again thy nation destroy,  
Once more foreign espousals a great woe bring upon Troy.  
Yield not thou to disasters, confront them boldly, and more  
Boldly—as fortune suffers—and first from a town of the Greek,  
Marvel to say, shall be shown thee the way salvation to seek.”

So from her awful shrine the Cumæan Sibyl intones  
Fate’s revelation dread, till the cavern echoes her groans,  
Robing her truths in gloom. So shakes, as she fumes in unrest,  
Phœbus his bridle reins, while plunging the spur in her breast.

After her madness ceased and her lips of frenzy were still,  
Thus Æneas replied : " No vision, lady, of ill  
Comes unimagined now to the exile here at thy door ;  
Each has he counted and traversed already in spirit before.  
One sole grace I entreat—since these be the gates, it is said,  
Sacred to Death and the twilight lake by the Acheron fed—  
Leave to revisit the face of the sire I have loved so well ;  
Teach me the way thyself, and unlock yon portals of hell.  
This was the sire I bore on my shoulders forth from the flame,  
Brought through a thousand arrows, that vexed our flight as we came.  
Safe from the ranks of the foemen. He shared my journey with me ;  
Weak as he was, braved ocean, the threats of sky and of sea ;  
More than the common strength or the common fate of the old.  
'Tis at his bidding, his earnest prayer long since, I am fain  
Thus in petition to seek thy gate. With compassion behold  
Father and son, blest maid, for untold thy power, nor in vain  
Over the groves of Avernus hath Hecate set thee to reign.  
Grace was to Orpheus granted, his bride from the shadows to bring,  
Strong in the power of his lyre and its sounding Thracian string.  
Still in his turn dies Pollux, a brother's life to redeem,  
Travels and ever retravels the journey. Why of the great  
Theseus tell thee, or why of Alcides mighty relate ?  
My race, even as theirs, is descended from Jove the supreme."

So evermore he repeated, and still to the altar he clung.  
She in reply : “ Great Hero, of heaven’s high lineage sprung,  
Son of Anchises of Troy, the descent to Avernus is light ;  
Death’s dark gates stand open, alike through the day and the night.  
But to retrace thy steps and emerge to the sunlight above,  
This is the toil and the trouble. A few, whom Jupiter’s love  
Favours, or whose bright valour has raised them thence to the skies,  
Born of the gods, have succeeded. On this side wilderness lies,  
Black Coeytus around it his twilight waters entwines.  
Still, if such thy desire, and if thus thy spirit inclines  
Twice to adventure the Stygian lake, twice look on the dark  
Tartarus, and it delights thee on quest so wild to embark,  
Learn what first to perform. On a tree no sun that receives  
Hides one branch all golden—its yielding stem and its leaves—  
Sacred esteemed to the queen of the shadows. Forests of night  
Cover it, sloping valleys enclose it around from the light.  
Subterranean gloom and its mysteries only may be  
Reached by the mortal who gathers the golden growth of the tree.  
This for her tribute chosen the lovely Proserpina needs  
Aye to be brought her. The one bough broken, another succeeds,  
Also of gold, and the spray bears leaf of a metal as bright.  
Deep in the forest explore, and if once thou find it aright,  
Pluck it ; the branch will follow, of its own grace and design,

Should thy destiny call thee ; or else no labour of thine  
Ever will move it, nor ever thy hatchet conquer its might.  
Yea, and the corpse of a friend, although thou know'st not," she saith,  
" Lies upon shore unburied, and taints thy vessels with death,  
While thou tarriest here at the gate thy future to know.  
Carry him home to his rest, in the grave his body bestow ;  
Death's black cattle provide for the altar ; give to the shades  
This first lustral oblation, and so on the Stygian glades,  
Even on realms where never the feet of the living come.  
Thou shalt finally look." Then, closing her lips, she was dumb.

Sadly, with downcast eyes, Æneas turns to depart,  
Leaving the cave ; on the issues dark foretold by her words  
Pondering much in his bosom. Achates, trusty of heart,  
Paces beside him, plunged in a musing deep as his lord's.  
Many the troubled thoughts that in ranging talk they pursue—  
Who is the dead companion the priestess spake of, and who  
Yonder unburied lies ? And advancing thither, they find  
High on the beach Misenus, to death untimely consigned,  
Æolus-born Misenus, than whom no trumpeter bright  
Blew more bravely for battle, or fired with music the fight ;  
Comrade of Hector great, who at Hector's side to the war  
Marched, by his soldier's spear and his trumpet known from afar.

After triumphant Achilles his master slew with the sword,  
Troy's Æneas he followed, a no less glorious lord.  
Now while over the deep he was sounding his clarion sweet,  
In wild folly defying the Ocean Gods to compete,  
Envious Triton, lo !—if the legend merit belief—  
Drowned him, before he was ware, in the foaming waves of a reef.  
All now, gathered around him, uplift their voices in grief,  
Foremost the faithful chieftain. Anon to their tasks they hie ;  
Speed, though weeping sorely, the Sibyl's mission, and vie,  
Building the funeral altar with giant trees to the sky.

Into the forest primæval, the beasts' dark cover, they go ;  
Pine trees fall with a crash and the holm-oaks ring to the blow.  
Ash-hewn timbers and fissile oaks with the wedges are rent ;  
Massive ash-trees roll from the mountains down the descent.  
Foremost strides Æneas, as ever, guiding the way,  
Cheering his men, and equipped with a forester's axe as they.  
Long in his own sad thoughts he is plunged—then raising his eyes  
Over the measureless forest, uplifts his prayer to the skies.  
“O that in this great thicket the golden branch of the tree  
Might be revealed ! For in all she related yonder of thee  
Ever, alas ! Misenus, the prophetess spake too true.”  
Lo ! at the words twain doves came down through the heavenly blue,

And at his side on the green turf lighted. The hero of Troy  
Knows the celestial birds of his mother, and cries with joy :  
“ Guide us, if ever a way be, and cleaving swiftly the skies,  
Wing for the grove where in shadow a golden branch overlies  
One all-favoured spot. Nor do thou in an hour that is dark,  
Mother, desert thy son ! ” So saying, he pauses to mark  
What be the omens, and whither the birds go. They in their flight,  
Soaring, and lighting to feed, keep still in the Teucrians’ sight.  
When they have come to the valley of baleful Avernus, the pair,  
Shooting aloft, float up through a bright and radiant air ;  
Both on a tree they have chosen at length their pinions fold  
Through whose branches of green is a wavering glimmer of gold.  
As in the winter forest a mistletoe often ye see  
Bearing a foliage young, no growth of its own oak-tree,  
Circling the rounded boles with a leafage of yellowing bloom ;  
Such was the branching gold, as it shone through the holm-oak’s gloom,  
So in the light wind rustled the foil. Æneas with bold  
Ardour assails it, breaks from the tree the reluctant gold ;  
Then to the Sibyl’s palace in triumph carries it home. /

Weeping for dead Misenus the Trojan host on the shore  
Now to his thankless ashes the funeral offerings bore.  
Rich with the resinous pine and in oak-hewn timbers cased



Rises a giant pyre, in its sides dark foliage laced ;  
Planted in front stand branches of cypress, gifts to the grave ;  
Over it hang for adornment the gleaming arms of the brave.  
Some heat fountain water, the bubbling caldron prepare ;  
Clay-cold limbs then wash and anoint. Wail sounds on the air.  
Dirge at an end, the departed is placed on the funeral bed ;  
O'er him they fling bright raiment, the wonted attire of the dead.  
Others shoulder the ponderous bier, sad service of death ;  
Some in ancestral fashion the lighted torches beneath  
Hold with averted eyes. High blaze on the burning pyre  
Incense, funeral viands, and oil outpoured on the fire.  
After the ashes have fallen and flames are leaping no more,  
Wine on the smouldering relics and cinders thirsty they pour.  
Next in a vessel of brass Corynæus gathers the bones,  
Thrice bears pure spring water around Troy's sorrowing sons,  
Sprinkles it o'er them in dew, from the bough of an olive in bloom,  
Gives lustration to all, then bids farewell to the tomb.  
But the devout Æneas a vast grave builds on the shore,  
Places upon it the warrior's arms, his trumpet and oar,  
Close to the sky-capped hill that from hence Misenus is hight.  
Keeping through endless ages his glorious memory bright.  
  
Finished the task, to accomplish the Sibyl's behest they sped.

There was a cavern deep,—with a yawning throat and a dread,—  
Shingly and rough, by a sombre lake and a forest of night  
Sheltered from all approach. No bird wings safely her flight  
Over its face,—from the gorges exhales such poisonous breath,  
Rising aloft to the skies in a vapour laden with death.  
Here four sable oxen the priestess ranges in line ;  
Empties on every forehead a brimming beaker of wine ;  
Casts on the altar-fire, as the first-fruits due to the dead,  
Hair from between both horns of the victim, plucked from its head ;  
Loudly on Hecate calls, o'er heaven and the shadows supreme.  
Others handle the knife, and receive, as it trickles, the stream  
Warm from the throat in a bowl. Æneas with falchion bright  
Slays himself one lamb of a sable fleece to the fell  
Mother and queen of the Furies, and great Earth, sister of Night,  
Killing a barren heifer to thee, thou mistress of Hell.  
Next for the Stygian monarch a twilight altar he lays ;  
Flings on the flames whole bodies of bulls unquartered to blaze,  
Pours rich oil from above upon entrails burning and bright.  
When, at the earliest beam of the sun, and the dawn of the light,  
Under his feet earth mutters, the mountain forests around  
Seem to be trembling, and hell dogs bay from the shadow profound,  
Night's dark goddess approaching.

“ Avaunt, ye unhallowed, avaunt ! ”

Thunders the priestess. " Away from a grove that is Hecate's haunt.  
Make for the pathway, thou, and unsheath thy sword ; thou hast need,  
Now, Æneas, of all thy spirit and valour indeed ! "

When she had spoken, she plunged in her madness into the cave ;  
Not less swiftly he follows, with feet unswerving and brave.

Gods ! whose realm is the spirit-world, mute shadows of night,  
Chaos, and Phlegethon thou, broad kingdoms of silence and night,  
Leave vouchsafe me to tell the tradition, grace to exhume  
Things in the deep earth hidden and drowned in the hollows of gloom.

So unseen through darkness, amid lone night, they strode  
Down the unpeopled realm of Death, and his ghostly abode,  
As men journey in woods when a doubtful moon has bestowed  
Little of light, when Jove has concealed in shadow the heaven,  
When from the world by sombre Night Day's colours are driven.

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the gate of the dead,  
Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have built their terrible bed.  
There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and Old Age sorrowful-eyed,  
Fear, and the temptress Famine, and hideous Want at her side,  
Grim and tremendous shapes. There Death with Labour is joined,

Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the Joys unclean of the mind.  
Murderous Battle is camped on the threshold. Fronting the door  
The iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied Strife, evermore  
Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore.

Thick with gloom, an enormous elm in the midst of the way  
Spreads its time-worn branches and limbs : false Dreams, we are told,  
Make their abode thereunder, and nestle to every spray.  
Many and various monsters, withal, wild things to behold.  
Lie in the gateway stabled—the awful Centaurs of old ;  
Seyllas with forms half-human ; and there with his hundred hands  
Dwells Briareus ; and the shapeless Hydra of Lerna's lands,  
Horribly yelling ; in flaming mail the Chimæra arrayed ;  
Gorgons and Harpies, and one three-bodied and terrible Shade.

Clasping his sword, Æneas in sudden panic of fear  
Points its blade at the legion ; and had not the Heaven-taught seer  
Warned him the phantoms are thin apparitions, clothed in a vain  
Semblance of form, but in substance a fluttering bodiless train,  
Idly his weapon had slashed the advancing shadows in twain.

Here is the path to the river of Acheron, ever by mud  
Clouded, for ever seething with wild, insatiate flood

Downward, and into Cocytus disgorging its endless sands.  
Sentinel over its waters an awful ferryman stands,  
Charon, grisly and rugged ; a growth of centuries lies  
Hoary and rough on his chin ; as a flaming furnace his eyes.  
Hung in a loop from his shoulders a foul scarf round him he ties ;  
Now with his pole impelling the boat, now trimming the sail,  
Urging his steel-grey bark with its burden of corpses pale,  
Aged in years, but a god's old age is unwithered and hale.

Down to the bank of the river the streaming shadows repair,  
Mothers, and men, and the lifeless bodies of those who were  
Generous heroes, boys that are beardless, maids unwed,  
Sons borne forth in the sight of their sires to the pile of the dead,  
Many as forest leaves that in autumn's earliest frost  
Flutter and fall, or as birds that in bevvies flock to the coast  
Over the sea's deep hollows, when winter, chilly and froze,  
Drives them across far waters to land on a sunnier shore.  
Yonder they stood, each praying for earliest passage, and each  
Eagerly straining his hands in desire of the opposite beach.  
Such as he lists to the vessel the boatman gloomy receives,  
Far from the sands of the river the rest he chases and leaves.

Moved at the wild uproar, Æneas, with riveted eyes :

“ Why thus crowd to the water the shadows, priestess ? ” he cries ;  
“ What do the spirits desire ? And why go some from the shore  
Sadly away, while others are ferried the dark stream o’er ? ”

Briefly the aged priestess again made answer and spake :  
“ Son of Anchises, sprung most surely from gods upon high,  
Yon is the deep Cocytus marsh, and the Stygian lake.  
Even the Immortals fear to attest its presence and lie !  
These are a multitude helpless, of spirits lacking a grave ;  
Charon the ferryman ; yonder the buried, crossing the wave.  
Over the awful banks and the hoarse-voiced torrents of doom  
None may be taken before their bones find rest in a tomb.  
Hundreds of years they wander, and flit round river and shore,  
Then to the lake they long for are free to return once more.”

Silent the hero gazed and his footstep halted, his mind  
Filled with his own sad thoughts and compassion of doom unkind.  
Yonder he notes, in affliction, deprived of the dues of the dead,  
Near Leucaspis, Orontes who Lycia’s vessels had led.  
Over the wind-tossed waters from Troy as together they drave,  
One wild storm overtook them, engulfing vessels and brave.  
Yonder, behold, Palinurus the pilot gloomily went,  
Who, while sailing from Libya’s shores, on the planets intent,

Fell but of late from the stern, and was lost in a watery waste.  
Hardly he knows him at first, as in shadow sadly he paced;  
Then at the last breaks silence and cries: "What God can it be  
Robbed us of thee, Palinurus, and drowned thee deep in the sea?  
Answer me thou! For Apollo I ne'er found false till to-day;  
Only in this one thing hath his prophecy led us astray.  
Safe with life from the deep to Italian shores, we were told,  
Thou should'st come at the last! Is it thus that his promises hold?"

"Son of Anchises," he answers, "Apollo's tripod and shrine  
Have not lied; no god overwhelmed me thus in the brine.  
True to my trust I was holding the helm, stood ruling the course,  
When by sad misadventure I wrenched it loose, and perforce  
Trailed it behind in my fall. By the cruel waters I swear  
Fear of mine own life truly I knew not, felt but a care  
Lest thy bark, of her rudder bereft, and her helmsman lost,  
Might be unequal to combat the wild seas round her that tossed.  
Three long nights of the winter, across great waters and wide,  
Violent south winds swept me; at fourth day's dawn I descried  
Italy's coast, as I rose on the crest of a wave of the sea.  
Stroke by stroke I was swimming ashore, seemed nearly to be  
Safe from the billows; and weighted by dripping garments I clave  
Clutching my hands, to the face of a cliff that towered on the wave.

When wild people assailed me, a treasure-trove to their mind.  
Now are the waves my masters ; I toss on the beach in the wind.  
O ! by the pleasant sun, by the joyous light of the skies,  
By thy sire, and Iulus, the rising hope of thine eyes,  
Save me from these great sorrows, my hero ! Over me pour  
Earth, as in truth thou canst, and return to the Velian shore.  
Else, if a heavenly mother hath shown thee yonder a way,—  
Since some god's own presence, methinks, doth guide thee, who here  
Seekest to cross these streams and the Stygian marshes drear,—  
Give thy hand to thy servant, and take him with thee to-day,  
So that in quiet places his wearied head he may lay ! ”  
Thus, sad phantom, he cried ; thus answered the seer of the shrine :  
“ Whence, Palinurus, comes this ill-omened longing of thine ?  
Thou cast eyes, unburied, on Stygian waves, the severe  
Stream of the Furies, approach unbidden the banks of the mere !  
Cease thy dream that the Fates by prayer may be ever appeased,  
Yet keep this in remembrance, that so thy lot may be eased :—  
Many a neighbouring people from cities far and unknown,  
Taught by prodigies dire of the skies, thy bones shall atone,  
Building thy tomb, and remitting their gifts each year to thy ghost ;  
So Palinurus' name shall for ever cleave to the coast.”  
Thus his affliction she soothes. For a little season his sad  
Spirit has comfort ; he thinks on his namesake land and is glad



Thence they advance on the journey and now draw near to the flood.  
Soon as the boatman saw them, from where on the water he stood,  
Move through the silent forest and bend their steps to the beach,  
Ere they arrive he accosts them, and first breaks silence in speech.  
“ Stranger, approaching in arms our river, whoever thou art,  
Speak on the spot thine errand, and hold thee further apart.  
This is the kingdom of shadows, of sleep and the slumberous dark ;  
Bodies of living men are forbidden the Stygian bark.  
Not of mine own good will was Alcides over the wave  
Yonder, or Theseus taken, nor yet Pirithous brave,  
Though from gods they descended, and matchless warriors were ;  
One from the monarch’s presence to chains sought boldly to bear  
Hell’s unslumbering warder, and trailed him trembling away.  
Two from her bridal chamber conspired Death’s queen to convey.”

Briefly again makes answer the great Amphrysian seer :  
“ Here no cunning awaits thee as theirs was, far be the fear.  
Violence none our weapons prepare ; Hell’s warder may still  
Bay in his cavern for ever, affrighting the phantoms chill ;  
Hell’s chaste mistress keep to her kinsman’s halls if she will.  
Troy’s Æneas, a son most loving, a warrior brave,  
Goes in the quest of his sire to the deepest gloom of the grave.  
If thou art all unmoved at the sight of a love so true ”—

Here she displays him the bough in her garment hidden from view—  
“Know this branch.” In his bosom the tempest of anger abates.  
Further he saith not. Feasting his eyes on the wand of the Fates,  
Mighty oblation, unseen for unnumbered summers before,  
Charon advances his dark-blue bows, and approaches the shore;  
Summons the rest of the spirits in row on the benches who sate  
Place to resign for the comers, his gangway clears, and on board  
Takes Æneas. The cobbled boat groans under his weight.  
Water in streams from the marshes through every fissure is poured.  
Priestess and hero safely across Death’s river are passed,  
Land upon mud unsightly, and pale marsh-sedges, at last.

Here huge Cerberus bays with his triple jaws through the land,  
Crouched at enormous length in his cavern facing the strand.  
Soon as the Sibyl noted his hair now bristling with snakes,  
Morsels she flings him of meal, and of honeyed opiate cakes.  
Maddened with fury of famine his three great throats unclose;  
Fiercely he snatches the viand, his monstrous limbs in repose  
Loosens, and, prostrate laid, sprawls measureless over his den.  
While the custodian sleeps, Æneas the entrance takes,  
Speeds from the bank of a stream no traveller crosses again.

Voices they heard, and an infinite wailing, as onward they bore,

Spirits of infants sobbing at Death's immediate door,  
Whom, at a mother's bosom, and strangers to life's sweet breath,  
Fate's dark day took from us, and drowned in untimeliest death.  
Near them are those who, falsely accused, died guiltless, although  
Not without trial, or verdict given, do they enter below ;  
Here, with his urn, sits Minos the judge, convenes from within  
Silent ghosts to the council, and learns each life and its sin.  
Near them inhabit the sorrowing souls, whose innocent hands  
Wrought on themselves their ruin, and strewed their lives on the sands,  
Hating the glorious sunlight. Alas ! how willingly they  
Now would endure keen want, hard toil, in the regions of day !  
Fate forbids it ; the loveless lake with its waters of woe  
Holds them, and nine times round them entwined, Styx bars them below.

Further faring, they see that beyond and about them are spread  
Fields of the Mourners, for so they are called in worlds of the dead.  
Here dwell those whom Love, with his cruel sickness, hath slain.  
Lost in secluded walks, amid myrtle groves overhead,  
Hiding they go, nor in death itself are they eased of the pain.  
Phædra, and Procris, here, Eriphyle here they behold,  
Sadly displaying the wounds that her wild son wrought her of old.

Yonder Pasiphae stood and Evadne ; close to them clung

Laodamia, and Cænis, a man once, woman at last,  
Now by the wheel of the Fates in her former figure recast.  
Fresh from her death-wound still, here Dido, the others among,  
Roamed in a spacious wood. Through shadow the chieftain soon  
Dimly discerned her face, as a man, when the month is but young,  
Sees, or believes he has seen, amid cloudlets shining, the moon.

Tears in his eyes, he addressed her with tender love as of old :  
“ True, then, sorrowful Dido, the messenger fires that told  
Thy sad death, and the doom thou soughtest of choice by thy hand !  
Was it, alas ! to a grave that I did thee ? Now by the bright  
Stars, by the Gods, and the faith that abides in realms of the Night,  
'Twas unwillingly, lady, I bade farewell to thy land.  
Yet, the behest of Immortals,—the same which bids me to go  
Through these shadows, the wilderness mire and the darkness below,—  
Drove me imperious thence, nor possessed I power to believe  
I at departing had left thee in grief thus bitter to grieve.  
Tarry, and turn not away from a face that on thine would dwell ;  
'Tis thy lover thou fleest, and this is our last farewell ! ”

So, with a burning heart and with glowering eyes as she went,  
Melting vainly in tears, he essayed her wrath to relent ;

She with averted gaze upon earth her countenance cast,  
Nothing touched in her look by her lover's words to the last,  
Set as a marble rock of Marpessus, cold as a stone.  
After a little she fled, in the forest hurried to hide,  
Ever his foe ; Sychæus, her first lord, there at her side,  
Answers sorrow with sorrow, and love not less than her own.

Thence on the path appointed they go, and the uttermost plain  
Reach ere long, where rest in seclusion the glorious slain.  
Tydeus here he discerns, here Parthenopæus of old  
Famous in arms, and the ghost of Adrastus, pallid and cold.  
Wailed in the world of the sunlight long, laid low in the fray,  
Here dwell Ilion's chiefs. As his eyes on the gallant array  
Lighted, he groaned. Three sons of Antenor yonder they see,  
Glaucus and Medon and young Thersilochus, brethren three ;  
Here Polyphætès, servant of Heaven from his earliest breath ;  
There Idæus, the shield and the reins still holding in death.  
Thickly about him gather the spectral children of Troy :  
'Tis not enough to have seen him, to linger round him is joy,  
Pace at his side, and inquire why thus he descends to the dead.  
But the Achæan chiefs, Agamemnon's legions arrayed,  
When on the hero they looked, and his armour gleaming in shade,  
Shook with an infinite terror, and some turned from him and fled,

As to the Danaan vessels in days gone by they had sped.  
Some on the air raise thinnest of voices ; the shout of the fray  
Seems, upon lips wide-parted, begun, then passing away.

Noble Deiphobus here he beholds, all mangled and marred,  
Son of the royal Priam ;—his visage cruelly scarred,  
Visage and hands ; from his ravaged temples bloodily shorn  
Each of his ears, and his nostrils with wounds inglorious torn.  
Hardly he knew him in sooth, for he trembled, seeking to hide  
These great wrongs ; but at last in a voice most loving he cried :  
“ Gallant Deiphobus, born of the Teucrian lineage bright,  
Who had the heart to revenge him in this dire fashion and dread ?  
Who dared thus to abuse thee ? On Troy’s last funeral night,  
Weary of endless slaughter and Danaan blood, it was said  
Thou hadst laid thee to die on a heap of the nameless dead.  
Yea ! and a vacant mound upon far Rhætæum’s coast  
I there built thee, and thrice bade loud farewell to thy ghost.  
Hallowed the spot by thine armour and name. Ere crossing the wave  
Never, friend, could I find thee, nor give thee an Ilian grave.”

“ Nothing was left undone, O friend ! ” he replies ; “ thou hast paid  
All that Deiphobus claims, all debt that was due to his shade.  
’Twas my destiny sad, and the crime accursed of the Greek

Woman, in woe that plunged me, and wrote this tale on my cheek.  
Well thou knowest—for ah! too long will the memory last—  
How Troy's funeral night amid treacherous pleasures we passed;  
When Fate's terrible steed overcame our walls at a leap,  
Carrying mailclad men in its womb towards Pergama's steep;  
How, a procession feigning, the Phrygian mothers she led  
Round our city in orgy, with lighted torch at their head  
Waving herself the Achæans to Ilion's citadel keep.  
I, that night, overburdened with troubles, buried in sleep,  
Lay in the fatal chamber, delicious slumber and deep  
Folding mine eyelids, like the unbroken rest of the slain.  
She, meanwhile, my glorious spouse, from the palace has ta'en  
Every weapon, and drawn from the pillow the falchion I bore,  
Then Menelaus summons, and straightway loosens the door,  
Hoping in sooth that her lover with this great boon might be won,  
Deeming the fame of her guilt in the past might so be undone.  
Why on the memory linger? The foe streamed in at the gate  
Led by Ulysses, the plotter. May judgment, Immortals, wait  
Yet on the Greeks, if of vengeance a reverent heart may be fain!  
Tell me in turn what sorrow has brought thee alive and unslain  
Hither?" he cries; "art come as a mariner lost on the main,  
Or by the counsel of Heaven? What fortune drives thee in quest,  
Hither, of sunless places and sad, the abodes of unrest?"

Morn already with roseate steeds, while talk they exchange,  
Now in her journey has traversed the half of the heavenly range,  
And peradventure thus the allotted time had been passed,  
Had not the faithful Sibyl rebuked him briefly at last.  
“Night draws nigh, Æneas. In tears we are spending the hours.  
Here is the place where the path is divided. This to the right,  
Under the walls of the terrible Dis—to Elysium—ours.  
Yonder, the left, brings doom to the guilty, and drives them in flight  
Down to the sinful region where awful Tartarus lowers.”

“Terrible priestess, frown not,” Deiphobus cries; “I depart,  
Join our shadowy legion, restore me to darkness anon.  
Go, thou joy of the race; may the Fates vouchsafe thee a part  
Brighter than mine!” And behold, as he uttered the word, he was gone.

Turning his eyes, Æneas sees broad battlements placed  
Under the cliffs on his left, by a triple rampart encased;  
Round them in torrents of ambient fire runs Phlegethon swift,  
River of Hell, and the thundering rocks sends ever adrift.  
One huge portal in front upon pillars of adamant stands;  
Neither can mortal might, nor the heavens’ own warrior bands,  
Rend it asunder. An iron tower rears over the door,  
Where Tisiphone seated in garments dripping with gore



Watches the porch, unsleeping, by day and by night evermore.  
Hence come groans on the breezes, the sound of a pitiless flail,  
Rattle of iron bands, and the clanking of fetters that trail.

Silent the hero stands, and in terror rivets his eyes.

“What dire shapes of impiety these? Speak, priestess!” he cries.

“What dread torment racks them, and what shrieks yonder arise?”

She in return: “Great chief of the Teucrian hosts, as is meet

Over the threshold of sinners may pass no innocent feet.

Hecate’s self, who set me to rule the Avernian glade.

Taught me of Heaven’s great torments, and all their terrors displayed.

Here reigns dread Rhadamanthus, a king no mercy that knows,

Chastens and judges the guilty, compels each soul to disclose

Crimes of the upper air that he kept concealed from the eye,

Proud of his idle <sup>tr</sup>cunning, till Death brought punishment nigh.

Straightway then the Avenger Tisiphone over them stands,

Scourges the trembling sinners, her fierce lash arming her hands;

Holds in her left uplifted her serpents grim, and from far

Summons the awful troop of her sisters gathered for war!

Then at the last with a grating of hideous hinges unclose

Hell’s infernal doors. Dost see what warders are those

Crouched in the porch? What presence is yonder keeping the gate?

Know that a Hydra beyond it, a foe still fiercer in hate.

Lurks with a thousand ravening throats. See ! Tartarus great  
Yawning to utter abysses, and deepening into the night,  
Twice as profound as the space of the starry Olympian height.

Here the enormous Titans, the Earth's old progeny, hurled  
Low by the lightning, are under the bottomless waters whirled.  
Here I beheld thy children, Aloeus, giants of might,  
Brethren bold who endeavoured to pluck down heaven from its height,  
Fain to displace great Jove from his throne in the kingdom of light.  
Saw Salmoneus too, overtaken with agony dire  
While the Olympian thunder he mimicked and Jove's own fire.  
Borne on his four-horsed chariot, and waving torches that glowed,  
Over the Danaan land, through the city of Elis, he rode,  
Marching in triumph, and claiming the honours due to a god.  
Madman, thinking with trumpets and tramp of the steeds that he drove  
He might rival the storms, and the matchless thunders of Jove !  
But the omnipotent Father a bolt from his cloudy abyss  
Launched—no brand from the pine, no smoke of the torchlight this—  
And with an awful whirlwind blast hurled Pride to its fall.  
Tityos also, the nurseling of Earth, great mother of all,  
Here was to see, whose body a long league covers of plain ;  
One huge vulture, standing with hooked beak at his side,  
Shears his liver that dies not, his bowel fruitful of pain,

Searches his heart for a banquet, beneath his breast doth abide,  
Grants no peace to the vitals that ever renew them again.

Why of Pirithous tell, and Ixion, Lapithæ tall,  
O'er whose brows is suspended a dark crag, ready to fall,  
Ever in act to descend? Proud couches raised upon bright  
Golden feet are shining, a festal table in sight  
Laden with royal splendour. The Furies' Queen on her throne  
Sits at the banquet by—forbids them to taste it—has flown  
Now to prevent them with torch uplifted, and thundering tone.

All who have hated a brother in lifetime, all who have laid  
Violent hands on a parent, the faith of a client betrayed;  
Those who finding a treasure have o'er it brooded alone,  
Setting aside no portion for kinsmen, a numerous band;  
Those in adultery slain, all those who have raised in the land  
Treason's banner, or broken their oath to a master's hand,  
Prisoned within are awaiting an awful doom of their own.

Ask me not, what their doom,—what form of requital or ill  
Whelms them below. Some roll huge stones to the crest of the hill,  
Some on the spokes of a whirling wheel hang spread to the wind.

Theseus sits, the unblest, and will ever seated remain ;  
Phlegyas here in his torments a warning voice to mankind  
Raises, loudly proclaiming throughout Hell's gloomy abodes :  
' Learn hereby to be just, and to think no scorn of the Gods ! '  
This is the sinner his country who sold, forged tyranny's chain,  
Made for a bribe her laws, for a bribe unmade them again.  
Yon wretch dared on a daughter with eyes unholy to look.  
All some infamy ventured, of infamy's gains partook.  
Had I a thousand tongues, and a thousand lips, and a speech  
Fashioned of steel, sin's varying types I hardly could teach,  
Could not read thee the roll of the torments suffered of each ! ''

Soon as the aged seer of Apollo her story had done,  
" Forward," she cries, " on the path, and complete thy mission begun.  
Hasten the march ! I behold in the distance battlements great,  
Built by the Cyclops' forge, and the vaulted dome at the gate  
Where the divine revelation ordains our gifts to be laid."  
Side by side at her bidding they traverse the region of shade,  
Over the distance hasten, and now draw nigh to the doors.  
Fronting the gates Æneas stands, fresh water he pours  
Over his limbs, and the branch on the portal hangs as she bade.

After the rite is completed, the gift to the goddess addressed.

Now at the last they come to the realms where Joy has her throne ;  
Sweet green glades in the Fortunate Forests, abodes of the blest,  
Fields in an ampler ether, a light more glorious dressed,  
Lit evermore with their own bright stars and a sun of their own.  
Some are training their limbs on the wrestling-green, and compete  
Gaily in sport on the yellow arenas, some with their feet  
Treading their choral measures, or singing the hymns of the god :  
While their Thracian priest, in a sacred robe that trails,  
Chants them the air with the seven sweet notes of his musical scales,  
Now with his fingers striking, and now with his ivory rod.  
Here are the ancient children of Tæncer, fair to behold,  
Generous heroes, born in the happier summers of old,—  
Ilus, Assaracus by him, and Dardan, founder of Troy.  
Far in the distance yonder are visible armour and car  
Unsubstantial, in earth their lances are planted, and far  
Over the meadows are ranging the chargers freed from employ.  
All the delight they took when alive in the chariot and sword,  
All of the loving care that to shining coursers was paid,  
Follows them now that in quiet below Earth's breast they are laid.  
Banqueting here he beholds them to right and to left on the sward,  
Chanting in chorus the Pæan, beneath sweet forests of bay,  
Whence, amid wild wood covers, the river Eridanus, poured,  
Rolls his majestic torrents to upper earth and the day.

Chiefs for the land of their sires in the battle wounded of yore,  
Priests whose purity lasted until sweet life was no more,  
Faithful prophets who spake as beseemed their god and his shrine,  
All who by arts invented to life have added a grace,  
All whose services earned the remembrance deep of the race,  
Round their shadowy foreheads the snow-white garland entwine.

Then, as about them the phantoms stream, breaks silence the seer,  
Turning first to Musæus,—for round him the shadows appear  
Thickest to crowd, as he towers with his shoulders over the throng—  
“ Tell me, ye joyous spirits, and thou, bright master of song,  
Where is the home and the haunt of the great Anchises, for whom  
Hither we come, and have traversed the awful rivers of gloom ? ”  
Briefly in turn makes answer the hero : “ None has a home  
In fixed haunts. We inhabit the dark thick glades, on the brink  
Ever of moss-banked rivers, and water meadows that drink  
Living streams. But if onward your heart thus wills ye to go,  
Climb this ridge. I will set ye in pathways easy to know.”  
Forward he marches, leading the way ; from the heights at the end  
Shows them a shining plain, and the mountain slopes they descend.

There withdrawn to a valley of green in a fold of the plain  
Stood Anchises the father, his eyes intent on a train—

Prisoned spirits, soon to ascend to the sunlight again ;—  
Numbering over his children dear, their myriad bands,  
All their destinies bright, their ways, and the work of their hands.  
When he beheld *Æneas* across these flowery lands  
Moving to meet him, fondly he strained both arms to his boy,  
Tears on his cheek fell fast, and his voice found slowly employ.

“ Here thou comest at last, and the love I counted upon  
Over the rugged path has prevailed. Once more, O my son,  
I may behold thee, and answer with mine thy voice as of yore.  
Long I pondered the chances, believed this day was in store,  
Reckoning the years and the seasons. Nor was my longing belied.  
O'er how many a land, past what far waters and wide,  
Hast thou come to mine arms ! What dangers have tossed thee, my child !  
Ah ! how I feared lest harm should await thee in *Libya* wild ! ”

“ Thine own shade, my sire, thine own disconsolate shade,  
Visiting oft my chamber, has made me seek thee,” he said.  
“ Safe upon *Tuscan* waters the fleet lies. Grant me to grasp  
Thy right hand, sweet father, withdraw thee not from its clasp.”

So he replied ; and a river of tears flowed over his face.  
Thrice with his arms he essayed the beloved one's neck to embrace ;

Thrice clasped vainly, the phantom eluded his hands in flight,  
Thin as the idle breezes, and like some dream of the night.

There Æneas beholds in a valley withdrawn from the rest  
Far-off glades, and a forest of boughs that sing in the breeze ;  
Near them the Lethe river that glides by abodes of the blest.  
Round it numberless races and peoples floating he sees.  
So on the flowery meadows in calm, clear, summer, the bees  
Settle on bright-hued blossoms, or stream in companies round  
Fair white lilies, till every plain seems ringing with sound.

Strange to the scene Æneas, with terror suddenly pale,  
Asks of its meaning, and what be the streams in the distant vale,  
Who those warrior crowds that about yon river await.  
Answer returns Anchises : “ The spirits promised by Fate  
Life in the body again. Upon Lethe’s watery brink  
These of the fountain of rest and of long oblivion drink.  
Ever I yearn to relate thee the tale, display to thine eyes,  
Count thee over the children that from my loins shall arise,  
So that our joy may be deeper on finding Italy’s skies.”

“ O my father ! and are there, and must we believe it,” he said,  
“ Spirits that fly once more to the sunlight back from the dead ?



Souls that anew to the body return and the fetters of clay?  
Can there be any who long for the light thus blindly as they?"

"Listen, and I will resolve thee the doubt," Anchises replies.  
Then unfolds him in order the tale of the earth and the skies.

"In the beginning, the earth, and the sky, and the spaces of night,  
Also the shining moon, and the sun Titanic and bright  
Feed on an inward life, and with all things mingled, a mind  
Moves universal matter, with Nature's frame is combined.  
Thence man's race, and the beast, and the bird that on pinions flies.  
All wild shapes that are hidden the gleaming waters beneath.  
Each elemental seed has a fiery force from the skies,  
Each, its heavenly being, that no dull clay can disguise,  
Bodies of earth ne'er deaden, nor limbs long destined to death.  
Hence, their fears and desires; their sorrows and joys; for their sight  
Blind with the gloom of a prison, discerns not the heavenly light.

Nor when at last life leaves them, do all sad ills, that belong  
Unto the sinful body, depart; still many survive  
Lingering within them, alas! for it needs must be that the long  
Growth should in wondrous fashion at full completion arrive.  
So, due vengeance racks them, for deeds of an earlier day

Suffering penance, and some to the winds hang viewless and thin  
Searched by the breezes ; from others, the deep infection of sin  
Swirling water washes, or bright fire purges, away.

Each in his own sad ghost we endure ; then pass to the wide  
Realms of Elysium. Few in the fields of the happy abide,  
Till great Time, when the cycles have run their courses on high,  
Takes the inbred pollution, and leaves to us only the bright  
Sense of the heaven's own ether, and fire from the springs of the sky.  
When for a thousand years they have rolled their wheels through the night,  
God to the Lethe river recalls this myriad train,  
That with remembrance lost once more they may visit the light,  
And, at the last, have desire for a life in the body again."

When he had ended, his son and the Sibyl maiden he drew  
Into the vast assembly—the crowd with its endless hum ;  
There on a hillock plants them, that hence they better may view  
All the procession advancing, and learn their looks as they come.

" What bright fame hereafter the Trojan line shall adorn,  
What far children be theirs, from the blood of Italians born,  
Splendid souls, that inherit the name and the glory of Troy,  
Now will I tell thee, and teach thee the fates thy race shall enjoy.

Yon fair hero who leans on a lance unpointed and bright,  
Granted the earliest place in the world of the day and the light,  
Half of Italian birth, from the shadows first shall ascend,  
Silvius, Alban of name, thy child though born at the end,  
Son of thy later years by Lavinia, consort of thine,  
Reared in the woods as a monarch and sire of a royal line.  
Next to him Procas, the pride of the race ; then Capys, and far  
Numitor ; after him one who again thy name shall revive,  
Silvius, hight Æneas, in pious service and war  
Noble alike, if to Alba's throne he shall ever arrive.  
Heroes fair ! how grandly, behold ! their manhood is shown,  
While their brows are shaded by leaves of the citizen-crown !  
These on the mountain ranges shall set Nomentum the steep,  
Gabii's towers, Fidenæ's town, Collatia's keep ;  
Here plant Inuus' camp, there Cora and Bola enthrone,  
Glorious names ere long, now a nameless land and unknown.  
Romulus, scion of Mars, at the side of his grandsire see—  
Ilia fair his mother, the blood of Assaracus he !  
See on his helmet the doubled crest, how his sire has begun  
Marking the boy with his own bright plumes for the world of the sun.  
Under his auspices Rome, our glorious Rome, shall arise,  
Earth with her empire ruling, her great soul touching the skies.  
Lo ! seven mountains enwalling, a single city, she lies,

Blest in her warrior brood ! So crowned with towers ye have seen  
Ride through Phrygia's cities the great Berecynthian queen,  
Proud of the gods her children, a hundred sons at her knee,  
All of them mighty immortals, and lords of a heavenly fee !  
Turn thy glance now hither, behold this glorious clan,  
Romans of thine. See Cæsar, and each generation of man  
Yet to be born of Iulus beneath heaven's infinite dome.  
Yonder behold thy hero, the promised prince, upon whom  
Often thy hopes have dwelt, Augustus Cæsar, by birth  
Kin to the godlike dead, who a golden age upon earth  
Comes to renew where once o'er Latium Saturn reigned,  
Holding remote Garamantes and India's tribes enchained.  
Far beyond all our planets the land lies, far beyond high  
Heaven, and the sun's own orbit, where Atlas, lifting the sky,  
Whirls on his shoulders the sphere, inwrought with its fiery suns !  
Ere his arrival, lo ! through shivering Caspia runs  
Fear, at her oracle's answers. The vast Mæotian plain,  
Sevenfold Nile and his mouths, are fluttered and tremble again ;  
Ranges of earth more wide than Alcides ever surveyed,  
Though he pursued deer brazen of limb, tamed Erymanth's glade,  
Lerna with arrows scared, or the Vinegod, when from the war  
Homeward with ivied reins he conducts his conquering car,  
Driving his team of tigers from Nysa's summits afar.—

Art thou loth any longer with deeds our sway to expand ?

Can it be fear forbids thee to hold Ausonia's land ?

Who comes yonder the while with the olive branch on his brow,

Bearing the sacred vessels ? I know you tresses, I know

Yon grey beard, Rome's monarch, the first with law to sustain

Rome yet young ; from the lordship of Cures' little domain

Sent to an empire's throne. At his side goes one who shall break

Slumberous peace, to the battle her easeful warriors wake,

Rouse once more her battalions disused to the triumph so long,

Tullus the king ! Next, Ancus the boastful marches along,

See, overjoyed already by praises breathed from a crowd !

Yonder the royal Tarquins are visible : yonder the proud

Soul of avenging Brutus, with Rome's great fasces again

Made Rome's own ; who first to her consul's throne shall attain,

Hold her terrible axes ; his sons, the rebellious pair,

Doom to a rebel's death for the sake of Liberty fair.

Ill-starred sire ! let the ages relate as please them the tale.

Yet shall his patriot passion and thirst of glory prevail.

Look on the Decii there, and the Drusi ; hatchet in hand

See Torquatus the stern, and Camillus home to his land

Marching with rescued banners. But yonder spirits who stand

Dressed in the shining armour alike, harmonious now

While in the world of shadows with dark night over their brow—  
Ah ! what battles the twain must wage, what legions array,  
What fell carnage kindle, if e'er they reach to the day !  
Father descending from Alpine snows and Monœcus's height,  
Husband ranging against him an Eastern host for the fight !  
Teach not your hearts, my children, to learn these lessons of strife ;  
Turn not a country's valour against her veriest life.  
Thou be the first to forgive, great child of a heavenly birth,  
Fling down, son of my loins, thy weapons and sword to the earth !

See, who rides from a vanquished Corinth in conqueror's car  
Home to the Capitol, decked with Achæan spoils from the war !  
Argos and proud Mycenæ a second comes to dethrone,  
Ay, and the Æacus-born, whose race of Achilles is sown,  
Venging his Trojan sires and Minerva's outraged fane !  
Who would leave thee, Cato, untold ? thee, Cossus, unknown ?  
Gracchus' clan, or the Scipio pair, war's thunderbolts twain,  
Libya's ruin ;—forget Fabricius, prince in his need ;  
Pass unsung Serranus, his furrows sowing with seed ?  
Give me but breath, ye Fabians, to follow ! Yonder the great  
Fabius thou, whose timely delays gave strength to the state.  
Others will mould their bronzes to breathe with a tenderer grace  
Draw, I doubt not, from marble a vivid life to the face,

Plead at the bar more deftly, with sapient wands of the wise  
Trace heaven's courses and changes, predict us stars to arise.  
Thine, O Roman, remember, to reign over every race !  
These be thine arts, thy glories, the ways of peace to proclaim,  
Mercy to show to the fallen, the proud with battle to tame ! ”

Thus Anchises, and then—as they marvelled—further anon :  
“ Lo, where decked in a conqueror's spoils Marcellus, my son,  
Strides from the war ! How he towers o'er all of the warrior train !  
When Rome reels with the shock of the wild invaders' alarm,  
He shall sustain her state. From his war-steed's saddle, his arm  
Carthage and rebel Gaul shall destroy, and the arms of the slain  
Victor a third time hang in his father Quirinus' fane.”

Then Æneas,—for near him a youth seemed ever to pace,  
Fair, of an aspect princely, with armour of glittering grace,  
Yet was his forehead joyless, his eye cast down as in grief—  
“ Who can it be, my father, that walks at the side of the chief ?  
Is it his son, or perchance some child of his glorious race  
Born from remote generations ? And hark, how ringing a cheer  
Breaks from his comrades round ! What a noble presence is here !  
Though dark night with her shadow of woe floats over his face ! ”

Answer again Anchises began with a gathering tear :

“ Ask me not, O my son, of thy children’s infinite pain !

Fate one glimpse of the boy to the world will grant, and again

Take him from life. Too puissant methinks to immortals on high

Rome’s great children had seemed, if a gift like this from the sky

Longer had been vouchsafed ! What wailing of warriors bold

Shall from the funeral plain to the War-god’s city be rolled !

What sad pomp thine eyes will discern, what pageant of woe,

When by his new-made tomb thy waters, Tiber, shall flow !

Never again such hopes shall a youth of thy lineage, Troy !

Rouse in his great forefathers of Latium ! Never a boy

Nobler pride shall inspire in the ancient Romulus land !

Ah, for his filial love ! for his old-world faith ! for his hand

Matchless in battle ! Unharm’d what foe-man had offer’d to stand

Forth in his path, when charging on foot for the enemy’s ranks,

Or when plunging the spur in his foam-flecked courser’s flanks !

Child of a nation’s sorrow ! if thou canst baffle the Fates’

Bitter decrees, and break for a while their barrier gates,

Thine to become Marcellus ! I pray thee, bring me anon

Handfuls of lilies, that I bright flowers may strew on my son,

Heap on the shade of the boy unborn these gifts at the least,

Doing the dead, though vainly, the last sad service.”

He ceased.



So from region to region they roam with curious eyes,  
Traverse the spacious plains where shadowy darkness lies.  
One by one Anchises unfolds each scene to his son,  
Kindling his soul with a passion for glories yet to be won.  
Speaks of the wars that await him beneath the Italian skies,  
Rude Laurentian clans and the haughty Latinus' walls,  
How to avoid each peril, or bear its brunt, as befalls.

Sleep has his portals twain ; one fashioned of horn, it is said,  
Whence come true apparitions by exit smooth from the dead ;  
One with the polished splendour of shining ivory bright.  
False are the only visions that issue thence from the night.  
Thither Anchises leads them, exchanging talk by the way,  
There speeds Sibyl and son by the ivory gate to the day.  
Straight to his vessels and mates Æneas journeyed, and bore  
Thence for Caieta's harbour along the Italian shore.











PA Vergilius Maro, Publius  
6307 Virgil in English verse  
B7B6 2d ed.  
1889

**Robarts Library**

DUE DATE:

Sept. 19, 1996

**Fines 50¢ per day**

